

Mrs. Thrale.

DIARY

AND

LETTERS

OF

MADAME D'ARBLAY,

AUTHOR OF EVELINA, CECILIA, &c

EDITED BY HER NIECE.

"THE SPIRIT WALKS OF EVERY DAY DECEASED."—YOUNG.

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PART I.

1781.

CONTENTS.



DIARY AND LETTERS

OF THE

AUTHOR OF "EVELINA."

PART I.

1781.

Mrs. Thrale to Miss F. Burney.

Streatham, Saturday.

My Dear Miss Burney,

And so here comes your sweet letter. And so I pleased Mr. Crisp, did I? and yet he never heard, it seems, the only good things I said, which were very earnest, and very honest, and very pressing invitations to him, to see Streatham nearer than through the telescope. Now, that he did *not* hear all this was your fault, mademoiselle; for you told me that Mr. Crisp was old, and Mr. Crisp was infirm; and, if I had found those things so, I should have spoken louder, and concluded him to be deaf: but, finding him very

amiable, and very elegant, and very polite to *me*, and very unlike an old man, I never thought about his being deaf; and, perhaps, was a little coquettish too, in my manner of making the invitation. I now repeat it, however, and give it under my hand, that I should consider such a visit as a very, very great honour, and so would Mr. Thrale.

And now for dismal!

I have been seriously ill ever since I saw you. Mrs. Burney has been to me a kind and useful friend, —has suffered me to keep her here all this time—is here still—would not go to Sir Joshua's, though she was asked, because I could not; and has been as obliging, and as attentive, and as good to me as possible. Dick is happy, and rides out with my master, and his mamma and I look at them out of the dressing-room window. So much for self.

In the midst of my own misery I felt for my dear Mrs. Byron's; but Chamier has relieved that anxiety by assurances that the Admiral behaved quite unexceptionably, and that, as to *honour* in the West Indies, all goes well. The Grenadas are a heavy loss indeed, nor is it supposed possible for Byron to protect Barbadoes and Antigua. Barrington has acted a noble part; he and Count d'Estaing remind one of the heroic contentions of distant times. The Lyon, on our side, commanded by a Welshman, and the Languedoc, on the side of the French, fought with surprising fury, and lost a great number of men; it was a glorious day, though on our side unfortunate.

D'Orvilliers has left our Channel after only cutting a few ships out of Torbay, and chasing Sir Charles to Spithead. Many suppose the home campaign quite over for this year.

I have had very kind letters from Dr. Delap. I love the Sussex people somehow, and they are a mighty silly race too. But 'tis never for their wisdom that one loves the wisest, or for their wit that one loves the wittiest; 'tis for benevolence, and virtue, and honest fondness, one loves people; the other qualities make one proud of loving them too.

Dear, sweet, kind Burney, adieu; whether sick or sorry, ever yours,

H. L. T.

Mrs. Thrale to Miss. F. Burney.

Streatham, Thursday, 4th January.

Don't I pick up franks prettily? I sent a hundred miles for this, and the churl enclosed but one—"certain that Miss Burney could not live long enough away from me to need two." Ah, cruel Miss Burney! she will never come again, I think.

Well! but I did see Philips written in that young man's honest face, though nobody pronounced the word; and I boldly bid him "*Good morrow, Captain,*" at the door, trusting to my own instinct when I came away. Your sweet father, however, this day trusted me with the whole secret, and from my heart do I wish every comfort and joy from the match.

'Tis now high time to tell you that the pictures are come home, all but *mine,*—which my master don't like. He has *ordered* your father to sit to-morrow, in his peremptory way; and I shall have the dear Doctor every morning at breakfast. I took ridiculous pains to tutor him to-day, and to insist, in *my* peremptory way, on his forbearing to write or read late this

evening, that my picture might not have blood-shot eyes.

Merlin has been here to tune the fortepianos. He told Mrs. Davenant and me that he had thoughts of inventing a particular mill to grind old ladies young, as he was so prodigiously fond of their company. I suppose he thought we should bring *grist*. Was that the way to put people in *tune?* I asked him.

Doctor Burney says your letters and mine are alike, and that it comes by writing so incessantly to each other. I feel proud and pleased, and find I shall slip pretty readily into the Susannuccia's place, when she goes to settle on her 700*l.* a-year; of which God give her joy seven hundred times over, dear creature! I never knew how it was to love an *incognita* but Susan Burney: my personal acquaintance with her is actually nothing—is it? and yet we always seem to understand one another.

H. L. T.

Mrs. Thrale to Miss F. Burney.

Streatham, Thursday, 11th.

I never was so glad of a letter from you before: the dear Doctor had been in the room just half-an-hour, and had frighted me with an account of your fever. Thank God there is no harm come to my sweet little friend; her spirits and her affection are as strong as ever, for all Dr. Johnson,—who says nobody loves each other much when they have been parted long. How well do you know him, and me, and all of us,—and talk of *my* penetration!

Your father sits for his picture in the Doctor of music's gown; and Bartolozzi makes an engraving

from it to place at the head of the book. Sir Joshua delights in the portrait, and says 'twill be the best among them. I hope it will; and by this time, perhaps, you may have begun thinking of the *miniature* too; but it is not touched yet, I assure you. Sweet Susannuccia! I *will* slide into her place; I shall get more of your company, too, and more—is there any more to be had?—of your confidence. Yes, yes, there is a little, to be sure; but dear Mrs. Thrale shall have it all now. Oh, 'tis an excellent match! and he has 700*l.* a-year—that is, he *will* have: it is entailed, and irrevocable.

I send this by your father, who will put it in the post; not a frank to-day for love or money. I did not intend to have written so soon. He and I shall meet at St. James's this day se'nnight. The Owhyhee* is to be trimmed with grebeskins and gold to the tune of 65*l.*—the trimming only. What would I give to shew it to you!—or shew you any thing, for that matter, that would *shew* how affectionately I am yours!

* * * * *

Dr. Burney says you carry bird-lime in your brains, for every thing that lights there sticks. I think you carry it in your heart, and that mine sticks very close to it. So adieu!

H. L. T.

Mrs. Thrale to Miss Burney.

Grosvenor Square, Tuesday, Feb. 7, 1781.

This moment Dick Burney tells me how ill you are. My dear, how shall I keep from stepping into a post-

* Mrs. Thrale had a court dress woven at Spitalfields, from a pattern of Owhyhee manufacture, brought thence by Captain Burney.

chaise, and sousing through Gascoyne Lane to look after you? Complicated as my engagements are, between business and flash, I shall certainly serve you so, if you do not make haste and be well.

Yesterday I had a conversazione. Mrs. Montagu was brilliant in diamonds, solid in judgment, critical in talk. Sophy smiled, Piozzi sung, Pepys panted with admiration, Johnson was good-humoured, Lord John Clinton attentive, Dr. Bowdler lame, and my master not asleep. Mrs. Ord looked elegant, Lady Rothes dainty, Mrs. Davenant dapper, and Sir Philip's curls were all blown about by the wind. Mrs. Byron rejoices that her Admiral and I agree so well; the way to his heart is connoisseurship it seems, and for a back-ground and contorno, who comes up to Mrs. Thrale, you know.

Captain Fuller flashes away among us. How that boy loves rough merriment! the people all seem to keep out of his way for fear.

Aunt Cotton died firmly persuaded that Mrs. Davenant was a natural, and that I wrote her letters for her—how odd!

Many people said she was the prettiest woman in the room last night,—and that is as odd; Augusta Byron, and Sophy Streatfield, and Mrs. Hinchliffe, being present.

Mrs. Montagu talked to me about you for an hour t'other day, and said she was amazed that so delicate a girl could write so boisterous a book.

Loveliest Burney, be as well as ever you can, pray do. When you are with me, I think I love you from habit; when you are from me, I fancy distance endears you: be that as it may, your own father can alone love you better, or wish you better, or

desire the sight of you more sincerely, than does your

H. L. T.

Dr. Johnson is very good and very *clubbable,* but Sir R. Jebb is quite a scourge to me. Who now would believe that I cannot make a friend of that man, but am forced to fly to Dr. Pepys for comfort? He is so haughty, so impracticable a creature; and yet I esteem and honour him, though I cannot make him feel any thing towards me but desire of *downing*, &c.

Miss Burney to Mrs. Thrale.

Chesington, February 8th, 1781.

This moment have two sweet and most kind letters from my best-loved Mrs. Thrale made amends for no little anxiety which her fancied silence had given me. I know not what is now come to this post; but there is nothing I can bear with so little patience as being tricked out of any of your letters. They do, indeed, give me more delight than I can express; they seem to me the perfection of epistolary writing; for, in Dr. Johnson's phrase, all that is not kindness is wit, and all that is not wit is kindness.

What you tell me of Mrs. Montagu and Mrs. Carter gives me real concern; it is a sort of general disgrace to us; but, as you say, it shall have nothing to do with you and I. Mrs. Montagu, as we have often agreed, is a character rather to respect than love, for she has not that *don d'aimer* by which alone love can be made fond or faithful; and many as are the causes

by which respect may be lessened, there are very few by which it can be afterwards restored to its first dignity. But where there is real affection, the case is exactly reversed; few things can weaken, and every trifle can revive it.

Yet not for forty years, in this life at least, shall we continue to love each other; I am very sure I, for one, shall never last half that time. If you saw but how much the illness of a week has lowered and injured me, considering in what perfect health I came hither, you would be half astonished; and that in spite of the utmost care and attention from every part of this kind family. I have just, with great difficulty, escaped a relapse, from an unfortunate fresh cold with which I am at this time struggling. Long last you, dearest madam!—I am sure in the whole world I know not such another.

* * * * *

I think I shall always hate this book* which has kept me so long away from you, as much as I shall always love "Evelina," who first *comfortably* introduced me to you; an event which I may truly say opened a new, and, I hope, an exhaustless source of happiness to your most gratefully affectionate

F. B.

Journal Resumed.

(Addressed to Mr. Crisp.)

March 23d, 1781.—I have very narrowly escaped a return of the same vile and irksome fever which with

* "Cecilia," which Miss Burney had been long employed in writing, and which made its appearance shortly afterwards.

such difficulty has been conquered, and that all from vexation. Last week I went to dinner in Grosvenor Square. I ran up-stairs, as usual, into Mrs. Thrale's dressing-room, and she there acquainted me that Mr. Thrale had resolved upon going abroad: *first* to Spa, next to Italy, and then whither his fancy led him! that Dr. Johnson was to accompany them, but that, as their journey was without limit either of time or place, as Mr. Thrale's ill state of health and strange state of mind would make it both melancholy and alarming, she could not in conscience think of taking *me* from my own friends and country without knowing either whither, or for what length of time. She would write to me, however, every post; leave me the keys of all she left of any value, and, in case of any evil to herself, make me her executrix!

Oh, what words! and what a scheme! I was so infinitely shocked, surprised, and grieved, that I was forced to run away from her, and insist upon hearing no more; neither could I sufficiently recover even to appear at dinner, as Dr. Johnson, Mr. Seward, and Mr. Ingram, were of the party; I was obliged, therefore, to shut myself up all the afternoon.

You will not, I am sure, wonder that I should be utterly disconcerted and afflicted by a plan so wild in itself, and so grievous to me. I was, indeed, hardly able to support myself with any firmness all day; and unfortunately, there was in the evening a great rout. I was then obliged to appear, and obliged to tell every body I was but half recovered from my late indisposition.

The party was very large, and the company very brilliant. I was soon encircled by acquaintances, and forced to seem as gay as my neighbours. My steady

companions were Miss Coussmaker, Augusta Byron, Miss Ord, and Miss Thrale; and the *S. S.* never quits me.

I had a long conversation with the new Lord Sheffield; and, as I had never seen him since he was Colonel Holroyd, I was ridiculously enough embarrassed with his new title, blundering from *my lord* to *sir*, and from *sir* to *my lord*. He gave me a long account of his Coventry affairs, and of the commitment of the sheriffs to Newgate. He is a spirited and agreeable man, and, I doubt not, will make himself conspicuous in the right way. Lady Sheffield was also very civil; and, as she came second, I was better prepared, and therefore gave her ladyship her title with more readiness; which was lucky enough, for I believe she would much less have liked the omission.

Mrs. Thrale took much pains to point out her friend Lord John Clinton to me, and me to him: he is extremely ugly, but seems lively and amiable.

The greatest beauty in the room, except the S. S., was Mrs. Gwynn, lately Miss Horneck; and the greatest fright was Lord Sandys.

I have time for nothing more about this evening, which, had not my mind been wholly and sadly occupied by other matters, would have been very agreeable to me.

The next day I again spent in Grosvenor Square, where nothing new had passed about this cruel journey. I then met a very small party, consisting only of Mrs. Price, who was a *Miss Evelyn*, Miss Benson, Dr. Johnson, and Mrs. Carter.

The latter, as there were so few folks, talked a good deal, and was far more sociable and easy than I had yet seen her. Her talk, too, though all upon books

(for life and manners she is as ignorant of as a nun), was very unaffected and good-humoured, and I liked her exceedingly. Mrs. Price is a very sensible, shrewd, lofty, and hard-headed woman. Miss Benson not very unlike her.

Tuesday. — I passed the whole day at Sir Joshua Reynolds's with Miss Palmer, who, in the morning, took me to see some most beautiful fans, painted by Poggi, from designs of Sir Joshua, Angelica, West, and Cipriani, on leather; they are, indeed, more delightful than can well be imagined: one was bespoke by the Duchess of Devonshire, for a present to some woman of rank in France, that was to cost 30*l*.

We were accompanied by Mr. Eliot, the knight of the shire for Cornwall, a most agreeable, lively, and very clever man.

We then went to Mr. Webber's, to see his South Sea drawings. Here we met Captain King, who chiefly did the honours in shewing the curiosities and explaining them. He is one of the most natural, gay, honest, and pleasant characters I ever met with. We spent all the rest of the morning here, much to my satisfaction. The drawings are extremely well worth seeing; they consist of views of the country of Otaheite, New Zealand, New Amsterdam, Kamschatka, and parts of China; and portraits of the inhabitants done from the life.

When we returned to Leicester Fields we were heartily welcomed by Sir Joshua. Mr. Eliot stayed the whole day; and no other company came but Mr. Webber, who was invited to tea. Sir Joshua is fat and well. He is preparing for the Exhibition a new "Death of Dido;" portraits of the three beautiful Lady Waldegraves, Horatia, Laura, and Maria, all in one

picture, and at work with the tambour; a Thais, for which a *Miss Emily*, a celebrated courtesan, sat, at the desire of the Hon. Charles Greville; and what others I know not: but his room and gallery are both crowded.

THURSDAY.—I spent the whole day again in Grosvenor Square, where there was a very gay party to dinner; Mr. Boswell, Dudley Long, Mr. Adair, Dr. Delap, Mr. B——, Dr. Johnson, and my father; and much could I write of what passed, if it were possible for me to get time. Mr. B—— was just as absurdly pompous as at Brighton; and, in the midst of dinner, without any sort of introduction, or reason, or motive, he called out aloud,—

"Sweet are the slumbers of the charming maid!"

A laugh from all parties, as you may imagine, followed this exclamation; and he bore it with amazing insensibility.

"What's all this laugh for?" cried Dr. Johnson, who had not heard the cause.

"Why, sir," answered Mrs. Thrale, when she was able to speak, "Mr. B—— just now called out,—nobody knows why,—'Sweet are the slumbers of the virtuous maid!'"

"No, no, not *virtuous*," cried Mr. Boswell, "he said *charming*; he thought that better!"

"Ay, sure, sir," cried Mr. B——, unmoved; "for why say *virtuous?*—can we doubt a fair female's virtue?—oh fie, oh fie! 'tis a superfluous epithet."

"But," cried Mrs. Thrale, "in the original it is the *virtuous man;* why do you make it a *maid* of the sudden, Mr. B——?"

"I was alarmed at first," cried Dr. Delap, "and

thought he had caught Miss Burney *napping;* but when I looked at her, and saw her awake, I was at a loss, indeed, to find the reason of the change."

"Here, sir! my lad!" cried Mr. B—— to the servant; "why, my head's on fire! What! have you got never a screen? Why, I shall be what you may call a *hot-headed fellow!* I shall be a mere *rôti!*"

In the afternoon we were joined by Mr. Crutchley, Mr. Byron, and Mr. Selwin; and then we had a thousand private conferences and consultations concerning the Spa journey.

I have been so often and so provokingly interrupted in writing this, that I must now finish it by *lumping* matters at once. Sir Richard Jebb and Dr. Pepys have both been consulted concerning this going abroad, and are both equally violent against it, as they think it even unwarrantable, in such a state of health as Mr. Thrale's; and, therefore, it is settled that a great meeting of his friends is to take place before he actually prepares for the journey, and they are to encircle him in a body, and endeavour, by representations and entreaties, to prevail with him to give it up; and I have little doubt myself but, amongst us, we shall be able to succeed.

*Miss F. Burney to Mrs. Thrale.**

Wednesday evening.

You bid me write to you, and so I will; you bid me pray for you, and so, indeed, I do, for the

* This letter was written in reply to a few words from Mrs. Thrale, in which, alluding to her husband's sudden death, she begs Miss Burney to "write to me—pray for me!" The hurried note

restoration of your sweet peace of mind. I pray for your resignation to this hard blow, for the continued union and exertion of your virtues with your talents, and for the happiest reward their exertion can meet with, in the gratitude and prosperity of your children. These are my prayers for my beloved Mrs. Thrale; but these are not my only ones; no, the unfailing warmth of her kindness for myself I have rarely, for a long time past, slept without first petitioning.

I ran away without seeing you again when I found you repented that sweet compliance with my request which I had won from you. For the world would I not have pursued you, had I first seen your prohibition, nor could I endure to owe that consent to teasing which I only solicited from tenderness. Still, however, I think you had better have suffered me to follow you; I might have been of some use; I hardly could have been in your way. But I grieve now to have forced you to an interview which I would have spared myself as well as you, had I foreseen how little it would have answered my purpose.

Yet though I cannot help feeling disappointed, I am not surprised; for in any case at all similar, I am sure I should have the same eagerness for solitude.

I tell you nothing of how sincerely I sympathise in your affliction; yet I believe that Mr. Crutchley and Dr. Johnson alone do so more earnestly; and I have some melancholy comfort in flattering myself that, allowing for the difference of our characters, that true

from Mrs. Thrale is thus endorsed by Miss Burney:—"Written a few hours after the death of Mr. Thrale, which happened by a sudden stroke of apoplexy, on the morning of a day on which half the fashion of London had been invited to an intended assembly at his house in Grosvenor Square."

regard which I felt was as truly returned. Nothing but kindness did I ever meet with; he ever loved to have me, not merely with his family, but with himself; and gratefully shall I ever remember a thousand kind expressions of esteem and good opinion, which are now crowding upon my memory.

Ah, dearest madam! you had better have accepted me; I am sure, if unfit for *you*, I am at this time unfit for every body. Adieu, and Heaven preserve my heart's dearest friend! Don't torment yourself to write to me, nor will I even ask Queeny, though she is good, and I believe would not deny me; but what can you say but that you are sad and comfortless? and do I not know that far too well? I will write again to you, and a thousand times again, for nothing am I more truly than your

F. B.

Miss F. Burney to Mrs. Thrale.

Saturday, April 6th.

I would I had some commission, some business, some pretence for writing to my best-loved friend; for write I must, while I have the faintest hope my letters will be received without aversion. Yet I have nothing on earth to say, but how much I love and how truly I am grieved for her. To *you*, dearest madam, I can offer nothing by way of comfort or consolation, whatever I might do to many others; but what could I urge which you have not a thousand times revolved in your own mind? Dr. Johnson alone could offer any thing new, or of strength to deserve attention from Mrs. Thrale. The rectitude and purity of your principles, both religious and moral, I have often looked up to with reverence,

and I now no more doubt their firmness in this time of trial than if I witnessed their operation. Queeny, too, I saw was bent upon exerting the utmost fortitude upon this first, and I believe, indeed, most painful occasion to her that could call for it. May she now for her sweet mother unite all the affection and attention which hitherto have deserved to be divided!

Many friends call and send here to inquire after you; but I have myself avoided them all. I cannot yet bear the conversation which is to follow every meeting. To be with *you* I would wrap myself up in misery; but, without such a motive, no one more hasty to run away from all that is possible to be fled from.

Dr. Johnson, I hear, is well. I hear nothing else I have any wish to communicate.

Adieu, most dear madam; and still love, when you have time and composure to again think of her, the sincerest, the gratefullest, the fondest of your friends, in F. B. who, though she first received your affection as an unmerited partiality, hopes never to forfeit, and perhaps some time to deserve it.

I do not even request an answer; I scarce *wish* for it; because I know what it must be. But I will write again in a few days. My kind love to Miss Thrale.

F. B.

Miss F. Burney to Mr. Crisp.

Streatham, April 29th, 1781.

Have you not, my dearest daddy, thought me utterly lost? and, indeed, to all power of either giving or taking comfort, I certainly have been for some time past. I did not, it is true, *hope* that poor Mr. Thrale could live

very long, as the alteration I saw in him only during my absence while with you had shocked and astonished me. Yet, still the suddenness of the blow gave me a horror from which I am not even now recovered. The situation of sweet Mrs. Thrale, added to the true concern I felt at his loss, harassed my mind till it affected my health, which is now again in a state of precariousness and comfortless restlessness that will require much trouble to remedy.

You have not, I hope, been angry at my silence; for, in truth, I have had no spirits to write, nor, latterly, ability of *any* kind, from a headach that has been incessant.

I now begin to long extremely to hear more about yourself, and whether you have recovered your sleep and any comfort. The good nursing you mention is always my consolation when I have the painful tidings of your illness; for I have myself experienced the kindness, care, and unwearied attention of the ever-good and friendly Kitty, who, indeed, as you well say, can by no one be excelled in that most useful and most humane of all sciences.

Mrs. Thrale flew immediately upon this misfortune to Brighthelmstone, to Mr. Scrase—*her* Daddy Crisp—both for consolation and counsel; and she has but just quitted him, as she deferred returning to Streatham till her presence was indispensably necessary upon account of proving the will. I offered to accompany her to Brighthelmstone; but she preferred being alone, as her mind was cruelly disordered, and she saw but too plainly I was too sincere a mourner myself to do much besides adding to her grief. The moment, however, she came back, she solicited me to meet her,—and I am now here with her, and endeavour, by every possible

exertion, to be of some use to her. She looks wretchedly indeed, and is far from well; but she bears up, though not with calm intrepidity, yet with flashes of spirit that rather, I fear, spend than relieve her. Such, however, is her character, and were this exertion repressed, she would probably sink quite.

Miss Thrale is steady and constant, and very sincerely grieved for her father.

The four executors, Mr. Cator, Mr. Crutchley, Mr. Henry Smith, and Dr. Johnson, have all behaved generously and honourably, and seem determined to give Mrs. Thrale all the comfort and assistance in their power. She is to carry on the business jointly with them. Poor soul! it is a dreadful toil and worry to her.

Adieu, my dearest daddy. I will write again in a week's time. I have now just been blooded; but am by no means *restored* by that loss. But well and ill, equally and ever,

Your truly affectionate child,

F. B.

Mr. Crisp to Miss F. Burney.

Chesington, May 15th, 1781.

My Dear Fannikin,

I was neither cross nor surprised at not hearing from you so long, as I was at no loss for the cause of your silence. I know you have a heart, and on a late occasion can easily imagine it was too full to attend to forms, or, indeed, to any but the one great object immediately before you. To say the truth, I should be sorry to have your nature changed, for the sake of a letter or two more or less from you; because I can now with

confidence say to myself, "The girl is really sincere, and, as she does profess some friendship and regard for me, I can believe her, and am convinced that, if any evil were to befall me, she would be truly sorry for me."

There is a pleasure in such a thought, and I will indulge it. The steadiness and philosophy of certain of our friends is, perhaps, to be admired; but I wish it not to be imitated by any of my friends. I would have the feelings of their minds be keen and even piercing, but stop there. Let not the poor tenement of clay give way:—if that goes, how shall they abide the peltings of these pitiless storms? Your slight machine is certainly not made for such rough encounters;—for which I am truly sorry. You did not make yourself; allowed!—agreed!—But you may mend yourself, and that is all I require of you.

If I had you here, I should talk to you on this head; but at present I ought not to wish it. Mrs. Thrale has an undoubted right to you, nor should I wish to tear you from her. When the wound is healed, and nothing but the scar remaining, the plaster ought to be removed,—and then I put in my claim.

Let me hear from you soon that your health and spirits are mended—greatly mended. I sincerely wish the same to your beloved friend, to whom you must present my best respects. I am glad she is connected with such worthy people in her affairs. I have more than once observed that the unavoidable necessity of attending to business of indispensable consequence, and that, with strict, unabated perseverance, has contributed more to divert, and dissipate, and finally to cure deep sorrow, than all the wise lessons of

philosophers, or the well-meant consolations of friends. May she prove an instance to confirm this observation!

As for my own shattered frame, I have had a pretty long and convincing proof that it is not immortal. Gout, rheumatism, indigestion, want of sleep, almost ever since I saw you, I think, may amount pretty nearly to the sum total of Mrs. Thrale's "Three Warnings." If I don't take the hint the fault is my own—Nature has done her part.

Bad as I have been though, I now hobble about the garden with a stick, and for this fortnight past have been gradually mending, though slowly.

Ham and Kate are constantly inquiring after you, and when you will come. I am sure they love you, or I should not love them. Adieu, my Fannikin,

Your affectionate daddy,

S. C.

Journal Resumed.

STREATHAM, MAY, 1781.—Miss Owen and I arrived here without incident, which, in a journey of six or seven miles, was really marvellous! Mrs. Thrale came from the Borough with two of the executors, Dr. Johnson and Mr. Crutchley, soon after us. She had been sadly worried, and in the evening frightened us all by again fainting away. Dear creature! she is all agitation of mind and of body: but she is now wonderfully recovered, though in continual fevers about her affairs, which are mightily difficult and complicate indeed. Yet the behaviour of all the

executors is exactly to her wish. Mr. Crutchley, in particular, was he a darling son or only brother, could not possibly be more truly devoted to her. Indeed, I am very happy in the revolution in my own mind in favour of this young man, whom formerly I so little liked; for I now see so much of him, business and inclination uniting to bring him hither continually, that if he were disagreeable to me, I should spend my time in a most comfortless manner. On the contrary, I both respect and esteem him very highly; for his whole conduct manifests so much goodness of heart and excellence of principle, that he is fairly *un homme comme il y en a peu;* and that first appearance of coldness, pride, reserve, and sneering, all wears off upon further acquaintance, and leaves behind nothing but good-humour and good-will. And this you must allow to be very candid, when I tell you that, but yesterday, he affronted me so much by a piece of impertinence, that I had a very serious quarrel with him. Of this more anon.

Dr. Johnson was charming, both in spirits and humour. I really think he grows gayer and gayer daily, and more *ductile* and pleasant.

Mr. Crutchley stayed till Sunday, when we had many visitors,—Mrs. Plumbe, one of poor Mr. Thrale's sisters; Mrs. Wallace, wife to the Attorney-General, a very ugly, but sensible and agreeable woman; Sir Philip Jennings Clerke, and Mr. Selwin.

Monday Miss Owen left us.

Tuesday came Lord and Lady Westcote, and afterwards Dr. and Mrs. Parker, Dr. Lort, and the Bishop of Killaloe. Dr. Parker is a terrible old proser, and wore me out; Mrs. Parker is well-bred and sensible; my friend Dr. Lort was comical and diverting; and

the Bishop of Killaloe is a gay, sprightly, polite, and ready man: I liked him well.

Sunday morning nobody went to church but Mr. Crutchley, Miss Thrale, and myself; and some time after, when I was sauntering upon the lawn before the house, Mr. Crutchley joined me. We were returning together into the house, when Mrs. Thrale, popping her head out of her dressing-room window, called out, "How nicely these men domesticate among us, Miss Burney! Why, they take to us as natural as life!"

"Well, well," cried Mr. Crutchley, "I have sent for my horse, and I shall release you early to-morrow morning. I think yonder comes Sir Philip."

"Oh! you'll have enough to do with *him*," cried she, laughing; "he is well prepared to plague you, I assure you."

"Is he?—and what about?"

"Why, about Miss Burney. He asked me the other day what was my present establishment. 'Mr. Crutchley and Miss Burney, I answered.' 'How well those two names go together,' cried he; 'I think they can't do better than make a match of it: *I* will consent, I am sure,' he added; and to-day, I dare say, you will hear enough of it."

I leave you to judge if I was pleased at this stuff thus communicated; but Mrs. Thrale, with all her excellence, can give up no occasion of making sport, however unseasonable, or even painful.

"I am very much obliged to him, indeed!" cried I, dryly; and Mr. Crutchley called out, "*Thank him!—thank him!*" in a voice of pride and of pique that spoke him mortally angry.

I instantly came into the house, leaving him to talk

it out with Mrs. Thrale, to whom I heard him add, "So this is Sir Philip's kindness!" and her answer, "I wish you no worse luck!"

Now, what think you of this? was it not highly insolent?—and from a man who has behaved to me hitherto with the utmost deference, good nature, and civility, and given me a thousand reasons, by every possible opportunity, to think myself very high indeed in his good opinion and good graces? But these rich men think themselves the constant prey of all portionless girls, and are always upon their guard, and suspicious of some design to take them in. This sort of disposition I had very early observed in Mr. Crutchley, and therefore I had been more distant and cold with him than with any body I ever met with; but latterly his character had risen so much in my mind, and his behaviour was so much improved, that I had let things take their own course, and no more shunned than I sought him; for I evidently saw his doubts concerning *me* and *my* plots were all at an end, and his civility and attentions were daily increasing, so that I had become very comfortable with him, and well pleased with his society.

I need not, I think, add that I determined to see as little of this most fearful and haughty gentleman in future as was in my power, since no good qualities can compensate for such arrogance of suspicion; and, therefore, as I had reason enough to suppose he would, in haste, resume his own reserve, I resolved, without much effort, to be beforehand with him in resuming mine.

At dinner we had a large and most disagreeable party of Irish ladies, whom Mrs. Thrale was necessitated to invite from motives of business and various

connexions. We were in all fourteen, viz. Sir Philip Clerke; Mrs. Lambart and her son, a genteel *young* youth; Miss Owen; Mr. and Mrs. Perkins; Mrs. Vincent; Mrs. O'Riley, and Miss O'Riley, her sister-in-law; Mr. Crutchley; Mrs. and Miss Thrale; and myself.

I was obliged, at dinner, to be seated between Miss O'Riley and Mr. Crutchley, to whom you may believe I was not very courteous, especially as I had some apprehensions of Sir Philip. Mr. Crutchley, however, to my great surprise, was quite as civil as ever, and endeavoured to be as chatty; but there I begged to be excused, only answering *upon the reply*, and that very dryly, for I was indeed horribly provoked with him.

Indeed, all his behaviour would have been natural and good-humoured, and just what I should have liked, had he better concealed his chagrin at the first accusation; but that, still dwelling by me, made me very indifferent to what followed, though I found he had no idea of having displeased me, and rather sought to be more than less sociable than usual.

I was much diverted during dinner by this Miss O'Riley, who took it in her humour to attack Mr. Crutchley repeatedly, though so discouraging a beau never did I see! *Her* forwardness, and his excessive and inordinate coldness, made a contrast that, added to her *brogue*, which was broad, kept me in a grin irrepressible.

In the afternoon, we had also Mr. Wallace, the Attorney-General, a most squat and squab-looking man; and further I saw not of him.

In the evening, when the Irish ladies, the Perkinses, Lambarts, and Sir Philip, were gone, Mrs. Thrale walked out with Mr. Wallace, whom she had

some business to talk over with; and then, when only Miss Owen, Miss T. and I remained, Mr. Crutchley, after repeatedly addressing me, and gaining pretty dry answers, called out suddenly, "Why, Miss Burney! why, what's the matter?"

"Nothing."

"Why, are you stricken, or smitten, or ill?"

"None of the three."

"Oh, then, you are *setting down* all these Irish folks!"

"No, indeed, I don't think them worth the trouble."

"Oh, but I am sure you are; only I interrupted you."

I went on no farther with the argument, and Miss Thrale proposed our walking out to meet her mother. We all agreed; and Mr. Crutchley would not be satisfied without walking next me, though I really had no patience to talk with him, and wished him at Jericho.

"What's the matter?" said he; "have you had a quarrel?"

"No."

"Are you affronted?"

Not a word. Then again he called to Miss Thrale,—

"Why, Queeny—why, she's quite in a rage! What have you done to her?"

I still *sulked* on, vexed to be teased; but, though, with a gaiety that shewed he had no suspicion of the cause, he grew more and more urgent, trying every means to make me tell him what was the matter, till at last, much provoked, I said,—

"I must be strangely in want of a confidant, indeed, to take *you* for one!"

"Why, what an insolent speech!" cried he, half serious and half laughing, but casting up his eyes and hands with astonishment.

He then let me be quiet some time, but in a few minutes renewed his inquiries with added eagerness, begging me to tell *him* if nobody else.

A likely matter! thought I; nor did I scruple to tell him, when forced to answer, that no one had so little chance of success in such a request.

"Why so?" cried he; "for I am the best person in the world to trust with a secret, as I always forget it."

He continued working at me till we joined Mrs. Thrale and the Attorney-General. And then Miss Thrale, stimulated by him, came to inquire if I had really taken any thing amiss of *her*. No, I assured her.

"Is it of *me*, then?" cried Mr. Crutchley, as if sure I should say *no;* but I made no other answer than desiring him to desist questioning me.

"So I will," cried he; "only clear *me*,—only say it is not *me*."

"I shall say nothing about the matter; so do pray be at rest."

"Well, but it can't be *me*, I know: only say that. It's Queeny, I dare say."

"No, indeed."

"Then it's *you*," cried Miss Thrale; "and I'm glad of it, with all my heart!"

He then grew quite violent, and at last went on with his questions till, by being quite silent to them, he could no longer doubt who it was. He seemed then wholly amazed, and entreated to know what he had done; but I tried only to avoid him, and keep out of his way.

Soon after the Attorney-General took his leave, during which ceremony Mr. Crutchley, coming behind me, exclaimed,—

"Who'd think of this creature's having any venom in her!"

"Oh yes," answered I, "when she's provoked."

"But have *I* provoked you?"

Again I got off. Taking Miss Thrale by the arm, we hurried away, leaving him with Mrs. Thrale and Miss Owen. He was presently, however, with us again; and when he came to my side, and found me really trying to talk of other matters with Miss Thrale, and avoid him, he called out,—

"Upon my life, this is too bad! *Do* tell me, Miss Burney, what is the matter? If you won't, I protest I'll call Mrs. Thrale, and make her work at you herself."

I now, in my turn, entreated he would not; for I knew she was not to be safely trusted with any thing she could turn into ridicule. I was, therefore, impatient to have the whole matter dropped; and after assuring him very dryly, yet peremptorily, that I should never satisfy him, I started another subject with Miss Thrale, and we walked quietly on.

He exclaimed, with a vehemence that amazed me in return, "Why will you not tell me? Upon my life, if you refuse me any longer, I'll call the whole house to speak for me!"

"I assure you," answered I, "that will be to no purpose; for I must offend *myself* by telling it, and therefore I shall mention it to nobody."

"But what in the world have I done?"

"Nothing; you have done nothing."

"What have I *said*, then? Only let me beg your pardon,—only let me know what it is, that I *may* beg your pardon."

I then took up the teasing myself, and quite insisted

upon his leaving us and joining Mrs. Thrale. He begged me to tell Miss Thrale, and let her mediate, and entreated her to be his agent; which, in order to get rid of him, she promised; and he then slackened his pace, though very reluctantly, while we quickened ours.

Miss Thrale, however, asked me not a question, which I was very glad of, as the affair, trifling as it is, would be but mortifying to mention; and though I could not, when so violently pressed, disguise my resentment, I was by no means disposed to make any serious complaint. I merely wished to let the gentleman know I was not so much his humble servant as to authorise even the smallest disrespect from him.

He was however, which I very little expected, too uneasy to stay long away; and when we had walked on quite out of hearing of Mrs. Thrale and Miss Owen, he suddenly galloped after us.

"How odd it is of you," said Miss Thrale, "to come and intrude yourself in this manner upon any body that tries so to avoid you!"

"Have *you* done any thing for me?" cried he; "I don't believe you have said a word."

"Not I, truly!" answered she; "if I can keep my own self out of scrapes, it 's all I can pretend to."

"Well, but do tell me, Miss Burney,—pray tell me! indeed, this is quite too bad; I sha'n't have a wink of sleep all night. If I have offended you, I am very sorry indeed; but I am sure I did not mean——"

"No, sir!" interrupted I, "I don't suppose you *did* mean to offend me, nor do I know why you should. I expect from you neither good nor ill,—civility I think myself entitled to, and that is all I have any desire for."

"Good Heaven!" exclaimed he. "Tell me, however, but what it is, and if I have said any thing unguardedly, I am extremely sorry, and I most sincerely beg your pardon."

Is it not very strange that any man, in the same day, could be so disdainfully proud and so condescendingly humble? I was never myself more astonished, as I had been firmly persuaded he would not have deigned to take the smallest notice of me from the moment of his hearing Sir Philip's idle raillery.

I now grew civiller, for I dreaded his urgency, as it was literally impossible for me to come to the point.

I told him, therefore, that I was sorry he took so much trouble, which I had by no means intended to give him, and begged he would think of it no more.

He was not, however, to be so dismissed. Again he threatened me with Mrs. Thrale, but again I assured him nothing could less answer to him.

"Well, but," cried he, "if you will not let me know my crime, why, I must never speak to you any more."

"Very well," answered I, "if you please we will proclaim a mutual silence henceforward."

"Oh," cried he, "*you*, I suppose, will be ready enough; but to *me* that would be a loss of very great pleasure. If you would tell me, however, I am sure I could explain it off, because I am sure it has been done undesignedly."

"No, it does not admit of any explanation; so pray don't mention it any more."

"Only tell me what part of the day it was."

Whether this unconsciousness was real, or only to draw me in so that he might come to the point, and make his apology with greater ease, I know not; but

I assured him it was in vain he asked, and again desired him to puzzle himself with no further recollections.

"Oh," cried he, "but I shall think of every thing I have ever said to you for this half year. I am sure, whatever it was, it must have been unmeant and unguarded."

"That, sir, I never doubted; and probably you thought me hard enough to hear any thing without minding it."

"Good Heaven, Miss Burney! why, there is nobody I would not sooner offend,—nobody in the world! Queeny knows it. If Queeny would speak, she could tell you so. Is it not true, Miss Thrale?"

"I shall say nothing about it; if I can keep my own neck out of the collar, it's enough for me."

"But won't it plead something for me that you are sure, and *must* be sure, it was by blunder, and not design?"

"Indeed I am sorry you take all this trouble, which is very little worth your while; so do pray say no more."

"But will you forgive me?"

"Yes."

"It seems to come very hard from you. Will you promise to have quite forgiven it by the time I return next Thursday?"

"Oh, I hope I shall have no remembrance of any part of it before then. I am sorry you know any thing about it; and if you had not been so excessively earnest, I should never have let you; but I could not say an untruth when pushed so hard."

"I hope, then, it will be all dissipated by to-morrow morning."

"Oh, surely! I should be very much surprised if it out-lasted the night."

"Well, but then will you be the same? I never saw such a change. If you are serious——"

"Oh, no, I'll be wondrous merry!"

"I *beg* you will think no more of it. I—I believe I know what it is; and, indeed, I was far from meaning to give you the smallest offence, and I most earnestly beg your pardon. There is nothing I would not do to assure you how sorry I am. But I hope it will be all over by the time the candles come. I shall look to see, and I hope—I beg—you will have the same countenance again."

I now felt really appeased, and so I told him.

We then talked of other matters till we reached home, though it was not without difficulty I could even yet keep him quiet. I then ran up-stairs with my cloak, and stayed till supper-time, when I returned without, I hope, any remaining appearance of *dudgeon* in my *phiz*; for after so much trouble and humiliation, it would have been abominable to have shewn any.

I see, besides, that Mr. Crutchley, though of a cold and proud disposition, is generous, amiable, and delicate, and, when not touched upon the tender string of *gallantry*, concerning which he piques himself upon invariable hardness and immovability, his sentiments are not merely just, but refined.

* * * * *

After supper, Mr. Crutchley, though he spoke to me two or three times with an evident intention to observe my looks and manner in answering him, which were both meant to be much as usual, seemed still dissatisfied both with his own justification and my appeasement; and when we all arose to go to bed, he crossed

over to me, and said in a whisper, "I have begged Miss Thrale to intercede for me; she will explain all; and I hope——"

"Very well—very well," said I, in a horrible hurry; "there is no occasion for any thing more."

For Mrs. and Miss Thrale, and Miss Owen, were all standing waiting for me: he put himself, however, before me, so that I could not get away, and went on:—

"Only hear me,—*pray* hear me. Is it what *she* (pointing to Mrs. Thale) put about in the morning?"

"I'll tell you another time," cried I, in fifty agonies to see how they were all ready to titter, which he, whose back was to them, perceived not.

"I have told Miss Thrale what I thought it was," he continued, "and she will explain it all, and tell you how very impossible it was I could think of offending you. Indeed, I beg your pardon! I do, indeed, most sincerely. I hope you will think of it no more,—I hope it will be all over."

"It *is* all over," cried I, still trying to get away.

"Well, but—stop—only tell me if it was *that*——"

"Ay—ay—to-morrow morning;" and then I forced myself into the midst of them, and got off.

Streatham, Thursday.—This was the great and most important day to all this house, upon which the salé of the Brewery was to be decided. Mrs. Thrale went early to town, to meet all the executors, and Mr. Barclay, the Quaker, who was the *bidder*. She was in great agitation of mind, and told me if all went well she would wave a white pocket-handkerchief out of the coach window.

Four o'clock came and dinner was ready, and no Mrs. Thrale. Five o'clock followed, and no Mrs.

Thrale. Queeny and I went out upon the lawn, where we sauntered, in eager expectation, till near six, and then the coach appeared in sight, and a white pocket-handkerchief was waved from it.

I ran to the door of it to meet her, and she jumped out of it, and gave me a thousand embraces while I gave my congratulations. We went instantly to her dressing-room, where she told me, in brief, how the matter had been transacted, and then we went down to dinner.

Dr. Johnson and Mr. Crutchley had accompanied her home. I determined to behave to Mr. Crutchley the same as before our quarrel, though he did not so to me, for he hardly spoke a word to me. An accident, however, happened after dinner, which made him for a while more loquacious. Mrs. Thrale, in cutting some fruit, had cut her finger, and asked me for some black sticking-plaster, and as I gave it her out of my pocket-book, she was struck with the beautiful glossiness of the paper of a letter which peeped out of it, and rather *waggishly* asked me who wrote to me with so much elegant attention?

"Mrs. Gast," answered I.

"Oh," cried she, "do pray then let me see her hand."

I shewed it her, and she admired it very justly, and said,—

"Do shew it to Mr. Crutchley; 'tis a mighty genteel hand indeed."

I complied, but took it from him as soon as he had looked at it. Indeed, he is the last man in the world to have even desired to read any letter not to himself.

Dr. Johnson now, who, too deaf to hear what was

saying, wondered what we were thus handing about, asked an explanation.

"Why, we are all," said Mrs. Thrale, "admiring the hand of Fanny's Mr. Crisp's sister."

"And mayn't I admire it too?" cried he.

"Oh, yes," said she; "shew it him, Burney."

I put it in his hand, and he instantly opened and began reading it. Now though there was nothing in it but what must reflect honour upon Mrs. Gast, she had charged me not to shew it; and, also, it was so *very* flattering to me, that I was quite consternated at this proceeding, and called out,—

"Sir, it was only to shew you the hand-writing, and you have seen enough for that."

"I shall know best myself," answered he, laughing, "when I have seen enough."

And he read on. The truth is I am sure he took it for granted they had all read it, for he had not heard a word that had passed.

I then gave Mrs. Thrale a reproachful glance for what she had done, and she jumped up, and calling out,—

"So I have done mischief, I see!" and ran out of the room, followed by Queeny. I stayed hovering over the Doctor to recover my property; but the minute the coast was clear, Mr. Crutchley, taking advantage of his deafness, said,—

"Well, ma'am, I hope we are now friends?"

"Yes!" cried I.

"And is it all quite over?"

"Entirely."

"Why then, do pray," cried he, laughing, "be so good as to let me know *what was our quarrel?*"

"No—no, I sha'nt!" (cried I, laughing too, at the

absurdity of quarrelling and seeming not to know *what for*): "it is all over, and that is enough."

"No, by no means enough: I must really beg you to tell me; I am uneasy till I know. Was it that silly joke of mine at dinner?"

"No, I assure you, it was *no* joke!"

"But was it at dinner, or *before* dinner?"

"Is it not enough that it is over? I am sorry you knew any thing of the matter, and I am obliged to you for taking so much trouble about it; so there let it rest."

"But pray do tell me!—if only that I may be more on my guard another time."

"No, pray," cried I, in my turn, "don't be on your *guard;* for if you are, I shall suppose you have taken the resentment up where I have laid it down."

"That I won't do, indeed," said he; "but I merely wish to beg your pardon: and I think my earnestness must at least have convinced you how very sorry I am to have given you any offence."

Here Dr. Johnson returned me my letter, with very warm praise of its contents. Mrs. Gast would not only have forgiven me, but have been much delighted had she heard his approbation of all she had written to me.

Mr. Crutchley, never satisfied, again began his entreaties that I would "come to the point," while I was putting up my letter; but I hurried out of the room without any new answer, though he called after me,—

"I sha'n't rest, Miss Burney, till you tell me!"

It cannot be, all this time, that he does not know; he merely wants me to mention the matter myself, that with a better grace he may apologise about it. How-

ever, I shall certainly not give him that assistance, though far from bearing him any malice. I think of him as well as I did before the *fracas;* for however his pride of indifference urged him so to fly out, it is evident he could half murder himself with self-anger that he has given any cause of displeasure.

FRIDAY.—Miss Thrale, Dr. Johnson, Mr. Crutchley, and myself, went to town; and, having set down Dr. Johnson at his own house, we went to Bond Street for Miss Owen, and proceeded to the exhibition. I think I need not describe the pictures.

Miss Owen returned with us to Streatham; Mr. Crutchley recovered his spirits, and we all did very well. But in the afternoon, just as we had finished tea, Mr. Crutchley said to Mrs. Thrale,—

"Ma'am, I must beg a private conference with you."

"With me?" cried she; "I thought now I had parted with my brewhouse, all our conferences were over."

"No," said he, "one more, just to take leave of them."

Away they went, and when they returned he said it was something about Queeny, who, however, never inquired what. I should not have mentioned this, but that the next morning—

SATURDAY—Mrs. Thrale, who sleeps in the next room to mine, called me to her bed-side, and said,—

"Now, my dearest Tyo,* you know not how I hate

* When Lieutenant Burney accompanied Captain COOK to OTAHEITE, each of the English sailors was adopted as a brother by some one of the natives. The ceremony consisted in rubbing noses together, and exchanging the appellation of *Tyo,* or *Taio,* which signified *chosen friend.* This title was sometimes playfully given to Miss Burney by Mrs. Thrale.

to keep from you any thing. Do you love me well enough to bear to hear something you will mortally dislike, without hating *me* for it?"

"What on earth *could* I hate *you* for?" cried I.

"Nay, 'tis no fault of mine; but still it is owing to me, and I dread to tell you lest it should make you sorry for your kindness to me."

I was quite out of breath at this preparation; and though I warmly and truly, I am sure, protested that nothing upon earth could lessen my affection for her, I was really afraid to ask what was next to follow.

"I am as sorry," continued she, "as I can live, that *any* thing should give you any disturbance, but most especially any thing that relates to *me*. I would give you, if I could, nothing but pleasure, for I am sure I receive nothing else from you. Pray, then, don't let any malice, or impertinence, or ridicule, make you hate *me*; for I saw, and you know told you long ago, the world would be ill-natured enough to try to part us; but let it not succeed, for it is worth neither of our attentions."

"On *my* part, I am sure, it cannot succeed," cried I, more and more alarmed; "for I am yours for ever and for ever, and now almost whether I will or not."

"I hope so," cried she, "for I am sure no one *can* love you more; and I am sorry, and grieved, and enraged that your affection and kindness for me should bring you any uneasiness. We are all sorry, indeed; Queeny is very sorry, and Mr. Crutchley is very sorry ——"

"You make me more and more afraid," said I; "but pray tell me what it all means?"

"Why you know Mr. Crutchley yesterday called

me out of the room to tell me a secret; well, this was to shew me a paragraph he had just read in the newspaper, 'And do, ma'am,' says he, 'have the newspaper burnt, or put somewhere safe out of Miss Burney's way; for I am sure it will vex her extremely.'"

Think if this did not terrify me pretty handsomely. I turned sick as death. She gave me the paper, and I read the following paragraph:—

"Miss Burney, the sprightly writer of the elegant novel, 'Evelina,' is now domesticated with Mrs. Thrale, in the same manner that Miss More is with Mrs. Garrick, and Mrs. Carter with Mrs. Montagu."

The preparation for this had been so very alarming, that little as I liked it, I was so much afraid of something still worse, that it really was a relief to me to see it; and Mrs. Thrale's excess of tenderness and delicacy about it was such as to have made me amends for almost any thing. I promised, therefore, to take it *like a man;* and, after thanking her with the sincerest gratitude for her infinite kindness, we parted to dress.

It is, however most insufferably impertinent to be thus dragged into print, notwithstanding every possible effort and caution to avoid it. There is nothing, merely concerning myself, that can give me greater uneasiness; for there is nothing I have always more dreaded, or more uniformly endeavoured to avoid.

I think myself, however, much obliged to Mr. Crutchley for his very good-natured interference and attempt to save me this vexation, which is an attention I by no means expected from him. He has scolded Mrs. Thrale since, she says, for having told me, because he perceived it had lowered my spirits; but she

thought it most likely I should hear it from those who would tell it me with less tenderness, and, therefore, had not followed his advice.

SUNDAY.—We had Mr. and Mrs. Davenant here. They are very lively and agreeable, and I like them more and more. Mrs. Davenant is one of the saucy women of the *ton*, indeed; but she has good parts, and is gay and entertaining; and her *sposo*, who passionately adores her, though five years her junior, is one of the best-tempered and most pleasant-charactered young men imaginable.

I had new specimens to-day of the oddities of Mr. Crutchley, whom I do not yet quite understand, though I have seen so much of him. In the course of our walks to-day we chanced, at one time, to be somewhat before the rest of the company, and soon got into a very serious conversation; though we began it by his relating a most ludicrous incident which had happened to him last winter.

There is a certain poor wretch of a villanous painter, one Mr. Lowe, who is in some measure under Dr. Johnson's protection, and whom, therefore, he recommends to all the people he thinks can afford to sit for their pictures. Among these, he made Mr. Seward very readily, and then applied to Mr. Crutchley.

"But now," said Mr. Crutchley, as he told me the circumstance, "I have not a notion of sitting for my picture,—for who wants it? I may as well give the man the money without; but no, they all said that would not do so well, and Dr. Johnson asked me to give *him* my picture. 'And I assure you, sir,' says he, 'I shall put it in very good company, for I have portraits of some very respectable people in my dining-room.' 'Ay, sir,' says I, 'that's sufficient reason why

you should not have mine, for I am sure it has no business in such society.' So then Mrs. Thrale asked me to give it to *her*. 'Ay sure, ma'am,' says I, 'you do me great honour; but pray, first, will you do me the favour to tell me what door you intend to put it behind?' However, after all I could say in opposition, I was obliged to go to the painter's. And I found him in such a condition! a room all dirt and filth, brats squalling and wrangling, up two pair of stairs, and a closet, of which the door was open, that Seward well said was quite Pandora's box—it was the repository of all the nastiness, and stench, and filth, and food, and drink, and —— oh, it was too bad to be borne! and 'Oh!' says I, 'Mr. Lowe, I beg your pardon for running away, but I have just recollected another engagement;' so I poked the three guineas in his hand, and told him I would come again another time, and then ran out of the house with all my might."

Well, when we had done laughing about this poor unfortunate painter, the subject turned upon portraits in general, and our conference grew very grave: on *his* part it soon became even melancholy. I have not time to *dialogue* it; but he told me he could never bear to have himself the picture of any one he loved, as, in case of their death or absence, he should go distracted by looking at it; and that, as for himself, he never had, and never would sit for his own, except for one miniature by Humphreys, which his sister begged of him, as he could never flatter himself there was a human being in the world to whom it could be of any possible value: "And now," he added, "less than ever!"

This, and various other speeches to the same purpose, he spoke with a degree of dejection that surprised

me, as the coldness of his character, and his continually boasted insensibility, made me believe him really indifferent both to love and hatred.

After this we talked of Mrs. Davenant.

"She is very agreeable," said I, "I like her much. Don't you?"

"Yes, very much," said he; "she is lively and entertaining;" and then a moment after, "'Tis wonderful," he exclaimed, "that such a thing as that can captivate a man!"

"Nay," cried I, "nobody more, for her husband quite adores her."

"So I find," said he; "and Mrs. Thrale says men in general like her."

"They certainly do," cried I; "and all the oddity is in you who do not, not in them who do."

"May be so," answered he, "but it don't do for me, indeed."

We then came to two gates, and there I stopped short, to wait till they joined us; and Mr. Crutchley, turning about and looking at Mrs. Davenant, as she came forward, said, rather in a muttering voice, and to himself than to me, "What a thing for an attachment! No, no, it would not do for me!—too much glare! too much flippancy! too much hoop! too much gauze! too much slipper! too much neck! Oh, hide it! hide it! —muffle it up! muffle it up! If it is but in a fur cloak, I am for muffling it all up!"

And thus he diverted himself till they came up to us. But never, I believe, was there a man who could endure so very few people. Even Mrs. and Miss Thrale, of whom he is fond to excess, he would rather not see than see with other company!

Is he not a strange composition?

STREATHAM, JUNE.—I found Dr. Johnson in admirable good-humour, and our journey hither was extremely pleasant. I thanked him for the last batch of his poets, and we talked them over almost all the way.

Sweet Mrs. Thrale received me with her wonted warmth of affection, but shocked me by her own ill looks, and the increasing alteration in her person, which perpetual anxiety and worry have made. I found with her Mrs. Lambart and the Rev. Mr. Jennings, a young brother of Sir Philip Clerke, and Mr. Seward.

Mrs. Lambart I was much pleased with again meeting, for she is going in a few days to Brussels with her son, in order to reside for two years. Mr. Jennings I was not much charmed with; but he may be a good sort of man for all that, and for all he was somewhat over-facetious, or would have been; for Mrs. Thrale, after running to kiss me, introduced me to Sir Philip's brother, who said,—

"Pray, ma'am, may not that fashion go round?"

"No, no, there's no occasion for that," cried I.

"Oh, yes, there is," returned he; "it may be an old-fashioned custom, but I am an old-fashioned man, and therefore I rather like it the better. Come, Mrs. Thrale, may I not be introduced *properly* to Miss Burney?"

"No, no," cried she, while I took care to get out of the way, "nobody kisses Miss Burney in this house but myself."

"I have ventured," cried Mr. Seward, "to sometimes touch the tip of Miss Burney's little finger-nail; but never farther."

I then gave Mrs. Thrale some account of my visit to

Mrs. Byron, which turned the conversation; and presently entered Mr. Crutchley.

We had a good cheerful day, and in the evening Sir Richard Jebb came; and nothing can I recollect, but that Dr. Johnson *forced* me to sit on a very small sofa with him, which was hardly large enough for himself; and which would have made a subject for a print by Harry Bunbury that would have diverted all London; *ergo*, it rejoiceth me that he was not present.

WEDNESDAY.—We had a terrible noisy day. Mr. and Mrs. Cator came to dinner, and brought with them Miss Collison, a niece. Mrs. Nesbitt was also here, and Mr. Pepys.

The long war which has been proclaimed among the wits concerning Lord Lyttelton's "Life," by Dr. Johnson, and which a whole tribe of *blues*, with Mrs. Montagu at their head, have vowed to execrate and revenge, now broke out with all the fury of the first actual hostilities, stimulated by long-concerted schemes and much spiteful information. Mr. Pepys, Dr. Johnson well knew, was one of Mrs. Montagu's steadiest abettors; and, therefore, as he had some time determined to defend himself with the first of them he met, this day he fell the sacrifice to his wrath.

In a long *tête-à-tête* which I accidentally had with Mr. Pepys before the company was assembled, he told me his apprehensions of an attack, and entreated me earnestly to endeavour to prevent it; modestly avowing he was no antagonist for Dr. Johnson; and yet declaring his personal friendship for Lord Lyttelton made him so much hurt by the "Life," that he feared he could not discuss the matter without a quarrel, which, especially in the house of Mrs. Thrale, he wished to avoid.

It was, however, utterly impossible for me to serve him. I could have stopped Mrs. Thrale with ease, and Mr. Seward with a hint, had either of them begun the subject; but, unfortunately, in the middle of dinner it was begun by Dr. Johnson himself, to oppose whom, especially as he spoke with great anger, would have been madness and folly.

Never before have I seen Dr. Johnson speak with so much passion.

"Mr. Pepys," he cried, in a voice the most enraged, "I understand you are offended by my 'Life of Lord Lyttelton.' What is it you have to say against it? Come forth, man! Here am I, ready to answer any charge you can bring!"

"No, sir," cried Mr. Pepys, "not at present; I must beg leave to decline the subject. I told Miss Burney before dinner that I hoped it would not be started."

I was quite frightened to hear my own name mentioned in a debate which began so seriously; but Dr. Johnson made not to this any answer: he repeated his attack and his challenge, and a violent disputation ensued, in which this great but *mortal* man did, to own the truth, appear unreasonably furious and grossly severe. I never saw him so before, and I heartily hope I never shall again. He has been long provoked, and justly enough, at the *sneaking* complaints and murmurs of the Lytteltonians; and, therefore, his long-excited wrath, which hitherto had met no object, now burst forth with a vehemence and bitterness almost incredible.

Mr. Pepys meantime never appeared to so much advantage; he preserved his temper, uttered all that belonged merely to himself with modesty, and all that

more immediately related to Lord Lyttelton with spirit. Indeed, Dr. Johnson, in the very midst of the dispute, had the candour and liberality to make him a personal compliment, by saying,—

"Sir, all that you say, while you are vindicating one who cannot thank you, makes me only think better of you than I ever did before. Yet still I think you do *me* wrong," &c. &c.

Some time after, in the heat of the argument, he called out—

"The more my 'Lord Lyttelton' is inquired after, the worse he will appear; Mr. Seward has just heard two stories of him, which corroborate all I have related."

He then desired Mr. Seward to repeat them. Poor Mr. Seward looked almost as frightened as myself at the very mention of his name; but he quietly and immediately told the stories, which consisted of fresh instances, from good authorities, of Lord Lyttelton's illiberal behaviour to Shenstone; and then he flung himself back in his chair, and spoke no more during the whole debate, which I am sure he was ready to vote a bore.

One happy circumstance, however, attended the quarrel, which was the presence of Mr. Cator, who would by no means be prevented talking himself, either by reverence for Dr. Johnson, or ignorance of the subject in question; on the contrary, he gave his opinion, quite uncalled, upon every thing that was said by either party, and that with an importance and pomposity, yet with an emptiness and verbosity, that rendered the whole dispute, when in his hands, nothing more than ridiculous, and compelled even the disputants themselves, all inflamed as they were, to laugh. To give a specimen—one speech will do for a thousand.

"As to this here question of Lord Lyttelton I can't speak to it to the purpose, as I have not read his 'Life,' for I have only read the 'Life of Pope;' I have got the books though, for I sent for them last week, and they came to me on Wednesday, and then I began them; but I have not yet read 'Lord Lyttelton.' 'Pope' I have begun, and that is what I am now reading. But what I have to say about Lord Lyttelton is this here: Mr. Seward says that Lord Lyttelton's steward dunned Mr. Shenstone for his rent, by which I understand he was a tenant of Lord Lyttelton's. Well, if he was a tenant of Lord Lyttelton's, why should not he pay his rent?"

Who could contradict this?

When dinner was quite over, and we left the men to their wine, we hoped they would finish the affair; but Dr. Johnson was determined to talk it through, and make a battle of it, though Mr. Pepys tried to be off continually. When they were all summoned to tea, they entered still warm and violent. Mr. Cator had the book in his hand, and was reading the "Life of Lyttelton," that he might better, he said, understand the cause, though not a creature cared if he had never heard of it.

Mr. Pepys came up to me and said,—

"Just what I had so much wished to avoid! I have been crushed in the very onset."

I could make him no answer, for Dr. Johnson immediately called him off, and harangued and attacked him with a vehemence and continuity that quite concerned both Mrs. Thrale and myself, and that made Mr. Pepys, at last, resolutely silent, however called upon.

This now grew more unpleasant than ever; till

Mr. Cator, having some time studied his book, exclaimed,—

"What I am now going to say, as I have not yet read the 'Life of Lord Lyttelton' quite through, must be considered as being only said aside, because what I am going to say ——"

"I wish, sir," cried Mrs. Thrale, "it had been *all* said aside; here is too much about it, indeed, and I should be very glad to hear no more of it."

This speech, which she made with great spirit and dignity, had an admirable effect. Every body was silenced. Mr. Cator, thus interrupted in the midst of his proposition, looked quite amazed; Mr. Pepys was much gratified by the interference; and Dr. Johnson, after a pause, said,—

"Well, madam, you *shall* hear no more of it; yet I will defend myself in every part and in every atom!"

And from this time the subject was wholly dropped. This dear violent Doctor was conscious he had been wrong, and therefore he most candidly bore the reproof.

Mr. Cator, after some evident chagrin at having his speech thus rejected, comforted himself by coming up to Mr. Seward, who was seated next me, to talk to him of the changes of the climates from hot to *could* in the countries he had visited; and he prated so much, yet said so little, and pronounced his words so vulgarly, that I found it impossible to keep my countenance, and was once, when most unfortunately he addressed himself to me, surprised by him on the full grin. To soften it off as well as I could, I pretended unusual complacency, and instead of recovering my gravity, I continued a most ineffable smile for the whole time he talked, which was indeed no difficult task. Poor Mr.

Seward was as much off his guard as myself, having his mouth distended to its fullest extent every other minute.

When the leave-taking time arrived, Dr. Johnson called to Mr. Pepys to shake hands, an invitation which was most coldly and forcibly accepted. Mr. Cator made a point of Mrs. Thrale's dining at his house soon, and she could not be wholly excused, as she has many transactions with him; but she fixed the day for three weeks hence. They have invited me so often, that I have now promised not to fail making one.

THURSDAY MORNING.—Dr. Johnson went to town for some days, but not before Mrs. Thrale read him a very serious lecture upon giving way to such violence; which he bore with a patience and quietness that even more than made his peace with me; for such a man's confessing himself wrong is almost more amiable than another man being steadily right.

FRIDAY, JUNE 14TH.—We had my dear father and Sophy Streatfield, who, as usual, was beautiful, caressing, amiable, sweet, and—fatiguing.

SUNDAY, JUNE 16TH.—This morning, after church, we had visits from the Pitches, and afterwards from the Attorney-General and Mrs. Wallace, his wife, who is a very agreeable woman. And here I must give you a little trait of Mr. Crutchley, whose solid and fixed character I am at this moment unable to fathom, much as I have seen of him.

He has an aversion, not only to strangers, but to the world in general, that I never yet saw quite equalled. I at first attributed it to shyness, but I now find it is simply disgust. To-day at noon, while I was reading alone in the library, he came in, and amused himself very quietly in the same manner; but, upon a

noise which threatened an intrusion, he started up, and as the Pitches entered, he hastened away. After this, the Wallaces came, from whom he kept equally distant; but when we all went out to shew the Attorney-General the hot-houses and kitchen-gardens, he returned, I suppose, to the library, for there, when we came back, we found him reading. He instantly arose, and was retreating, but stopped upon my telling him in passing that his particular enemy, Mr. Merlin, was just arrived; and then some nonsense passing among us concerning poor Merlin and Miss Owen, he condescended to turn back and take a chair. He sat then, as usual when with much company, quite silent, till Mr. Wallace began talking of the fatigue he had endured at the birth-day, from the weight and heat of his clothes, which were damask and gold, belonging to his place, and of the haste he was in to get at the Queen, that he might speak to her Majesty, and make his escape from so insufferable a situation as the heat, incommodiousness, and richness of his dress, had put him into.

"Well, sir," interrupted Mr. Crutchley, in the midst of this complaint, to which he had listened with evident contempt, "but you had at least the pleasure of shewing this dress at the levee!"

This unexpected sarcasm instantly put an end to the subject, and when I afterwards spoke of it to Mr. Crutchley, and laughed at his little respect for an "officer of the state—"

"Oh!" cried he, "nothing makes me so sick as hearing such ostentatious complaints! The man has but just got the very dress he has been all his life working for, and now he is to parade about its inconvenience!"

This is certainly a good and respectable spirit, though not much calculated to make its possessor popular.

We had afterwards a good deal of sport with Merlin, who again stayed dinner, and was as happy as a prince; but Mr. Crutchley plagued me somewhat by trying to set him upon attacking *me;* which, as I knew his readiness to do better than I chose to confess, was not perfectly to my taste. Once, when Piozzi was making me some most extravagant compliments, upon Heaven knows what of accomplishments and perfections, which he said belonged to the whole *famille Borni,* and was challenging me to speak to him in Italian, which I assured him I could not do, Merlin officiously called out,—

"O, je vous assure, Mlle. Burney n'ignore rien; mais elle est si modeste qu'elle ne veut pas, c'est à dire, parler."

And soon after, when a story was told of somebody's *sins,* which I have forgotten, Merlin, encouraged again by some malicious contrivance of Mr. Crutchley's to address himself to me, called out aloud, and very *malàpropos,* "Pour Mlle. Burney, c'est une demoiselle qui n'a jamais peché du tout."

"No, I hope not," said I, in a low voice to Miss Thrale, while they were all holloaing at this oddity; "at least, if I had, I think I would not *confess.*"

"Téll him so," cried Mr. Crutchley.

"No, no," cried I, "pray let him alone."

"Do you hear, Mr. Merlin," cried he then aloud; "Miss Burney says if she *has* sinned, she will not confess."

"O, sir!" answered Merlin, simpering, "for the modest ladies, they never do confess, because, *that is,* they have not got nothing to confess."

During the dessert, mention was made of my father's picture, when this ridiculous creature exclaimed,—

"Oh! for that picture of Dr. Burney, Sir Joshua Reynhold has not taken pains, *that is*, to please me! I do not like it. Mr. Gainsborough has done one much more better of me, which is very agreeable indeed. I wish it had been at the Exhibition, for it would have done him a great deal of credit indeed."

There was no standing the absurdity of this "agreeable," and we all laughed heartily, and Mrs. Thrale led the way for our leaving the room.

"Oh!" cried Merlin, half piqued, and half grinning from sympathy, "I assure you there is not nothing does make me so happy, *that is*, as to see the ladies so pleased!"

MONDAY, JUNE 17TH.—There passed, some time ago, an agreement between Mr. Crutchley and Mr. Seward, that the latter is to make a visit to the former, at his country-house in Berkshire; and to-day the time was settled: but a more ridiculous scene never was exhibited. The host elect and the guest elect tried which should shew least expectation of pleasure from the meeting, and neither of them thought it at all worth while to disguise his terror of being weary of the other. Mr. Seward seemed quite melancholy and depressed in the prospect of making, and Mr. Crutchley absolutely miserable in that of receiving, the visit. Yet nothing so ludicrous as the distress of both, since nothing less necessary than that either should have such a punishment inflicted. I cannot remember half the absurd things that passed; but a few, by way of specimen, I will give.

"How long do you intend to stay with me, Seward?"

cried Mr. Crutchley; "how long do you think you can bear it?"

"O, I don't know; I sha'n't fix," answered the other: "just as I find it."

"Well, but—when shall you come? Friday or Saturday? I think you'd better not come till Saturday."

"Why yes, I believe on Friday."

"On Friday! Oh, you'll have too much of it! what shall I do with you?"

"Why on Sunday we'll dine at the Lyells. Mrs. Lyell is a charming woman; one of the most elegant creatures I ever saw."

"Wonderfully so," cried Mr. Crutchley; "I like her extremely—an insipid idiot! She never opens her mouth but in a whisper; I never *heard* her speak a word in my life. But what must I do with you on Monday? will you come away?"

"Oh, no; I'll stay and see it out."

"Why, how long shall you stay? Why I must come away myself on Tuesday."

"O, I sha'n't settle yet," cried Mr. Seward, very dryly. "I shall put up six shirts, and then do as I find it."

"Six shirts!" exclaimed Mr. Crutchley; and then, with equal dryness added—"Oh, I suppose you wear two a-day."

And so on.

PART II.

1781.

CONTENTS.

Streatham Diary continued—Dr. Johnson—The Rival Duchesses, Rutland and Devonshire—Happiness and Misery—Nobody dies of Grief—Fox-hunting Mania—Table-talk on Indecision—Sherlock's Letters—Pride and Humility—A Discussion on Vanity—Delicate Distinctions—Vanity and Pride—Merlin, the Mechanician—Hunting Idiots—Anecdote—Raillery—Johnson's Lives—Pope and Martha Blount—An Amateur Physician—Cure for Indigestion—An Act of Generosity—Despondency—The Inefficacy of Worldly Goods to give Happiness—Sacchini—His Improvidence—His exquisite Singing—A *Tête-à-tête*—Pride or no Pride—Dr. Burney—Signs of Long Life—Imaginary Evils—A Dinner Party—Montague Burgoyne—Dr. Johnson—His Generosity—The *Amende Honorable*—Mr. Pepys—A New Acquaintance—An Irish Member—A Strange Mixture—A Caricature of a Caricature—Boswell—A Character—Volubility—An Irish Rattle—Mr. Seward's Mode of finding a Cicerone.

PART II.

1781.

Diary continued.

STREATHAM, JUNE 25.—I sent you off a most sad morsel, my dearest Susy, but receiving *no* news of James had really so much sunk me, that I could hardly support my spirits with decency. Nothing better has happened since; but as all help of evil is out of my power, I drive from my mind the apprehension of it as much as I am able, and keep, and *will* keep, my fears and horrors in as much subjection as possible. You will let me know, I am sure, when you get any intelligence, and you will, I earnestly hope, keep your own mind quiet till it arrives. There is never such a superfluity of actual happiness as to make it either rational or justifiable to feed upon *expected* misery. That portion of philosophy which belongs to making the most of the present day, grows upon me strongly; and, as I have suffered infinitely from its neglect, it is what I most encourage, and, indeed, require.

I will go on with a little journalising, though I have now few things, and still fewer people, to mention.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 26TH.—Dr. Johnson, who had been in town some days, returned, and Mr. Crutchley came also, as well as my father. I did not see the two latter till summoned to dinner; and then Dr. Johnson

seizing my hand, while with one of his own he gave me a no very gentle tap on the shoulder, half drolly and half reproachfully called out,—

"Ah, you little baggage, you! and have you known how long I have been here, and never to come to me?"

And the truth is, in whatever sportive mode he expresses it, he really likes not I should be absent from him half a minute whenever he is here, and not in his own apartment.

Mr. Crutchley said he had just brought Mr. Seward to town in his phaeton, *alive.* He gave a diverting account of the visit, which I fancy proved much better than either party pretended to expect, as I find Mr. Seward not only went a day sooner, but stayed two days later, than was proposed; and Mr. Crutchley, on his part, said he had invited him to repeat his visit at any time when he knew not in what other manner "to knock down a day or two." What curious characters these are! Mr. Crutchley, however, continues the least fathomable, not only of these, but of all the men I have seen. I will give you, therefore, having, indeed, nothing better to offer, some further specimens to judge of.

Dr. Johnson, as usual when here, kept me in chat with him in the library after all the rest had dispersed; but when Mr. Crutchley returned again, he went up-stairs, and, as I was finishing some work I had in hand, Mr. Crutchley, either from civility or a sudden turn to loquacity, forbore his books, to talk.

Among other folks, we discussed the two rival duchesses, Rutland and Devonshire. "The former," he said, "must, he fancied, be very weak and silly, as he knew that she endured being admired to her face, and complimented perpetually, both upon her beauty

and her dress:" and when I asked whether *he* was one who joined in trying her —

"Me!" cried he; "no, indeed! I never complimented any body; that is, I never said to any body a thing I did not think, unless I was openly laughing at them, and making sport for other people."

"Oh," cried I, "if every body went by this rule, what a world of conversation would be curtailed! The Duchess of Devonshire, I fancy, has better parts."

"Oh yes; and a fine, pleasant, open countenance. She came to my sister's once, in Lincolnshire, when I was there, in order to see hare-hunting, which was then quite new to her."

"She is very amiable, I believe," said I; "for all her friends love and speak highly of her."

"Oh, yes, very much so; perfectly good-humoured and unaffected. And her horse was led, and she was frightened; and we told her *that* was the hare, and *that* was the dog; and the dog pointed at the hare, and the hare ran away from the dog; and then she took courage, and then she was timid;—and, upon my word, she did it all very prettily! For my part, I liked it so well, that in half an hour I took to my own horse, and rode away."

After this, we began more seriously to talk upon happiness and misery; and I accused him of having little sense of either, from the various strange and desperate speeches which he is continually making; such as those I told you, of his declaring he cared not if he was to be shut up in the Exchequer for the rest of his life; and as to Mrs. Plumbe — the stupidest of all women — he had as lieve as not pass the rest of his days with her: and during this last visit, when the horrors of a convent were enumerating by Mrs. Thrale,

he asserted that there was nothing but prejudice in preferring any other mode of life, since every mode was, in fact, alike.

"Well," said he, "and custom will make any thing endured; though a great deal of all this must be given to mere talk without meaning; for as to living with Mrs. Plumbe, I protest I would not spend an hour with her to save me from ruin, nor with any body I did not like. I cannot even make common visits to people unless I like them. But the few I *do* like, perhaps nobody ever liked equally. I have, indeed, but one wish or thought about them; and that is, to be with them not only every day, but every hour. And I never change, and never grow tired: nobody in the world has less taste for variety."

Afterwards he asserted that nobody ever died of grief. I did not agree with him; for I do, indeed, believe it is a death but too possible.

"I judge," said he, "as people are too apt to judge, by myself; I am sure *I* have no affections that can kill me."

"I can easily believe that," said I, "and I fancy very few people have; but, among them, I should certainly never number those who settle themselves into a philosophic coldness and apathy that renders all things equal to them, and the Convent or the Exchequer the same as any other places."

"Why, a little use would make them so," said he, laughing. "However, I believe I have had as much delight *one* way as any man breathing; and that is, in hunting. I have pursued that with an enthusiasm that has been madness. I have been thrown from my horse and half killed, and mounted her again and gone on. I have been at it till every one has been tired out; but

myself never. I have jumped from my horse to catch a dirty hound in my arms and kiss it!"

"Well," cried I, "and does this last?"

"Why, no," cried he, "thank Heaven! not quite so bad now. To be sure, 'tis the most contemptible delight that ever man took, and I never knew three men in the world who pursued it with equal pleasure that were not idiots. Those, however," said he afterwards, "are, I believe, the most happy who have most affections; even the pain of such has pleasure with it."

This from a man whose evident effort is to stifle every affection, nay, every feeling, of the soul!

"I do not," continued he, "believe that any grief in the world ever out-lasted a twelvemonth."

"A twelvemonth," said I, "spent in real sorrow is a long, long time indeed. I question myself if it almost *can* last or be supported longer."

After this, upon my saying I supposed him hardly a fair judge of affliction, as I believed him a man determined to extinguish every feeling that led to it, he grew very unexpectedly grave and communicative, and told me he had had two calamities as heavy and as bitter as any body could have or could feel.

"And yet," said he, "I found I got the better of them. I was ill — I lost my appetite — I could not sleep — I had a fever; yet in time all these complaints were gone, and I got well, and lived on much as usual."

One of these calamities he then explained to have been the loss of his mother, whom I find he quite adored; and he seems still to wonder how he survived her. The other he seemed half inclined to mention, but I did not venture to lead to it, as it occurred to me that it was possibly an affair of the heart; in which, if,

notwithstanding all his assertions of ignorance of *la belle passion*, he has had a disappointment, I think much of the strangeness of his character accounted for.

At dinner he appeared in his riding dress, prepared for his journey; and, during the dessert, his phaeton was announced. Mrs. Thrale at that time had stepped out of the room. He soon after called Miss Thrale aside, and proposed taking her two sisters, Susan and Sophy, who are still at home for the holydays, a ride in his phaeton! He bid her mention it to her mother, saying, that if she liked it, he would defer going till next morning, that he might give the little girls this frolic.

Mrs. Thrale instantly returned, and, thanking him for his good-nature, most readily agreed to the proposal; though she could not but laugh at it, after his sullen refusal to stay at her request.

FRIDAY.—The moment breakfast was over, Mr. Crutchley arose, and was taking leave; but Mrs. Thrale told him, with an arch laugh, he had better stay, for he would not get mended by going. He protested, however, that he must certainly go home.

"And why?" cried she; "what do you go for?"

"Nay," cried he, hesitating, "I don't know, I am sure!"

"Never mind him, madam," cried Dr. Johnson; "a man who knows not why he goes, knows not why he stays; therefore never heed him."

"Does any body expect you?" said Mrs. Thrale. "Do you want to see any body?"

"Not a soul!"

"Then why can't you stay?"

"No; I can't stay now; I'll meet you on Tuesday."

"If you know so little why you should either go or,

stay," said Dr. Johnson, "never think about it, sir; toss up—that's the shortest way. Heads or tails!—let that decide."

"No, no, sir," answered he; "this is but talk, for I cannot reduce it to that mere indifference in my own mind."

"What! must you go, then?" said Mrs. Thrale.

"I must go," returned he, "upon a system of economy."

"What! to save your horses coming again?"

"No; but that I may not weary my friends quite out."

"Oh, your friends are the best judges for themselves," said Mrs. Thrale; "do you think you can go any where that your company will be more desired?"

"Nay, nay," cried Dr. Johnson, "after such an excuse as that, your friends have a right to practise Irish hospitality, and lock up your bridle."

The matter was still undecided when Mrs. Thrale called him to walk out with her.

In about two hours, and when I thought he was certainly gone, he came into the library, where I was reading Sherlock's flippant but entertaining letters, and said,—

"A good morning to you, ma'am."

"Are you going at last," cried I, "in all this heat?"

"No," cried he; "I am upon a new plan now. I have sent my man to Sunning-hill, and I am going now to see if I can stop him; for, in spite of all my resolves, I find there is no resisting the pleasures of this place."

"There is, indeed, no resisting Mrs. Thrale," said I; "but why, indeed, *should* you resist her?"

Oh," cried he, in a tone half vexed, half laughing,

"I wish with all my heart I was at Jericho at this very moment."

He then wished me good-by, and was off; leaving me, indeed, little better able to judge his actual character than the first day I saw him.

At dinner, accordingly, he returned, and is now to stay till Tuesday.

* * * * *

I have very often, though I mention them not, long and melancholy discourses with Dr. Johnson, about our dear deceased master, whom, indeed, he regrets incessantly; but I love not to dwell on subjects of sorrow when I can drive them away, especially to you, upon this account, as you were so much a stranger to that excellent friend, whom you only lamented for the sake of those who survived him.

* * * * *

The receipt of your second letter, my dearest Susy, has so much animated and comforted me, that I can now go back to give you a better account of what passed here after the receipt of the first.

While we were at church on Sunday morning, we heard a sermon, upon which, by means of a speech I chanced to make, we have been talking ever since. The subject was treating of *humility*, and declaiming against *pride;* in the midst of which, Mrs. Thrale whispered,—

"This sermon is all against *us;* that is, *four* of us: Queeny, Burney, Susan, and I, are all as proud as possible — Mr. Crutchley and Sophy are humble enough."

"Good heavens!" cried I, "Mr. Crutchley!—why he is the proudest among us!"

This speech she instantly repeated, and just at that

moment the preacher said,—"Those who are the weakest are ever the soonest puffed up."

He instantly made me a bow, with an expressive laugh, that thanked me for the compliment. To be sure it happened most untimely.

As soon as we came out of church, he called out,—

"Well, Miss Burney, this is what I never can forgive! Am *I* so proud?"

"I am sure if you are," cried Mrs. Thrale, "you have imposed upon me, for I always thought you the humblest man I knew. Look how Burney casts up her eyes! Why *are* you so proud, after all, Mr. Crutchley?"

"I hope not," cried he, rather gravely; "but I little thought of ever going to Streatham Church to hear I was the proudest man in it."

"Well, but," said I, "does it follow you certainly are so because *I* say so?"

"Why yes, I suppose I am if *you* see it, for you are one that see all things and people right."

"Well, it's very odd," said Mrs. Thrale, "I wonder how she found you out."

"*I* wonder," cried I, laughing, "how *you* missed finding him out."

"Oh! worse and worse!" cried he. "Why there's no bearing this!"

"I protest, then," said Mrs. Thrale, "he has always taken me in; he seemed to me the humblest creature I knew; always speaking so ill of himself—always depreciating all that belongs to him."

"Why, I did not say," quoth I, "that he had more *vanity* than other men; on the contrary, I think he has none."

"Well distinguished," cried she; "a man may be proud enough, and yet have no vanity."

"Well, but what *is* this pride?" cried Mr. Crutchley—"what is it shewn in?—what are its symptoms and marks?"

"A general contempt," answered I, undaunted, "of every body and of every thing."

"Well said, Miss Burney!" exclaimed Mrs. Thrale. "Why that 's true enough, and so he has."

"A total indifference," continued I, "of what is thought of him by others, and a disdain alike of happiness or misery."

"Bravo, Burney!" cried Mrs. Thrale, "that 's true enough!"

"Indeed," cried Mr. Crutchley, "you are quite mistaken. Indeed, nobody in the world is half so anxious about the opinions of others; I am wretched—I am miserable if I think myself thought ill of; not, indeed, by every body,—not by Mr. Cator, nor Mr. Perkins, nor Mr. Barclay,—but by those whose good opinion I have tried:—*there* if I fail, no man can be more unhappy."

"Oh, perhaps," returned I, "there may be two or three people in the world you may wish should think well of you, but that is nothing to the general character."

"Oh, no! many more. I am now four-and-thirty, and perhaps, indeed, in all my life I have not tried to gain the esteem of more than four-and-thirty people, but ——"

"Oh, leave out the thirty!" cried I, "and then you may be nearer the truth."

"No, indeed; ten, at least, I daresay I have tried for, but, perhaps, I have not succeeded with two. How-

ever, I am thus even with the world; for if it likes me not, I can do without it,—I can live alone; and that, indeed, I prefer to any thing I can meet with; for those with whom I like to live are so much above me, that I sink into nothing in their society; so I think it best to run away from them."

"That is to say," cried I, "you are angry you cannot yourself excel,—and this is not pride!"

"Why no, indeed; but it is melancholy to be always behind—to hear conversation in which one is unable to join ——"

"Unwilling," quoth I, "you mean."

"No, indeed, but really unable; and therefore what can I do so well as to run home? As to an inferior, I hope I think that of nobody; and as to my equals, and such as I am on a par with, Heaven knows I can ill bear them!—I would rather live alone to all eternity!"

This conversation lasted till we got home, when Mrs. Thrale said,—

"Well, Mr. Crutchley, has she convinced you?"

"I don't know," cried I, "but *he* has convinced *me.*"

"Why how you smote him," cried Mrs. Thrale; "but I think you make your part good as you go on."

"The great difference," said I, "which I think there is between Mr. Seward and Mr. Crutchley, who in some things are very much alike, is this,—Mr. Seward has a great deal of vanity and no pride, Mr. Crutchley a great deal of pride and no vanity."

"Just, and true, and wise!" said dear Mrs. Thrale, "for Seward is always talking of himself, and always with approbation; Mr. Crutchley seldom mentions himself, and when he does, it is with dislike. And which have *I*, most pride or most vanity?"

"Oh, most vanity, *certo!*" quoth I.

"And which have you?" said Mr. Crutchley to Queeny.

"I don't know," answered she.

* * * * *

Some time after, while I was again reading Sherlock's "Letters" in the library, Mr. Crutchley came in.

"Well, ma'am," cried he, "I have not forgiven this yet; though I confess you somewhat softened off the charge, by all that distinction about the pride and vanity; but still I suppose even that was only pretence."

"No, no," cried I, "all I said I think; though all I think to be sure I did not say!"

And I went on with my book.

"Well," cried he, "I shall take Johnson's 'Life of Pope,' and go to the green bench in the wood, and get it by heart. If I have no ideas of my own, I can do nothing better than get some of his. This part of pride I am ready to own, and I wish nothing more than to cultivate it—and that is—from those who recede from *me*, to recede yet faster from *them*. This much I would always wish to do."

"I can very easily credit it," cried I.

"Why, I don't know neither," cried he; "I don't think I do it as much as I ought to do; I think I begin to grow more cringing, and sneaking, and worldly."

"How ridiculous!" cried I; for certainly cringing, sneaking, and worldly, are three things most distant from him.

"But as to all this pride of which you accuse me, I declare I believe no man has so little."

"Look here," interrupted I, "Mr. Sherlock himself

says he is '*modeste à l'excès.*' See but by that how people know their own characters."

This was a finishing stroke; for the vanity and flippancy and conceit of Sherlock we have all been railing at ever since we took to reading his book, which was about a week ago; and Mr. Crutchley himself has been the most struck with it.

He laughed and went off, not, I believe, affronted, but I fancy somewhat disturbed, which was more than I meant he should be, though, in fact, all I said I believe to be strictly true; for though, in the strange composition of his character, there is a diffidence of himself, the most unaffected I ever, except in Edward Burney, saw,—a diffidence which makes the misery of his life, by inducing him to believe himself always *de trop*,—he has yet a contempt of almost all others, which, however free from vanity, can possibly have no other spring than pride.

At dinner we had Sir Philip Clerke and Piozzi; and Mr. Crutchley told me "my friend" Mr. Merlin was come.

"Is he my friend?" cried I; "he says *you* are his particular enemy!"

And this, indeed, is now become our hack speech to Mr. Crutchley, whose supposed enmity to Merlin is, indeed, a stretch of that absurd creature's imagination, even more than usually ridiculous.

When Merlin came in I gave the hint of your story about Sir Christopher Whitchcott, whom Mr. Crutchley knows, and says is "one of his hunting idiots," and, therefore, he endeavoured to draw him into telling the tale, by talking of drinking. Merlin was quiet a long time, but when at last Mr. Crutchley said,—

"In England no man is ever obliged to drink more

than he pleases!" he suddenly called out, and with a most rueful face,—

"Oh, certainly I beg your pardon! there is a person, Sir Christopher Whitchcott, which certainly does do it!"

"Do what, Mr. Merlin?"

"Why certainly, sir, he does give, that is, a very great reprimand, to any person that does not drink as much as himself."

They then questioned him, and he gave several of the particulars of his disgrace; though, being separately dragged from him, they were by no means so diverting as when you told them me.

* * * * *

At supper we had only Sir Philip and Mr. Crutchley. The conversation of the morning was then again renewed.

"Oh!" cried Mrs. Thrale, "what a smoking did Miss Burney give Mr. Crutchley!"

"A smoking, indeed!" cried he. "Never had I such a one before! Never did I think to get such a character! I had no notion of it."

"Nay, then," said I, "why should you, now?"

"But what is all this?" cried Sir Philip, delighted enough at any mischief between Mr. Crutchley and me, or between any male and female, for he only wishes something to go forward, and thinks a quarrel or dispute next best to fondness and flirting.

"Why, Miss Burney," answered she, "gave Mr. Crutchley this morning a noble trimming. I had always thought him very humble, but she shewed me my mistake, and said I had not distinguished pride from vanity."

"Oh, never was I so mauled in my life!" said he.

* * * * *

Enough, however, of this rattle, which lasted till we all went to bed, and which Mrs. Thrale most kindly *kept up, by way of rioting me from thinking,* and which Mr. Crutchley himself bore with the utmost good nature, from having noticed that I was out of spirits.

MONDAY, JULY 2D.—In a *tête-à-tête* I chanced to have with Mr. Crutchley, he again gave me reason to recollect the notion he lately put in my head, that he is still suffering in his own mind from some former bitter disappointment.

We were talking over Johnson's "Life of Pope," and after mutually giving our opinions upon various passages, and agreeing to prefer it altogether to any other of the Lives, he asked me if I had remarked how beautifully he had written upon Pope's fondness for Patty Blount. And then he looked out the paragraph and read it:—

"Their acquaintance began early; the life of each was pictured on the other's mind; their conversation, therefore, was endearing, for when they met there was an immediate coalition of congenial notions. Perhaps he considered her unwillingness to approach the bed of sickness, as female weakness or human frailty; perhaps he was conscious to himself of peevishness and impatience, or, though he was offended by her inattention, might yet consider her merit as overbalancing her fault; and, if he had suffered his heart to be alienated from her, he could have found nothing that might fill her place; he could only have shrunk within himself; it was too late to transfer his confidence or his fondness."

The manner in which he read this paragraph was so strikingly tender and feeling, that it could not, I think, proceed merely from the words; and when

he came to "he might consider her merit as overbalancing her fault," he exclaimed, "How impossible that a thing one loves can ever for a moment offend one!" And when he had done it, he read it all over again, with yet more sensibility; and, not yet satisfied, he repeated it a third time.

Poor Mr. Crutchley! I begin to believe his heart much less stubborn than he is willing to have it thought; and I do now really but little doubt either that some former love sits heavy upon it, or that he is at this moment suffering the affliction of a present and hopeless one: if the latter is the case, Miss ****, I am next to certain, is the object. I may possibly, however, be mistaken in both conjectures, for he is too unlike other people to be judged by rules that will suit them.

We had much literary chat upon this occasion, which led us to a general discussion, not only of Pope's Life, but of all his works, which we tried who should out-praise. He then got a book to take to his favourite bench, and made me, as he left the room, an apology the most humble, for having interrupted or taken up any part of my time, which could not otherwise have but been spent better; though again, he assured me that he had not yet forgiven my charge against him.

Two minutes after he came back for another book, and while he was seeking it Mr. Evans came in. They then both of them sat down to chat, and Mr. Seward was the subject. Mr. Evans said he had met him the day before in the Park, with Mrs. Nesbitt and another lady, and that he was giving Mrs. Nesbitt a prescription. In his medical capacity he seems to rise daily: 'tis a most strange turn to take merely for killing *ennui!* But, added to quacking both himself and his friends, he has

lately, I hear, taken also to making a rather too liberal use of his bottle, thinking, I suppose, that generous wine will destroy even the blue devils. I am really sorry, though, for this, as it may be attended with serious evil to him.

"When he was at my place," said Mr. Crutchley, "he did himself up pretty handsomely; he ate cherries till he complained most bitterly of indigestion, and he poured down Madeira and Port most plentifully, but without relief. Then he desired to have some peppermint-water, and he drank three glasses; still that would not do, and he said he must have a large quantity of ginger. We had no such thing in the house. However, he had brought some, it seems, with him, and then he took that, but still to no purpose. At last, he desired some brandy, and tossed off a glass of that; and, after all, he asked for a dose of rhubarb. Then we had to send and inquire all over the house for this rhubarb, but our folks had hardly ever heard of such a thing. I advised him to take a good bumper of gin and gunpowder, for that seemed almost all he had left untried."

In the afternoon Mrs. Byron came; and Mr. Crutchley, who has a violent aversion to her, notwithstanding she is particularly courteous to him, contrived, the moment he could, to make his escape, and hid himself till she was gone.

* * * * *

Mrs. Thrale's sweetness to me is inexpressible; but the generosity she is practising at this time to Mr. Perkins, whom she does not like, though she thinks herself obliged to him, exalts her character yet more highly than her kindness to me. Every thing in her power is she doing to establish him comfortably in the

brewhouse, even to the lending all her own money that is in the stocks.

The other morning she ran hastily into my room, her eyes full of tears, and cried,—

"What an extraordinary man is this Crutchley! I declare he has quite melted me! He came to me just now, and thinking I was uneasy I could do no more for Perkins, though he cared not himself if the man were drowned, he offered to lend him a thousand pounds, merely by way of giving pleasure to me!"

His fondness, indeed, for Mrs. Thrale and her daughter is the most singular I have ever seen; he scarcely exists out of their sight, and holds all others so inferior to them, that total solitude seems his dearest alternative to their society. Dr. Johnson, indeed, he honours and reveres; and myself I believe he very well esteems; but I question, nevertheless, whether he would desire to see either of us but for our connexion in this house.

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When Mrs. Thrale came back, she brought with her Mr. Henry Smith, who dined here, as did also that ridiculous Merlin, who contrived to divert Miss Thrale and me with his inconceivable absurdities.

Wednesday, June 4th.—Mrs. Thrale was obliged to go to town again to-day upon business with the executors, and she brought back an account of Mr. Crutchley that has really given me very much concern; he was very far, she says, from well, and extremely feverish. She begged him to stay in town and have a physician, but he declared he would go instantly to Sunning-hill. She then asked him to come hither and be nursed; but that also he declined; and when she urged him to take great care of himself,

he said it was of small matter whether he did or not, since he cared not whether he lived or died, as life was of no value to him, for he had no enjoyment of it.

How strange, sad, and perverse! With every possible means of happiness, as far as speculation reaches, to be thus unaccountably miserable. He has goodness, understanding, benevolence, riches, and independence, and with all these a something is wanting without which they are all as nothing.

He acknowledged to her readily that he was never so well pleased as when at Streatham, and spoke of its four inmates, Mrs. and Miss Thrale, Dr. Johnson, and F. B. in terms of praise bordering upon enthusiasm; protesting he believed the world contained not four other such folks, and that it was a society which made all other insupportable. Yet, he would not be prevailed upon to come again, though he knew not, he said, how he should forbear, before the week was out, hanging or drowning himself!

In ten days' time, however, he is obliged to be again in town, in order to meet Mrs. Thrale at the brewhouse, and then he expects his two sisters, of whom he is excessively fond, to come from Lincolnshire on a visit to him of some months. His mind then will, I hope, be easier, and more of that happiness which his character deserves, and his situation in life offers, will be enjoyed by him.

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STREATHAM, JULY 16TH.—I will give you now, my dear girls, some little account how the world goes with me; but, in return, if you do not both communicate something, I shall take it for the "hint of an insult," and not, like poor Merlin, proceed just the

same as if no such "disagreeable compliment" had been paid me.

You will believe I was not a little surprised to see Sacchini. He is going to the Continent with Piozzi, and Mrs. Thrale invited them both to spend the last day at Streatham, and from hence proceed to Margate.

Sacchini is the mere ghost of what he was, in almost every respect; so altered a man in so few years I never saw. I should not even have known him had his name not been spoken; and the same ill health which has so much impaired his person, and robbed him of more beauty than any other man ever possessed, seems also to have impaired his mental faculties. He is no longer pleasant now, even when he tries to be gay; and that good-breeding we so much admired in him is degenerated into too much obsequiousness. The change in his circumstances, and his continual distress for money, no doubt have much contributed to this general *decadence*.

He is obliged to steal away privately, lest his creditors should stop him. He means to try his fortune at Paris, where he expects to retrieve it, and then to return to London, and begin the world anew.

That a man of such extraordinary merit, after so many years giving to this country such works as must immortalise him, should at last be forced to steal away from it, made me, I must own, feel more compassion for him than a man whose own misconduct has been the sole occasion of his distresses has any fair claim to. But to see talents which to all the world can give such delight, so useless to the owner, is truly melancholy.

I pressed him very much to sing, and, though somewhat reluctantly, he complied. He seemed both gra-

tified and surprised by my civility and attention to him, which he must long have observed were withdrawn, and which nothing but my present pity for him would have revived. He inquired after all the family, and "Miss Susanne" twice, and reminded me of many things which had passed upon the commencement of our acquaintance with him—his *one pea*, his German story, and his Watchman and the Olives; and we had much talk about sweet Millico.

The first song he sang, beginning "En quel amabil volto," you may perhaps know, but I did not: it is a charming mezza bravura. He and Piozzi then sung together the duet of the "Amore Soldato;" and nothing could be much more delightful; Piozzi taking pains to sing his very best, and Sacchini, with his soft but delicious whisper, almost thrilling me by his exquisite and pathetic expression. They then went through that opera, great part of "Creso," some of "Erifile," and much of "Rinaldo."

Sacchini also sung "Poveri affetti miei," and most divinely indeed. I begged him to sing "Dov' è s'affretti per me la morta;" he could hardly recollect it, and what he recollected he could hardly sing; it required more exertion than he can now use without pain and fatigue. I have not, however, had so much pleasure from music since Pacchierotti left England, and I am sure I shall have none like it till he again returns.

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STREATHAM, AUGUST.—I fear you will think me a long time, my dearest Susy, without giving any sign of life; but your letter of yesterday, for which I much thank you, has given me sufficient compunction for my silence to cause my seizing my pen, and go back to

Monday, July 30th.—Mrs. Thrale ran out to meet me upon my return, in the court-yard; and then we *explicated* about the letters, and the coach, and so forth, and, as I came, all went well. Then, leading the way into the library, she called out,—

"Mr. Crutchley, I have got my *Tyo* again!"

I was somewhat surprised to find him here, as I had only expected him to meet the great party the next day; but it seems he escorted his guests, Mrs. and Miss Thrale, and Dr. Johnson, from Sunning-hill Park on Saturday, and was not yet returned thither.

His park and house, Mrs. Thrale says, are extremely fine; his sister is a sensible and unaffected woman; he entertained them quite magnificently; and his character among his own people, and in his own neighbourhood, is so high, that she has left his place with double the esteem, if possible, that she entered it. He is indeed, I believe sincerely, one of the worthiest and most amiable creatures in the world, however full of spleen, oddities, and minor foibles.

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In the afternoon we had walking and music; and in the evening my father and Mrs. Thrale seated themselves out of doors, just before the Blue-room windows, for *coolth* and chat; and then Mr. Crutchley came up to me, and we had a very long conversation together.

I have not time to scribble it all; but it began by talking of the late party at his house at Sunning-hill; and I told him—for I believed nothing could give him greater pleasure—how well satisfied Mrs. and Miss Thrale had returned from it. And then he said how high an honour he had thought it, both from them and

from Dr. Johnson, and added, that he had never been happier in his life than during these two days.

But as he has never forgotten, and never, I believe, will forget, the conversation I had with him so long ago about his *pride*, and to which he has alluded twenty times a-day every time I have since been in his company, so now, though how I do not remember, he presently, and quite naturally, according to custom, recurred to it.

"Well," cried I, "I can really hardly tell myself what made me say all that stuff to you; but this I must own, had I then doubted its justice, I should not now, it dwells so with you!"

"Oh, but," cried he, "it does not dwell with me from consciousness, but only because I am afraid it must be true, as *you* say it; for I take it for granted you know, and must be right."

"No, no," cried I, "'tis merely from feeling it. If I had said you were very mean, illiberal, ill-natured, you would never have thought of it again."

"Oh, yes, I should—I should have thought you knew what you said."

"No, I beg your pardon; you would have known it was a mere jest, and have thought of it no more than if I had said you were but three feet high, and kept a cobbler's stall."

"But you could not have said that," answered he, laughing, "or if you could, you would not."

"The other, however," said I, "comes home, and therefore you think so much of it."

"I hope," said he, very seriously, "you have mistaken me."

"Nay," cried I, a little shocked at the unexpected impression my casual and unpremeditated lecture has

made, "you must remember I told you at the same time, that, though what I *said* I *thought*, I did not say *all* I thought."

"But all," cried he, "that remains behind, I take it for granted is so much worse."

This was a *net*—but I saw it; so it was spread in vain.

"My liking to live so much alone," continued he, "which is, perhaps, what seems proud, proceeds merely from the great difficulty there is to meet with any society that is good."

"But that difficulty," quoth I, "is a part of the pride; were you less fastidious, you would find society as other people find it."

"Nay, now," said he, "but even about horses I am not proud" [you must know he is very curious about his horses], "for I care not what *looking* horse I have; I never think of his appearance, nor mind if half the people I meet think how ill I am mounted."

"Yes," returned I, "provided those who are judges knew him to be good."

"Why, yes; I should not choose to ride a horse that people who knew any thing of the matter would call a bad one."

"Ah!" cried I, reproachfully, "and this is not pride!"

This, again, was coming home, and he had little to answer, but said, in a laughing way,—

"Now I'll tell you when I can be happy enough: when I have nobody at all at my place but workmen; and then I *niggle* after them up and down, and say to myself—Well, I think I am somewhat better than *these!*"

"How ridiculous!" cried I; "but such speeches as

these, instead of proving your humility, are so absurd and overstrained, they pass literally for nothing."

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Miss Thrale went away to have her hair dressed, and I stayed in the library reading. Mr. Crutchley, in about half an hour, returned there again, saying,—

"So, I have prevailed upon Miss Thrale at last to go and spend her time better?"

"She's gone," said I, "to have her hair dressed, if that is better."

"I suppose it is what she likes," answered he. "Is that a long business with you ladies?"

"O yes, terribly long! I only wish all our hair was combed as straight as yours was some time ago, frightful as I thought it."

We afterwards talked of my father, whom he knows but very slightly; he said of him, however, things more pleasing for me to hear than any other upon any subject in the world would have been; for he told me he never saw any man he thought more likely to live long than Dr. Burney.

"He is strong-built," said he, "stout, and well-knit. I looked at him particularly, and never saw an appearance of more true muscular strength, unencumbered with flesh; for flesh and bulk have nothing to do with strength. I dare say he will be a very long liver."

"And what may contribute to that," said I, "will be the equanimity of his temper; for, with all his gaiety and sprightliness, he has more patience, and even cheerfulness, than any body in the world. And he is one of those who makes no distresses for himself, and those he meets with, whether he will or not, he drives away as soon as he possibly can."

I am not sure I did not mean this rather pointedly; and so, I believe, he took it, for he exclaimed,—

"How unlike me! *I* make every thing a woe!"

"That is nothing," cried I, "but the want of real evils. Imaginary woes always follow people who have no other."

"Imaginary woes! Good Heaven!" he repeated, half between his teeth.

A servant at the same time coming in to announce his phaeton, he then hoped I should keep well till he had the pleasure of seeing me again, and went away.

I have some notion he is half inclined to tell me all his affairs; for, whenever we are alone together, he almost constantly leads to some subject that draws out melancholy hints of his unhappiness, though in company he always pretends to laugh at all feeling, and despise all misfortune. Could I do him any possible service, I should be sincerely glad; but as that is very improbable, I think such a confidence better avoided than sought.

At dinner we had a large party of old friends of Mrs. Thrale. Lady Frances Burgoyne, a mighty erect old lady of the last age, lofty, ceremonious, stiff, and condescending.

Montague Burgoyne, her son, and as like any other son as ever you saw.

Mrs. Burgoyne, his wife, a sweet, pretty, innocent, simple young girl, just married to him.

Miss Burgoyne, his eldest sister, a good, sensible, prating old maid.

Miss Kitty Burgoyne, a younger sister, equally prating, and *not* equally sensible.

Mr. Ned Hervey, brother to the bride.

To these were added Mr. Pepys and Sophy Streat-

field; the former as entertaining, the latter as beautiful, as ever. We had a very good day, but not of a writing sort.

Dr. Johnson, whom I had not seen since his Sunninghill expedition, as he only returned from town to-day, gave me almost all his attention, which made me of no little consequence to the Burgoynes, who all stared amain when they saw him make up to me the moment I entered the room, and talk to me till summoned to dinner.

Mr. Pepys had desired this meeting, by way of a sort of reconciliation after the Lyttelton quarrel; and Dr. Johnson now made amends for his former violence, as he advanced to him as soon as he came in, and holding out his hand to him, received him with a cordiality he had never shewn him before. Indeed, he told me himself, that "he thought the better of Mr. Pepys for all that had passed." He is as great a *souled* man as a *bodied* one, and, were he less furious in his passions, he would be demi-divine.

Mr. Pepys also behaved extremely well, politely casting aside all reserve or coldness that might be attributed to a lurking ill-will for what had passed.

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STREATHAM.—My poor journal is now so in arrears, that I forget wholly the date of what I sent you last. I have, however, minutes by me of things, though not of times, and, therefore, the chronology not being very important, take them, my dear girls, promiscuously. I am still, I know, in August, *et voilà tout.*

We have now a new character added to our set, and one of no small diversion,—Mr. Musgrave, an Irish gentleman of fortune, and member of the Irish Parliament. He is tall, thin, and agreeable in his face and

figure; is reckoned a good scholar, has travelled, and been very well educated. His manners are impetuous and abrupt; his language is high-flown and hyperbolical; his sentiments are romantic and tender; his heart is warm and generous; his head hot and wrong! And the whole of his conversation is a mixture the most uncommon, of knowledge and triteness, simplicity and fury, literature and folly!

Keep this character in your mind, and, contradictory as it seems, I will give you, from time to time, such specimens as shall remind you of each of these six epithets.

He was introduced into this house by Mr. Seward, with whom, and Mr. Graves of Worcester, he travelled into Italy: and some years ago he was extremely intimate here. But, before my acquaintance was made at Streatham, he had returned to Ireland; where, about a year since, he married Miss Cavendish. They are now, by mutual consent, parted. She is gone to a sister in France, and he is come to spend some time in England by way of diverting his chagrin.

Mrs. Thrale who, though open-eyed enough to his absurdities, thinks well of the goodness of his heart, has a real regard for him; and he quite adores her, and quite worships Dr. Johnson—frequently declaring (for what he once says, he says continually), that he would spill his blood for him,—or clean his shoes,—or go to the East Indies to do him any good! "I am never," says he, "afraid of him; none but a fool or a rogue has any need to be afraid of him. What a fine old lion (looking up at his picture) he is! Oh! I love him,—I honour him,—I reverence him! I would black his shoes for him. I wish I could give him my night's sleep!"

These are exclamations which he is making continually. Mrs. Thrale has extremely well said that he is a caricature of Mr. Boswell, who is a caricature, I must add, of all other of Dr. Johnson's admirers.

The next great favourite he has in the world to our Doctor, and the person whom he talks *next most* of, is Mr. Jessop; who was his school-master, and whose praise he is never tired of singing in terms the most vehement,—quoting his authority for every other thing he says, and lamenting our misfortune in not knowing him.

His third favourite topic, at present, is "The Life of Louis XV." in 4 vols. 8vo., lately translated from the French; and of this he is so extravagantly fond, that he talks of it as a man might talk of his mistress, provided he had so little wit as to talk of her at all.

Painting, music, all the fine arts in their turn, he also speaks of in raptures. He is himself very accomplished, plays the violin extremely well, is a very good linguist, and a very decent painter. But no subject in his hands fails to be ridiculous, as he is sure, by the abruptness of its introduction, the strange turn of his expressions, or the Hibernian twang of his pronunciation, to make every thing he says, however usual or common, seem peculiar and absurd.

When he first came here, upon the present renewal of his acquaintance at Streatham, Mrs. Thrale sent a summons to her daughter and me to come down-stairs. We went together; I had long been curious to see him, and was glad of the opportunity. The moment Mrs. Thrale introduced me to him, he began a warm *éloge* of my father, speaking so fast, so much, and so Irish, that I could hardly understand him.

That over, he began upon this book, entreating Mrs. Thrale and all of us to read it, assuring us nothing could give us equal pleasure, minutely relating all its principal incidents with vehement expressions of praise or abhorrence, according to the good or bad he mentioned; and telling us that he had devoted three days and nights to making an index to it himself!

Then he touched upon his dear school-master, Mr. Jessop, and then opened upon Dr. Johnson, whom he calls "the old lion," and who lasted till we left him to dress.

When we met again at dinner, and were joined by Dr. Johnson, the incense he paid him, by his solemn manner of listening, by the earnest reverence with which he eyed him, and by a theatric start of admiration every time he spoke, joined to the Doctor's utter insensibility to all these tokens, made me find infinite difficulty in keeping my countenance during the whole meal. His talk, too, is incessant; no female, however famed, can possibly excel him for volubility.

He told us a thousand strange staring stories, of noble deeds of valour and tender proofs of constancy, interspersed with extraordinary, and indeed incredible accidents, and with jests, and jokes, and bon-mots, that I am sure must be in Joe Miller. And in the midst of all this jargon he abruptly called out, "Pray, Mrs. Thrale, what is the Doctor's opinion of the American war?"

Opinion of the American war at this time of day! We all laughed cruelly; yet he repeated his question to the Doctor, who, however, made no other answer but by laughing too. But he is never affronted with Dr. Johnson, let him do what he will; and he seldom ventures to speak to him till he has asked some other

person present for advice how he will *take* such or such a question.

At night he left us, and Mr. Crutchley arrived, who came to spend two or three days, as usual. Sir Philip Clerke also was here; but I have no time now to write any account of what passed, except that I must and ought to mention that Mr. Crutchley, in the presence of Sir Philip, is always more respectful to me than at any other time; indeed, only then, for he troubles not himself with too much ceremony. But I believe he does this from a real delicacy of mind, by way of marking still more strongly it was the raillery, not the object of it, he was so strangely piqued about.

But I told you I thought I had secured his never more mentioning my charge of his pride. There I was mistaken, as, for his life, he cannot forbear. The day he ended his visit, Sir Philip also ended his, having only come from Hampshire for a few days; and, as I wanted much to go down and see my sister, Mrs. Thrale ordered her coach, and took us all thither herself.

In our way Mr. Crutchley, who was in uncommon spirits, took it in his head to sing the praises of wine, (though no man drinks less) and afterwards of smoking; Mrs. Thrale all the time combating all he said, Sir Philip only laughing, and I, I suppose, *making faces*. At last he called out,—

"Look at Miss Burney, how she sits wondering at my impudence!"

He expected, I fancy, I should contradict this; but not a word did I say: so then, with a little *depit*, he added,—

"I suppose, now, I shall have *impudence* added to the—the *vanity* you gave my character before."

This mistake I am pretty sure was a *wilful* one, by way of passing for only slightly remembering the accusation.

"Vanity!" cried I; "when did I charge you with vanity?"

"Well, what was it then?—*pride!*"

I said nothing; neither choosing to confirm what he has taken so seriously to heart, nor to contradict what I think as strongly as ever.

"Pride and impudence!" continued he, with a look at once saucy and mortified—"a pretty composition, upon my life!"

"Nay, nay," said I, "this is an addition of your own. I am sure I never called, or thought, you impudent."

It would be strange if I had; for, on the contrary, he is an actual *male prude!*

"No, no; she gave you nothing but the pride," said Mrs. Thrale, "she left all the vanity for me! Saucy that she is! So you have, at least, the higher fault; for vanity is much the meaner of the two. Lord Bacon says, 'A beggar of bread is a better man than a beggar of a bow; for the bread is of more worth.' So see if you are not best off."

"Me best off!" cried he—"no, indeed; Miss Burney thinks better of vanity than pride, by her giving one to you and t' other to me."

To this, again, I would not speak; for I could not well without a new argument, and the old one is so long remembered that I am determined to have no more.

"If Miss Burney," said he presently, "thought as well of me as of you, I believe I should have reason to be very well contented. Should not I?"

"As well of you as of me!" cried Mrs. Thrale; "why, if ever I heard such a speech! No, indeed, I hope not! I have always heard her called a very wise girl!"

* * * * *

Mrs. Thrale set me down at home, and I ran to dear Etty's, and saw and kissed her and her dear baby, and promised to return to town soon to spend a week with her. Mrs. T. called for me again at three o'clock, and I returned to Streatham, and I spent two days with only ourselves;—*c'est à dire*, Mrs. and Miss T. and Dr. Johnson, who is so earnest to have me here always, that I assure you we know not how to break to him my intended week's absence! You may laugh if you please, but I can tell you my importance with him seems continually increasing. And, seriously, I am sure my gratitude for his kindness goes on *crescendo*, in the same manner.

* * * * *

Well—it was, I think, SATURDAY, AUGUST 25TH, that Mrs. Thrale brought me back. But first, we went together to see Sir Joshua's pictures, which is always a feast to me, and afterwards to see Pine's, where is one of Mrs. Thrale herself; not like, I think, but a mighty elegant portrait. We then took up Mr. Crutchley, who had come to his town-house upon business, and who accompanied us thither for a visit of three days.

In the evening Mr. Seward also came. He has been making the western tour, and gave us, with a seriousness that kept me continually grinning, some account of a doctor, apothecary, or chemist, belonging to every town at which he had stopped. And when

we all laughed at his thus following up the *faculty*, he undauntedly said,—

"I think it the best way to get information; I know no better method to learn what is going forward any where than to send for the chief physician of the place; so I commonly consult him the first day I stop at a place, and when I have fee'd him, and made acquaintance, he puts me in a way to find out what is worth looking at."

A most curious mode of picking up a cicerone!

After this, still pursuing his favourite topic, he began to inquire into the particulars of Mr. Crutchley's late illness; but that gentleman, who is as much in the opposite extreme, of disdaining even any decent care of himself, as Mr. Seward is in the other, of devoting almost all his thoughts to his health, cut the matter very short, and would not talk upon it at all.

"But, if I had known sooner," said Mr. Seward, "that you were ill, I should have come to see you."

"Should you?" cried Mr. Crutchley, with a loud laugh; "very kind, indeed!—it would have been charming to see you when I am ill, when I am afraid of undertaking you even when well!"

Some time after Sophy Streatfield was talked of,—Oh, with how much impertinence! as if she was at the service of any man who would make proposals to her! Yet Mr. Seward spoke of her with praise and tenderness all the time, as if, though firmly of this opinion, he was warmly her admirer. From such admirers and such admiration Heaven guard me! Mr. Crutchley said but little; but that little was bitter enough.

"However," said Mr. Seward, "after all that can be said, there is nobody whose manners are more engaging, nobody more amiable than the little Sophy;

and she is certainly very pretty; I must own I have always been afraid to trust myself with her."

Here Mr. Crutchley looked very sneeringly.

"Nay, 'squire," cried Mr. Seward, "she is very dangerous, I can tell you; and if she had you at a fair trial, she would make an impression that would soften even your hard heart."

"No need of any further trial," answered he, laughing, "for she has done that already; and so soft was the impression that it is absolutely all dissolved!—melted quite away, and not a trace of it left!"

Mr. Seward then proposed that she should marry Sir John Miller, who has just lost his wife; and very gravely said, he had a great mind to set out for Tunbridge, and carry her with him to Bath, and so make the match without delay!

"But surely," said Mrs. Thrale, "if you fail, you will think yourself bound in honour to marry her yourself?"

"Why, that's the thing," said he; "no, I can't take the little Sophy myself; I should have too many rivals; no, that won't do."

How abominably conceited and *sure* these pretty gentlemen are! However, Mr. Crutchley here made a speech that half won my heart.

"I wish," said he, "Miss Streatfield was here at this moment to cuff you, Seward!"

"Cuff me!" cried he. "What, the little Sophy!—and why?"

"For disposing of her so freely. I think a man deserves to be cuffed for saying *any* lady will marry him."

I seconded this speech with much approbation.

Mr. Crutchley then told us of a painter, with whom

he is well acquainted, and to whom he has been very kind, that professes the art of discovering *moral* characters from *written* ones; and he told us that if we would write something, he would carry the paper to the man, and bring us word what he had said of us without letting him know who we were.

Mrs. Thrale immediately started up and wrote in a very fine hand,—

"The character of the writer of this is earnestly desired."

Mr. Seward was called upon next, and proposed adding,—

"The greatest secrecy must be depended upon."

But I objected to this mode, because such sentences might help the conjuror to our characters without much assistance; whereas, he ought to decipher them merely from the hand-writing.

Mr. Crutchley then proposed that we should take some book, and each of us write two lines, and then the man could have nothing to judge by but our several scrawls.

"Wisely said," cried Mrs. Thrale; "for judgment Mr. Crutchley excels us all."

We took, therefore, Mr. Crabbe's "Library," and Mrs. Thrale, Mr. Seward, Miss Thrale, and myself, copied two lines each. Mr. Crutchley put the paper in his pocket, and promised to bring us an account of ourselves on Monday. I charged him repeatedly to be very honourable, and not make characters of us himself, and then pretend to pass them off for this painter's. When I give you the characters, you must judge yourself whether he was faithful, or only, as I told him I expected he would, took the opportunity to give us all a smoking.

SUNDAY.—To these two gentlemen was added a third,—Mr. Musgrave. I did not see him till we all met in the dinner-parlour; and then he immediately addressed me with so vociferous a rapidity that I could not catch above one word in ten of what he said; but I found his purport was to tell me he had been at Worcester, where he had seen my uncle, and seen divers of Edward's performances, and he very warmly declared he would make a very great and capital painter; and, in the midst of this oration, Mr. Seward very dryly called out,—

"Pray, Musgrave, whom are you talking of?"

"Her cousin," cried he, with the same eagerness, "Miss Burney's cousin. I assure you he will be so great a painter that——"

"Why, when and where," interrupted Mr. Seward, "are these Burneys to stop?"

"Nowhere," said Mrs. Thrale, "till they are tired; for they go on just as long as they please, and *do* what they please, and *are* what they please."

"Here, ma'am, is a mark of their power and genius," said Mr. Musgrave, pointing to me; "and I assure you this young man is another. And when I told old Mr. Burney I thought so, I assure you I thought he would have wrung my arm out of joint."

"*Old* Mr. Burney!" said Mrs. Thrale; "pray, do you call our *young* Doctor's brother *old* Mr. Burney?"

"Oh, ma'am, I assure you I have the greatest respect for him in the world; he is a worthy old gentleman, I assure you. He and I shook hands together for a quarter of an hour. He was vastly pleased. I told him his son would be a great painter. And, indeed, so he will. He'll be quite at the head."

"Ay, how should he be Miss Burney's cousin else?" said Mrs. Thrale.

"Miss Burney will be so elated," said Mr. Seward, "if you go on thus with all her family, that she will not condescend to take notice of us."

"Oh, yes, she will," said the literal Mr. Musgrave; "where there is true merit there is always modesty. Miss Burney may hear praise without danger."

I called for water, munched bread, and did what I could to pass the time; but though Mr. Musgrave made me laugh, I found it pretty warm work to sit all this.

In the evening, Mr. Seward, who plays off Mr. Musgrave most unmercifully, called out to him,—

"Musgrave, how goes on your play?"

"My play, sir!" cried he, a little alarmed; "sir, I assure you I have not thought about it."

"No!—why, I suppose you would have finished it in your last fit of sickness. Do, Musgrave, pray go on with it when you are tied by the heel next. We'll get Miss Burney to write a prologue for it."

"Miss Burney will do me a great deal of honour," said he, not suspecting he was laughed at, "if she will be so good as to look at it."

"And pray," cried Mr. Seward, "what do you call it?"

"Oh, I shall beg the favour of Miss Burney to name it."

He then told us the plan and story of this comedy, which was so trite, and yet so *flaming*, that I cannot imagine how any man can have read so much to so little advantage as to suppose it could be listened to.

Mr. Seward, however, protests he has altered it from what he originally intended; and no great mis-

chief, I think, could *any* alteration do to such a plan as Mr. Seward says he had first formed, which was to make a bishop be discovered by his own chaplain in a house of ill-fame! a *dénoûement* he had devised for the purpose of making the bishop *come down* with his money and consent for the marriage of his daughter, the heroine of the piece, with the man of her choice!

MONDAY.—We were to have Mr. Cator and other company to dinner; and all breakfast Mr. Seward kept plaguing poor Mr. Musgrave, who is an incessant talker, about the difficulty he would have in making his part good with Mr. Cator, who, he assured him, would out-talk him if he did not take care. And Mr. Crutchley recommended to him to "wait for a sneeze," in order to put in; so that he was almost rallied into a passion, though, being very good-natured, he made light of it, and it blew over.

Our company was Mr. and Mrs. Cator, Mrs. Byron and her daughter Augusta, Mr. Jenkinson, Mr. Lewis, a friend who is on a visit at his house, and the three gentlemen already here.

Mr. Crutchley rode to town in the morning, and told us at dinner that he had been to the painter's for our characters, but refused to let us know what they were; only telling us in general that Miss Thrale had fared the worst.

"I have written it all down," cried he; "and oh! what a noble trimming is there for Queeny!"

"And pray," cried she, "how has Miss Burney fared?"

"Oh! pretty well."

"And Seward?"

"Why pretty well, too."

"And my mother?"

"Why ill—very ill;—but not so ill as you."

"Upon my word! And what, pray, has he said of me?"

"I have all the particulars upon a paper in my pocket."

I plagued him, however, without ceasing till he told me all the *items;* which were—

Of Mrs. Thrale: That she was very unsteady in her affections, a great lover of pleasure, and had no dislike to living in the country.

* * * * * *

Of Mr. Seward: That he was a man quite without genius, and that all the accomplishments he possessed resulted from labour and application.

Of me: That I was very steady, very apt to be sullen, grave myself, but fond of those who were gay.

I think I did come pretty well off, considering the villanous things said of the rest; but I battled with him warmly the character of Mr. Seward, which his calling "pretty well" was very unjust, as he has really more original wit and humour than one man in five hundred.

In the middle of dinner I was seized with a violent laughing fit, by seeing Mr. Musgrave, who had sat quite silent, turn very solemnly to Mr. Seward and say, in a reproachful tone,—

"Seward, you said I should be fighting to talk all the talk, and here I have not spoke once."

"Well, sir," cried Mr. Seward, nodding at him, "why don't you put in?"

"Why, I lost an opportunity just now, when Mr. Cator talked of *climates;* I had something I could have said about them very well."

After this, however, he made himself amends; for

when we left the men to their wine, he began such a violent dispute with Mr. Cator, that Mr. Jenkinson and Mr. Crutchley left the field of battle, and went out to join the ladies in their walk round the grounds; and that breaking up the party, the rest soon followed.

By the way, I happened not to walk myself, which was most ludicrously noticed by Mr. Musgrave; who, while we were at tea, suddenly crossed the circle to come up to me, and say,—

"You did not walk, Miss Burney?"

"No, sir."

"Very much in the right — very much in the right, indeed! You were studying? Oh, very right! never lose a moment! Such an understanding as yours it would be a shame to neglect; it ought to be cultivated every moment."

And then he hurried back to his seat.

In the evening, when all the company was gone but our three gentlemen, Seward, Crutchley, and Musgrave, we took a walk round the grounds by moonlight; and Mr. Musgrave started with rapture at the appearance of the moon, now full, now cloudy, now clear, now obscured, every three yards we moved.

* * * * * *

We have had some *extra* diversion from two queer letters. The first of these was to Dr. Johnson, dated from the Orkneys, and costing him 1*s*. 6*d*. The contents were, to beg the Doctor's advice and counsel upon a very embarrassing matter; the writer, who signs his name and place of abode, says he is a clergyman, and labours under a most peculiar misfortune, for which he can give no account; and which is,—that though he very often writes letters to his friends and others, he never gets

any answers; he entreats, therefore, that Dr. Johnson will take this into consideration, and explain to him to what so strange a thing may be attributed.

He then gives his direction.

The other of these curious letters is to myself; it is written upon fine French-glazed and gilt paper.

"*Miss F. Burney,*
"*At Lady Thrale's,*
"*Streatham, Surrey.*

"MADAM,—I lately have read the three elegant volumes of 'Evelina,' which were penned by you; and am desired by my friends, which are very numerous, to entreat the favour of you to oblige the public with a fourth.

"Now, if this desire of mine should meet with your approbation, and you will honour the public with another volume (for it will not be ill-bestowed time), it will greatly add to the happiness of,

"Honoured madam, a sincere admirer
"Of you and 'Evelina.'"

"Snow Hill."

Now don't our two epistles vie well with each other for singular absurdity? Which of them shews least meaning, who can tell? This is the third queer anonymous letter I have been favoured with. The date is more curious than the contents; one would think the people on Snow Hill might think three volumes enough for what they are the better, and not desire a fourth to celebrate more Smiths and Branghtons.

MONDAY, SEPT. 3D.—Our *solitude* was interrupted by a visit from Mr. Crutchley, which afforded me, as usual, subject-matter of debate upon his never-ending oddities. Take the following patterns:—

My dear Mrs. Thrale had been ill of a rash for some days, though not confined, and Sir Richard Jebb came this evening to see her. He stayed and drank tea with us, and was, as to me he always is, very agreeable. After having written for Mrs. Thrale and given her his general directions, he charged her very earnestly not to suffer her spirits to be agitated, and to be very careful to keep quiet.

When he was gone, she repeated this in laughing, and said, "I suppose he meant I should not put myself in a Welsh passion, and flame and spit."

"Nay, nay," cried Mr. Crutchley, "*that* you do all day long."

"What!" cried she, going out of the room, and not well hearing him, while I turned round to laugh at his assurance.

"Why Miss Burney," answered he, "says you always spit."

"I!" cried I, amazed. "When did I say so?"

"Why, just this moment."

"Mercy!" cried Miss Thrale, "that is too bad!"

"Nay, she said it, I'll swear!" said he, very coolly.

I only turned up my eyes at him, and Miss Thrale followed her mother out of the room.

"Well, now," said he, very gravely, "did you say it, or did you not?"

"Why *not*, to be sure!" returned I, staring at his effrontery.

"You did not say it?"

"No; you know I did not."

"Nay, I don't know for the *words*, but you *looked* it, I am sure, and that 's the same. I always hold it exactly the same. I see, indeed, no difference between saying and looking."

"Yes, but I did *not* look it; my look was only at you, and marvelling at *your* saying it."

"Nay, but you know very well that she does spit."

"No, indeed, I don't; or if I do, I know also, and very certainly, that it is only when she is provoked."

"Yes, yes; nobody, I suppose, does it *un*provoked; but what will provoke one will not provoke another; that is all the real difference."

I had no time to answer this, as the dear spitter returned; but I was all amazement at his persisting in such an attack, and insisting that I was of the same mind.

* * * * * *

At dinner, Dr. Johnson returned, and Mr. Musgrave came with him. I did not see them till dinner was upon the table; and then Dr. Johnson, more in earnest than in jest, reproached me with not coming to meet him, and afterwards with not speaking to him, which, by the way, across a large table, and before company, I could not do, were I to be reproached ever so solemnly. It is requisite to speak so loud in order to be heard by him, and every body listens so attentively for his reply, that not all his kindness will ever, I believe, embolden me to discourse with him willingly except *tête-à-tête*, or only with his family or my own.

Mr. Crutchley, who has more odd spite in him than all the rest of the world put together, enjoyed this call upon me, at which Mr. Musgrave no less wondered! He seemed to think it an honour that raised me to the highest pinnacle of glory, and started, and lifted up his hands in profound admiration.

This, you may imagine, was no great inducement to me to talk more; and when in the evening we all met

again in the library, Dr. Johnson still continuing his accusation, and vowing I cared nothing for him, to get rid of the matter, and the grinning of Mr. Crutchley, and the theatrical staring of Mr. Musgrave, I proposed to Miss Thrale, as soon as tea was over, a walk round the grounds.

The next morning, the instant I entered the library at breakfast-time, where nobody was yet assembled but Messrs. Musgrave and Crutchley, the former ran up to me the moment I opened the door with a large folio in his hand, calling out,—

"See here, Miss Burney, you know what I said about the Racks ——"

"The what, sir?" cried I, having forgot it all.

"Why the Racks; and here you see is the very same account. I must shew it to the Doctor presently; the old lion hardly believed it."

He then read to me I know not how much stuff, not a word of which could I understand, because Mr. Crutchley sat laughing slyly, and casting up his eyes exactly before me, though unseen by Mr. Musgrave.

As soon as I got away from him, and walked on to the other end of the room, Mr. Crutchley followed me, and said,—

"You went to bed too soon last night; you should have stayed a little longer, and then you would have heard such a panegyric as never before was spoken."

"So I suppose," quoth I, not knowing what he drove at.

"Oh, yes!" cried Mr. Musgrave, "Dr. Johnson pronounced such a panegyric upon Miss Burney as would quite have intoxicated any body else; not *her*, indeed, for she can bear it, but nobody else could."

"Oh! such praise," said Mr. Crutchley, "never

did I hear before. It kept *me* awake, even *me*, after eleven o'clock, when nothing else could,—poor drowsy wretch that I am!"

They then both ran on praising this praise (*à qui mieux mieux*), and trying which should distract me most with curiosity to hear it; but I know Mr. Crutchley holds *all* panegyric in such infinite contempt and ridicule, that I felt nothing but mortification in finding he had been an auditor to my dear Dr. Johnson's partiality.

"Woe to him," cried he at last, "of whom no one speaks ill! Woe, therefore, to *you* in this house, I am sure!"

"No, no," cried I, "*you*, I believe, will save me from *that* woe."

In the midst of this business entered Miss Thrale. Mr. Musgrave, instantly flying up to her with the folio, exclaimed, "See, Miss Thrale, here's all that about the origin of Racks, that ——"

"Of *what?*" cried she. "Of *rats?*"

This set us all grinning; but Mr. Crutchley, who had pretty well recovered his spirits, would not rest a moment from plaguing me about this praise, and began immediately to tell Miss Thrale what an oration had been made the preceding evening.

The moment Mrs. Thrale came in, all this was again repeated, Mr. Musgrave almost blessing himself with admiration while he talked of it, and Mr. Crutchley keeping me in a perpetual fidget, by never suffering the subject to drop.

When they had both exhausted all they had to say in a general manner of this *éloge*, and Dr. Johnson's fondness for me, for a little while we were allowed to rest; but scarce had I time to even hope the matter

would be dropped, when Mr. Crutchley said to Mr. Musgrave,—

"Well, sir, but now we have paved the way, I think you might as well go on."

"Yes," said Miss Thrale, never backward in promoting mischief, "methinks you might now disclose some of the particulars."

"Ay, do," said Mr. Crutchley, "pray repeat what he said."

"Oh! it is not in my power," cried Mr. Musgrave; "I have not the Doctor's eloquence. However, as well as I can remember, I will do it. He said that her manners were extraordinarily pleasing, and her language remarkably elegant; that she had as much virtue of mind as knowledge of the world; that with all her skill in human nature, she was at the same time as pure a little creature ——"

This phrase, most comfortably to me, helped us to a laugh, and carried off in something like a joke praise that almost carried *me* off, from very shame not better to deserve it.

"Go on, go on!" cried Mr. Crutchley; "you have not said half."

"I am sensible of that," said he, very solemnly; "but it really is not in my power to do him justice, else I would say on, for Miss Burney I know would not be intoxicated."

"No, no; more, more," cried that tiresome creature; "at it again."

"Indeed, sir; and upon my word I would if I could; but only himself can do the old lion justice."

"'And what light is," cried Mrs. Thrale, "'tis only light can shew.' However, let him love her as much as

he will, he will never love her half enough, for he knows not half how good she is."

"Upon my word!" cried Miss Thrale, drolly; "do you think I sha'n't take some sly opportunity to poison you?"

"Miss Burney wants no incentive to virtue," said Mr. Musgrave, "or else, to any body else such a character as Dr. Johnson has given her would be enough to stimulate her to it."

Ay, thought I, that is the best way for *me*—to take all this in sober seriousness. And I assure you, though I tried to laugh all this off as if I did not believe it, I knew so well his readiness and pleasure in speaking highly of me, that I was inwardly quite melted by his kindness, and my sense of the honour I receive from it.

We had half done breakfast before he came down; he then complained he had had a bad night and was not well.

"I could not sleep," said he, laughing; "no, not a wink, for thinking of Miss Burney; her cruelty destroys my rest."

"Mercy, sir!" cried Mrs. Thrale; "what, beginning again already?—why, we shall all assassinate her. Late at night, and early at morn,—no wonder you can't sleep!"

"Oh! what would I give," cried he, "that Miss Burney would come and tell me stories all night long!—if she would but come and talk to me!"

"That would be delightful, indeed!" said I; "but when, then, should I sleep?"

"Oh, that's *your* care! I should be happy enough in keeping you awake."

"I wish, sir," cried Mr. Musgrave, with vehemence, "I could give you my own night's sleep!"

"I would have you," continued Dr. Johnson to me (taking no notice of this flight), "come and talk to me of *Mr. Smith*, and then tell me stories of old *Branghton*, and then of his son, and then of your sea-captain."

"And pray, sir," cried Mrs. Thrale, "don't forget *Lady Louisa*, for I shall break my heart if you do."

"Ay," answered he, "and of Lady Louisa, and of *Evelina* herself as much as you please, but not of *Mr. Macartney*,—no, not a word of him!"

"I assure you, ma'am," said Mr. Musgrave, "the very person who first told me of that book was Mr. Jessop, my school-master. Think of that!—was it not striking? 'A daughter,' says he, 'of your friend Dr. Burney has written a book, and it does her much credit.' Think of that! (lifting up his hands to enforce his admiration); and he desired me to read it—he recommended it to me;—a man of the finest taste,—a man of great profundity,—an extraordinary scholar,—living in a remote part of Ireland,—a man I esteem, upon my word!"

"But, sir," cried Mrs. Thrale to Dr. Johnson, "why, these men tell such wonders of what you said last night! Why, you spoke quite an oration in favour of Miss Burney."

"Ay," said Mr. Crutchley, "the moment it was over I went to bed. I stayed to hear the panegyric; but I thought I could bear nothing after it, and made off."

"I would you were off now," cried I, "and in your phaeton in the midst of this rain!"

"Oh, sir!" cried Mr. Musgrave, "the Doctor went on with it again after you went; I had the honour to hear a great deal more."

"Why, this is very fine indeed!" said Mrs. Thrale; "why, Dr. Johnson,—why, what is all this?"

"These young fellows," answered he, "play me false; they take me in; they start the subject, and make me say something of that Fanny Burney, and then the rogues know that when I have once begun I shall not know when to leave off."

"We are glad, sir," said Mr. Crutchley, "to hear our own thoughts expressed so much better than we can express them ourselves."

I could only turn up my eyes at him.

"Just so," said Mrs. Thrale,

"'What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd.'"

Here, much to my satisfaction, the conversation broke up.

"I hope," said Miss Thrale, comically bowing to me, "you have approved this discourse. For my part, I wonder you will speak to *me* again."

"I wonder," said Mr. Crutchley, "she could *eat!*"

"Nay," quoth I, "this is no way to take off my appetite; though, perhaps, you think I ought to be too sublime to eat."

His phaeton was now announced, and, regardless of the rain, he took leave.

Mr. Musgrave stayed with us two or three days longer; but he is so infinitely more quiet when neither Mr. Seward nor Mr. Crutchley is here, that he left me nothing to write about him.

Friday, Sept. 14th.—And now, if I am not mistaken, I come to relate the conclusion of Mr. Crutchley's most extraordinary summer career at Streatham, which place, I believe, he has now left without much intention to frequently revisit. However, this is mere

conjecture; but he really had a run of ill-luck not very inviting to a man of his cold and splenetic turn, to play the same game.

When we were just going to supper, we heard a disturbance among the dogs; and Mrs. and Miss Thrale went out to see what was the matter, while Dr. Johnson and I remained quiet. Soon returning, "A friend! a friend!" she cried, and was followed by Mr. Crutchley.

He would not eat with us, but was chatty and in good-humour, and as usual, when in spirits, saucily sarcastic. For instance, it is generally half my employment in hot evenings here to rescue some or other poor buzzing idiot of an insect from the flame of a candle. This, accordingly, I was performing with a Harry Longlegs, which, after much trial to catch, eluded me, and escaped, nobody could see how. Mr. Crutchley vowed I had caught and squeezed him to death in my hand.

"No, indeed," cried I, "when I catch them, I put them out of the window."

"Ay, their bodies," said he, laughing; "but their legs, I suppose, you keep."

"Not I, indeed; I hold them very safe in the palm of my hand."

"Oh!" said he, "the palm of your hand! why, it would not hold a fly! But what have you done with the poor wretch—thrown him under the table slyly?"

"What good would that do?"

"Oh, help to establish your full character for mercy."

Now, was not that a speech to provoke Miss Grizzle herself? However, I only made up a saucy lip.

"Come," cried he, offering to take my hand, "where is he? Which hand is he in? Let me examine?"

"No, no, I thank you; I sha'n't make *you* my confessor, whenever I take one."

He did not much like this; but I did not mean he should.

Afterwards he told us a most unaccountably ridiculous story of a *crying wife.* A gentleman, he said, of his acquaintance had married lately his own kept mistress; and last Sunday he had dined with the bride and bridegroom; but, to his utter astonishment, without any apparent reason in the world, in the middle of dinner or tea, she burst into a violent fit of crying, and went out of the room, though there was not the least quarrel, and the *sposo* seemed all fondness and attention!

"What, then," said I, somewhat maliciously, I grant, "had *you* been saying to her?"

"Oh, thank you!" said he, with a half-affronted bow, "I expected this! I declare I thought you would conclude it was me!"

* * * * *

Dr. Johnson has been very unwell indeed. Once I was quite frightened about him; but he continues his strange discipline — starving, mercury, opium; and though for a time half demolished by its severity, he always, in the end, rises superior both to the disease and the remedy,—which commonly is the most alarming of the two. His kindness for me, I think, if possible, still increased: he actually *bores* every body so about me that the folks even complain of it. I must, however, acknowledge I feel but little pity for their fatigue.

From Miss F. Burney to Mr. Crisp.

Streatham, Wednesday morning,
22d September.

At length, my dear daddy, I hope to have a peep at you. Mrs. Thrale is much better, though not well, but so kindly desirous to give me this indulgence, as well as to see you and my father, that she will venture to promise for next Monday; and, therefore, if nothing unlucky intervenes, and you send no prohibition, early on Monday morning you will see us. I cannot tell you half how glad I feel in the prospect of being again at dear Chesington, which I do indeed love at the bottom of my heart—and top too, for the matter of that.

Bid all the Misses look pretty, and Mrs. Hamilton be quite well. Tell dear Kitty not to prim up as if we had never met before, and charge Jem to be the pink of gallantry. Beg my dear father to "get from behind *la barba*" before breakfast; and do you, my dear daddy, put on my favourite *vig*.

I have time for no more, as I have an opportunity to send this to town now, and if it goes by Streatham post, you may not receive it before you receive your ever and ever obliged and loving child,

F. B.

My duty, love, and compliments to all.

Mrs. Thrale's best compliments.

Miss Thrale will accompany us, but not Dr. Johnson.

From Mrs. Thrale to Miss F. Burney.

Sunday, 12th November, 1781.

Sweet Burney,

Your little scrap to my Tit was the most delightful thing I ever read—better than forty letters. Now

that my stomach is lightened by doses of emetic tartar, and my heart pacified by a Paris letter, I can try for flash again—at least rake up some old embers.

Our journal would be yet emptier and more compressible than yours, for not a living thing have we seen since Crutchley left us late on Monday night, till Seward visited us yester noon: but the poor lady of the manor tried all she could to keep from tormenting the only creature in her reach with ill-humour; and for that creature's comfort the house will now soon be full.

Sir Richard Jebb has done Peggy Pitches so much good, she is enchanted with him. A physician can sometimes parry the scythe of death, but has no power over the sand in the hourglass.

How happy Mr. Crisp is in his Fannikin! Take care of yourself for all our sakes, and do not go to church such weather as this; but keep the fear of the churchyard before your eyes.

I'm glad the little book or volume goes on; my notion is that I shall cry myself blind over the conclusion—it runs in my head—'tis so excessively pathetic. I saw your sweet father on Thursday, but he came alone.

"Not a ship on the ocean," says my last letter from Ashbourne,* "goes out with more good wishes than that which carries the fate of Burney. I love," continues he, "all of the race which I do know, and some that I do not, and love them for loving each other."

Of this consanguineous fondness I have had little experience myself, but I consider it as one of the lenitives of life. It has, however, this deficiency—that it is

* Dr. Johnson was then at Ashbourne.

never found where distress is mutual. He who has less than enough has nothing to spare. Prosperous people only love each other. May you and I, my love, be ever prosperous!

Miss Kitty may well think this the surprisingest world that ever was. I have long been of her mind. Cavendish Square is the place appointed for me to perform in next winter, I perceive by every body; and though matters look cloudy just at present, I find we are to hope for a "little bit of Burney" in the spring. Did I say that bright thing before?

Somebody told me (but not your father) that the Opera singers would not be likely to get any money out of Sheridan this year. "Why, that fellow grows fat," says I, "like Heliogabalus, upon the tongues of nightingales." Did I tell you that bright thing before? Ah, Burney! if I was well I would make a little fun yet, but I cannot get well. The next time I see Sir Richard I will coax him to let me go in the cold bath again, I am so low, so lamentable!

I am, however, most sincerely yours in all affection,

H. L. T.

Respects to Mr. Crisp.

Miss F. Burney to Mrs. Thrale.

Chesington, December 10th.

* * * * *

And so Mrs. Shirley, Captain Phillips' sister, has been visiting Susan in form, and Susan has returned the courtesy with the proper formalities; and that awkward business being over, they begin to take to one another, and are already upon kind, open, and sisterly terms, visiting to and fro without ceremony. This is a very comfortable circumstance.

The Capitano has lately been promoted, and is now very earnest to accelerate matters; but my father, very anxious and fearful for poor Susanne, does not think there is *de quoi manger* very plentifully, and is as earnest for retarding them. For my own part, I think they could do very well. I know Susan is a very good economist, and I know there is not any part of our family that cannot live upon very little as cheerfully as most folks upon very much. Besides, who knows how long poor *nuncle* may live, and keep the estate to himself? And why should he not live? I detest living upon no hopes but those of other people's losing all—I mean *pour le monde*, which we have no right to despise for others, while so anxious to fare well in it ourselves.

All this, dearest madam, you must at present keep wholly to yourself. My father, all the while, is so much pleased with the disinterestedness of Phillips, that it is painful to his kind heart to oppose him, and, between friends, I have little doubt but he will give way ere long.

* * * * *

All these things put together, you may believe I am called enough for home; very—very little, therefore, shall I be able to see of dear Streatham before next summer; but what I can I will.

Mr. Crisp is much gratified by your so kindly and constantly remembering him. He is vastly well this year, and has had no gout since I came; he is, therefore, grown somewhat unruly, and if I hint but at going away, storms and raves with such a vengeance you would stare to see, and start to hear him. We keep to "fun-making" though, very gaily. Every thing here is so new that has passed elsewhere, that

nothing can be mentioned that has not the air of an anecdote, and the credit of peculiar observation upon matters and manners.

Adieu, my ever dearest Mrs. Thrale, and long, long preserve the health, spirits, and kindness, which mark your last letter to F. B.

May we be prosperous, you say,—and Amen! say I, without a devotion particularly extraordinary; but yet I am by no means of opinion that there is no kindness where distress is mutual; on the contrary, I think, and once I found, that mutual distress gives mutual endearment.

PART III.

1782.

CONTENTS.

Progress of "Cecilia" through the Press—Dr. Burney's Opinion of it—The Author's Fears—Barry—Hoole—a Rout—Dr. Solander—Coxe, the traveller—Sir Sampson Gideon—Count Zenobia—Lady Say and Sele—An Amateur Novelist—Lady Hawke—Literary Gossip—Sir Gregory Page Turner. Correspondence:—Mrs. Thrale to Miss Burney—Mr. Crisp to Miss Burney—His Opinion of "Cecilia"—Miss Burney to Mr. Crisp—Her Intentions in writing "Cecilia"—Literary Ladies—Poetical Description of them by Dr. Burney—General Paoli—Mrs. Garrick—Literary Forgery—Conversazione at Mrs. Thrale's—Miss Burney to Mrs. Phillips—Mrs. Garrick—The Female Wits—Mr. Crisp to Miss Burney—Voltaire *versus* Shakespeare—Advice to a Young Author—Miss Burney to Mr. Crisp—Alterations in "Cecilia"—Mrs. Thrale to Miss Burney—Odd Reason for Marrying—Mrs. Thrale and "Cecilia"—Miss Burney to Mr. Crisp—Diary Resumed—Edmund Burke—Dinner at Sir Joshua Reynolds's—Lord Corke—The Bishop of St. Asaph—Gibbon, the Historian—Person and Manner of Burke—Lady Di. Beauclerk—Goldsmith's Blundering—Letter from Edmund Burke to Miss Burney—Visit to Chesington—Sitting for one's Portrait—Mr. Crisp to Miss Burney—Criticism—Good Advice—Miss Burney to Mrs. Thrale—Miss Burney to Mr. Crisp—General Paoli—Boswell—The Irish Giant.

PART III.

1782.

Miss F. Burney to Mrs. Phillips.

February 25, 1782.

Are you quite *enragée* with me, my dearest Susy? Indeed, I think I am with myself, for not sooner and oftener writing to you; and every night when I go to bed, and every morning when I wake, I determine shall be the last I will do either again till I have written to you. But, *hélas!* my pens get so fagged, and my hands so crippled, when I have been up two or three hours, that my resolution wavers, and I sin on, till the time of rest and meditation, and then I repent again. Forgive me, however, my dearest girl, and pray pay me not in kind; for, as Charlotte would say, *kind* that would not be, however deserved and just.

My work is too long in all conscience for the hurry of my people to have it produced. I have a thousand million of fears for it. The mere copying, without revising and correcting, would take at least ten weeks, for I cannot do more than a volume in a fortnight, unless I scrawl short hand and rough hand, as badly as the original. Yet my dear father thinks it will be published in a month! Since you went I have copied one volume and a quarter—no more! Oh, I am sick to think of it! Yet not a little reviving is my father's

very high approbation of the first volume, which is all he has seen. I totally forget whether, in my last, I told you I had presented it to him? but I am sure you would never forget, for the pleasure you would have felt for me, had you seen or heard him reading any part of it.

Would you ever believe, bigoted as he was to "Evelina," that he now says he thinks this a superior design and superior execution?

You can never half imagine the delight this has given me. It is answering my first wish and first ambition in life. And though I am certain, and though he thinks himself, it will never be so popular as "Evelina," his so warm satisfaction will make me amends for almost any mortification that may be in store for me.

I would to Heaven it were possible for me to have a reading *de suite* of it with you, my Susy, more than with any body; but I could not admit Captain Phillips, dearly as I love him; I could not for my life read myself to Mr. Burney, and was obliged to make Etty. It is too awkward a thing to do to any human beings but my sisters, and poor auntys, and Kitty Cooke. I have let the first *tome* also run the gauntlet with Mrs. Thrale.

* * * * *

One thing frets me a good deal, which is, that my book affair has got wind, and seems almost every where known, notwithstanding my earnestness and caution to have it kept snug till the last. Mr. Barry, t'other day, told me he had heard from Miss Mudge what, &c. &c. he had soon to expect from me. The Hooles have both told Charlotte how glad they are in the good news they hear; and Mrs. Boyle and the strangers

take it for granted, they say, that I am too busy for visiting! Mrs. Ord, also, attacked me very openly about it, and I have seen nobody else. It is easy to guess whence this comes, but not easy to stop its course, or to prevent the mischief of long expectation, any more than the great *désagrément* of being continually interrogated upon the subject.

Miss F. Burney to Mrs. Phillips.

I thank you most heartily for your two sweet letters, my ever dearest Susy, and equally for the kindness they contain and the kindness they accept. And, as I have a frank and a subject, I will leave my *bothers*, and write you and my dear brother Molesworth a little account of a *rout* I have just been at, at the house of Mr. Paradise.

You will wonder, perhaps, in this time of hurry, why I went thither; but when I tell you Pacchierotti was there, you will not think it surprising.

There was a crowd of company; Charlotte and I went together; my father came afterwards. Mrs. Paradise received us very graciously, and led me immediately up to Miss Thrale, who was sitting by the Pac. The Miss Kirwans, you may be sure, were not far off, and so I did pretty well. There was nobody else I knew but Dr. Solander, Mr. Coxe the traveller, Sir Sampson and Lady Gideon (Streatham acquaintances), Mr. Sastres, and Count Zenobia, a noble Venetian, whom I have often met lately at Mrs. Thrale's.

We were very late, for we had waited cruelly for the coach, and Pac. had sung a song out of "Artaxerxes," composed for a tenor, which we lost, to my infinite regret. Afterwards he sang "Dolce speme,"

set by Bertoni, less elegantly than by Sacchini, but more expressively for the words. He sang it delightfully. It was but the second time I have heard him in a room since his return to England.

After this he went into another room, to try if it would be cooler; and Mrs. Paradise, leaning over the Kirwans and Charlotte, who hardly got a seat all night for the crowd, said she begged to speak to me. I squeezed my great person out, and she then said,—

"Miss Burney, Lady Say and Sele desires the honour of being introduced to you."

Her ladyship stood by her side. She seems pretty near fifty—at least turned forty; her head was full of feathers, flowers, jewels, and gew-gaws, and as high as Lady Archer's; her dress was trimmed with beads, silver, persian sashes, and all sort of fine fancies; her face is thin and fiery, and her whole manner spoke a lady all alive.

"Miss Burney," cried she, with great quickness, and a look all curiosity, "I am very happy to see you; I have longed to see you a great while; I have read your performance, and I am quite delighted with it. I think it's the most elegant novel I ever read in my life. Such a style! I am quite surprised at it. I can't think where you got so much invention!"

You may believe this was a reception not to make me very loquacious. I did not know which way to turn my head.

"I must introduce you," continued her ladyship, "to my sister; she'll be quite delighted to see you. She has written a novel herself; so you are sister authoresses. A most elegant thing it is, I assure you; almost as pretty as yours, only not quite so elegant. She has written two novels, only one is not so pretty as

the other. But I shall insist upon your seeing them. One is in letters, like yours, only yours is prettiest; it's called the 'Mausoleum of Julia!'"

What unfeeling things, thought I, are *my* sisters! I'm sure I never heard them go about thus praising *me!*

Mrs. Paradise then again came forward, and taking my hand, led me up to her ladyship's sister, Lady Hawke, saying aloud, and with a courteous smirk, "Miss Burney, ma'am, authoress of 'Evelina.'"

"Yes," cried my friend, Lady Say and Sele, who followed me close, "it's the authoress of 'Evelina;' so you are sister authoresses!"

Lady Hawke arose and curtsied. She is much younger than her sister, and rather pretty; extremely languishing, delicate, and pathetic; apparently accustomed to be reckoned the genius of her family, and well contented to be looked upon as a creature dropped from the clouds.

I was then seated between their ladyships, and Lady S. and S., drawing as near to me as possible, said,—

"Well, and so you wrote this pretty book!—and pray did your papa know of it?"

"No, ma'am; not till some months after the publication."

"So I've heard; it's surprising! I can't think how you invented it!—there's a vast deal of invention in it! And you've got so much humour, too! Now my sister has no humour—hers is all sentiment. You can't think how I was entertained with that old grandmother and her son!"

I suppose she meant Tom Branghton for the son.

"How much pleasure you must have had in writing it; had not you?"

"Y—e—s, ma'am."

"So has my sister; she's never without a pen in her hand; she can't help writing for her life. When Lord Hawke is travelling about with her, she keeps writing all the way."

"Yes," said Lady Hawke; "I really can't help writing. One has great pleasure in writing the things; has not one, Miss Burney?"

"Y—e—s, ma'am."

"But your novel," cried Lady Say and Sele, "is in such a style!—so elegant! I am vastly glad you made it end happily. I hate a novel that don't end happy."

"Yes," said Lady Hawke, with a languid smile, "I was vastly glad when she married Lord Orville. I was sadly afraid it would not have been."

"My sister intends," said Lady Say and Sele, "to print her 'Mausoleum,' just for her own friends and acquaintances."

"Yes," said Lady Hawke; "I have never printed yet."

"I saw Lady Hawke's name," quoth I to my first friend, "ascribed to the play of 'Variety.'"

"Did you indeed?" cried Lady Say, in an ecstasy. "Sister! do you know Miss Burney saw your name in the newspapers, about the play!"

"Did she?" said Lady Hawke, smiling complacently. "But I really did not write it; I never wrote a play in my life."

"Well," cried Lady Say, "but do repeat that sweet part that I am so fond of—you know what I mean; Miss Burney *must* hear it,—out of your novel, you know!"

Lady H.—No, I can't; I have forgot it.

Lady S.—Oh, no! I am sure you have not; I insist upon it.

Lady H.—But I know you can repeat it yourself; you have so fine a memory; I am sure you can repeat it.

Lady S.—Oh, but I should not do it justice! that's all,—I should not do it justice!

Lady Hawke then bent forward, and repeated—" 'If, when he made the declaration of his love, the sensibility that beamed in his eyes was felt in his heart, what pleasing sensations and soft alarms might not that tender avowal awaken!' "

"And from what, ma'am," cried I, astonished, and imagining I had mistaken them, "is this taken?"

"From my sister's novel!" answered the delighted Lady Say and Sele, expecting my raptures to be equal to her own; "it's in the 'Mausoleum,'—did not you know that? Well, I can't think how you can write these sweet novels! And it's all just like that part. Lord Hawke himself says it's all poetry. For my part, I'm sure I never could write so. I suppose, Miss Burney, you are producing another,—a'n't you?"

"No, ma'am."

"Oh, I dare say you are. I dare say you are writing one at this very minute!"

Mrs. Paradise now came up to me again, followed by a square man, middle-aged, and hum-drum, who, I found, was Lord Say and Sele, afterwards from the Kirwans; for though they introduced him to me, I was so confounded by their vehemence and their manners, that I did not hear his name.

"Miss Burney," said Mrs. P., presenting me to him, "authoress of 'Evelina.'"

"Yes," cried Lady Say and Sele, starting up, "'tis the authoress of 'Evelina!'"

"Of what?" cried he.

"Of 'Evelina.' You'd never think it,—she looks so young, to have so much invention, and such an elegant style! Well, I could write a play, I think, but I'm sure I could never write a novel."

"Oh, yes you could, if you would try," said Lady Hawke.

"Oh, no, I could not," answered she; "I could not get a style—that's the thing—I could not tell how to get a style! and a novel's nothing without a style, you know!"

"Why no," said Lady Hawke; "that's true. But then you write such charming letters, you know!"

"Letters!" repeated Lady S. and S. simpering; "do you think so? Do you know I wrote a long letter to Mrs. Ray just before I came here, this very afternoon,—quite a long letter! I did, I assure you!"

Here Mrs. Paradise came forward with another gentleman, younger, slimmer, and smarter, and saying to me, "Sir Gregory Page Turner," said to him, "Miss Burney, authoress of 'Evelina.'"

At which Lady Say and Sele, in fresh transport, again arose, and rapturously again repeated—"Yes, she's authoress of 'Evelina!' Have you read it?"

"No; is it to be had?"

"Oh dear, yes! it's been printed these two years! You'd never think it! But it's the most elegant novel I ever read in my life. Writ in such a style!"

"Certainly," said he, very civilly; "I have every inducement to get it. Pray where is it to be had? every where, I suppose?"

"Oh, no where, I hope!" cried I, wishing at that moment it had been never in human ken.

My *square* friend, Lord Say and Sele, then putting his head forward, said, very solemnly, "I'll purchase it!"

His lady then mentioned to me a hundred novels that I had never heard of, asking my opinion of them, and whether I knew the authors; Lady Hawke only occasionally and languidly joining in the discourse: and then Lady S. and S., suddenly arising, begged me not to move, for she should be back again in a minute, and flew to the next room.

I took, however, the first opportunity of Lady Hawke's casting down her eyes, and reclining her delicate head, to make away from this terrible set; and, just as I was got by the piano-forte, where I hoped Pacchierotti would soon present himself, Mrs. Paradise again came to me, and said,—

"Miss Burney, Lady Say and Sele wishes vastly to cultivate your acquaintance, and begs to know if she may have the honour of your company to an assembly at her house next Friday?—and I will do myself the pleasure to call for you, if you will give me leave."

"Her ladyship does me much honour, but I am unfortunately engaged," was my answer, with as much promptness as I could command.

F. B.

Mrs. Thrale to Miss F. Burney.

Wednesday Night, Going to Bed.

My Dearest Burney,

May I venture, do you think, to call a little company about me on St. Taffy's day? or, will the world in general, and the Pepyses in particular, feel shocked at my "dissipation" and my "haste to be married?" They came last night and found me alone with Murphy. There was an epoch! The Bishop of Peterborough came in soon after. Queeny was gone to Mrs. Dave-

nant's, with Miss Owen and Dr. Delap. What dangers we do go through! But I have not gone out to meet mine half way, at least.

Pray come on Friday se'nnight, if you never come again.

I was very near you yesterday, but I put a constraint upon myself, and pressed forward, for I should only have dirtied the house, and hindered you, and been wished at York by the Padrona di casa.

I went to dear Dr. Johnson's, *rassegnarlo la solita servitù*, but at one o'clock he was not up, and I did not like to disturb him. I am very sorry about him — exceeding sorry! When I parted from you on Monday, and found him with Dr. Lawrence, I put my nose into the old man's wig and shouted; but got none except melancholy answers,—*so* melancholy, that I was forced to crack jokes for fear of crying.

"There is gout at the bottom, madam," says Lawrence.

"I wish it were at the bottom!" replied saucebox, as loud as she could bawl, and pointing to the *pedestal*.

"He complains of a general *gravedo*," cries the Doctor; "but he speaks too good Latin for *us*."

"Do you take care, at least, that it does not *increase long*," quoth I. (The word *gravedo*, you know, makes *gravedinis*, and is, therefore, said to "increase long in the genitive case.") I thought this a good, stupid, scholar-like pun, and Johnson seemed to like that Lawrence was pleased.

This morning I was with him again, and this evening Mrs. Ord's conversation and Piozzi's *cara voce* have kept away care pretty well. Mr. Selwyn helped us to be comfortable. My Tit went with her Coz. to Abel's concert.

Good night, sweetest; I am tired and want to go to bed.

Good night once more, through the door at Streatham, for thither imagination carries your affectionate

H. L. T.

Mr. Crisp to Miss F. Burney.

Chesington, February 25.

Our own Fannikin,

I do acquiesce ('tis true), but not in calm acquiescence (as Dr. Johnson does with Pope), that you should remain where you are instead of Chesington; but still I *do* say that, if you could have returned hither in Suzette's chaise, safe and warm, your undisturbed, unbroken, assiduous minding your lesson would have overbalanced the time you gain by being upon the spot to correct proofs, &c.*

I am not of your other Daddy's mind, who would have it sent off to Mr. Payne just as it is. You have so much to lose, you cannot take too much care. Not that I would have you file, and polish, and refine, till the original fire and spirit of the composition flies off in vapour,—and that, I dare say, is what he would guard against; and so should I if I were not convinced there is no danger of that kind to be apprehended; —*that* belongs to your half geniuses; — a true—a real —a great one, cannot be otherwise than highly luxuriant, and must be pruned. The finest apricots I ever tasted were the produce of a tree on the side of a house, that had on it, at one time, eighteen hundred

* The allusions throughout this letter are to "Cecilia," then in the press.

dozen, and were thinned to about seven hundred, from twenty-one thousand six hundred! You may imagine this enormous quantity were mostly not bigger than peas. What then?—it demonstrates the monstrous force and vigour of the tree.

You "wish I had never seen the book in the rough." There you are in the wrong. If ever the hints or observations of others can be worth listening to, that is the time; and I have already told you one opinion and piece of advice of mine, the truth and solidity of which every day of my life I am more and more convinced of. Whoever you think fit to consult, let their talents and taste be ever so great, hear what they say,—allowed!—agreed!—but never give up or alter a tittle merely on their authority, nor unless it perfectly coincides with your own inward feelings. I can say this to my sorrow and to my cost.—But mum! The original sketches of works of genius, though ever so rude and rough, are valuable and curious monuments, and well worth preserving.

I am truly glad you have resolution enough of your own, and are permitted by others to stand your ground manfully, and sustain the siege of visitors that would overwhelm you with their numbers and incessant attacks. I perfectly concur with your Doctor Daddy in his selection of particulars, so far as he *has* read, and with his sentiments in general of the work and the plan, which (by what he has already seen) he cannot but have conceived an idea of. The unreasonable hurry with which I was obliged to gallop over such a book has disabled me from making, or even forming, observations, other than general ones. But by my imperfect recollection of particulars, and what I felt at the time, I think nothing struck me more forcibly than the

Foxhall* scene; it is finely—it is powerfully imagined; it is a noble piece of morality! the variety—the contrast of the different characters quite new and unhackneyed, and yet perfectly in nature; and the dreadful catastrophe that concludes the whole makes it a masterpiece. What a subject for that astonishing lad, Edward, to make a finished drawing, and Bartolozzi a print of! The scene of Foxhall illuminated—the mangled, bleeding body carried along—the throng of spectators crowding after, filled with various expressions of horror, wonder, eager curiosity, and inquiry; and many other particulars, which the perusal of the passage itself, and his genius, would suggest. I like Cecilia much better than Albina, which I never was fond of, though not of much consequence.

I long to see Mrs. Thrale's letter, which I do most faithfully promise to return; and I do hereby summon you to despatch it to me immediately. To own to you the real truth, it was wholly owing to my impatience to get at it that I so directly answered your last.

As to your lovely Greek, I most earnestly recommend to you, notwithstanding your five sheets of paper, to put her down (while she is strong and warm in your memory and imagination) in a finished drawing in black and white. I don't mean this merely to satisfy curiosity, but as a wonderful academy figure, which may be of powerful use to you hereafter, to design from, in some future historical composition. Such opportunities don't offer every day; perfect novelty, united to such uncommon excellence, is a prize indeed; don't let her slip, but like Lothario,

"Seize the golden, glorious opportunity."

* The old mode of spelling Vauxhall.

I am in thorough, serious earnest, and seriously for the reason I have given.

Your loving Daddy,
S. C.

P.S.—You say the book is to be printed vol. by vol., as fast as you can get it out. Sure, I hope, you don't mean by that that it is to come out in single, separate volumes? I can't bear the thoughts of it. All published at once, or "Chaos is come again!"

2d P. S.—I have not the conscience to demand long letters now in return; only send Mrs. Thrale's and to Kit.

Miss F. Burney to Mr. Crisp.

15th March.

Your letter, my dear daddy, which I have just received, has given me so much uneasiness that I may as well answer it immediately, as I can do nothing for thinking of it.

The conflict scene for Cecilia, between the mother and son, to which you so warmly object, is the very scene for which I wrote the whole book, and so entirely does my plan hang upon it, that I must abide by its reception in the world, or put the whole behind the fire.

You will believe, then, with the opinion I have of your judgment, and the anxious desire I have to do nothing quite contrary to your approbation, if I can now be very easy. I would it were in my power to defer the whole publication to another spring, but I am sure my father would run crazy if I made such a proposal.

Let me not, however, be sentenced without making

my defence, [illegible] least explaining to you my own meaning in the part you censure.

I meant in Mrs. Delville to draw a great, but not a perfect character; I meant, on the contrary, to blend upon paper, as I have frequently seen blended in life, noble and rare qualities with striking and incurable defects. I meant, also, to shew how the greatest virtues and excellences may be totally obscured by the indulgence of violent passions and the ascendancy of favourite prejudices.

This scene has yet been read by no human creature but yourself and Charlotte, who would not let me rest till I let her go through the book. Upon Charlotte's opinion you will easily believe I put no solid reliance; but yet I mention to you the effect it had on her, because, as you told me about dear Kitty Cooke, the natural feelings of untaught hearers ought never to be slighted; and Dr. Johnson has told me the same a thousand times. Well, she prefers it to any part of the book, and cried over it so vehemently that she could eat no dinner, and had a violent headach all day.

I would rather, however, have had one good word from you than all the tears of the tender, and all the praises of the civil.

The character of Mrs. Delville struck you in so favourable a light, that you sunk, as I remember I privately noticed to myself, when you mentioned her, all the passages to her disadvantage previous to this conflict, else it would have appeared to you less inconsistent, for the way is paved for it in several places. But, indeed, you read the whole to cruel disadvantage; the bad writing, the haste, the rough copy, all were against me. Your anger at Mrs. Delville's violence

and obduracy are nothing but what I meant to excite; your thinking it unnatural is all that disturbs me.

Yet, when I look about me in the world, such strange inconsistencies as I see, such astonishing contrariety of opinions, and so bigoted an adherence of all *marked* characters to their own way of thinking, I really know not how to give up this point.

Another thing gives me some comfort—the part you have selected to like best, Foxhall, is what I read to you myself, and the whole of the residence at Delvile Castle, which I also read to you, I remember well you were pleased with more than with any other part of the book. I cannot, therefore, but hope the bad copy and difficulty of reading did me as much mischief as the bad and unequal composition.

But what are you thinking of, my dear daddy, when you desire me to send you the two last vols. immediately? Did I not tell you I am still actually at work upon the second? And as to sending you again the rough draft, it would both be soliciting and establishing your disapprobation.

The first volume seems to grow, by recollection, both on my father and Mrs. Thrale. It is not to be expressed how fond they are of it, especially my father.

Have you seen the verses in the newspaper, where they poked me in with all the *belles esprits?** Two days ago, at Mr. Pepys' I met them almost all. Mrs. Boscawen, Mrs. Chapone, Hannah More, Mrs. Carter, Sophy Streatfield, Mrs. Buller, famous for writing Greek notes in Greek books, Miss Georgiana Shipley (Mrs. Washingham's friend), famous for construing Horace after a year's studying Latin, Mr. Wraxall, the

* See p. 134.

northern historian, General Paoli, Dr. Cadogan, Sir Joshua Reynolds, &c. &c. But the greatest pleasure I received was from meeting Mrs. Garrick again. She had almost forgot me, but was very kind, and looked very well, very sweet, and very elegant. I was also gratified by meeting with the lady of the late young Lord Lyttelton, who was made very celebrated by the book called the "Correspondents," which was asserted to be written by her and the old Lord Lyttelton, but proves to be a very impertinent forgery. She is still pretty, though a little *passée*, and very elegant and pleasing in her manners. Mrs. and Miss Ord, Mr. Burrows, and many others, were there also.

This is but the second large assembly I have been to this year, though I have been invited to a hundred. The other was at Mrs. Thrale's, who first invited a large party about a week ago. There I met again the fair Greek, the Hales, Mr. Jenkinson,* Lord and Lady Sandys, the Burgoynes, Mr. Seward, Mr. Murphy, Dr. Delap, Mrs. Byron, and fifty more at least.

I wish, my dear daddy, I had time to write you some of the flash that passes upon these occasions; but it is totally impossible.

* * * * *

Every body knows that I am about something; and the moment I put my head out of doors, I am sure to be attacked and catechised. Oh, that I were but as sure of the success as of the sale of this book! but, indeed, I am now more discomfited and alarmed than I have ever been yet.

Adieu, my dear daddy. I would I could do better; but to love you and your most kind sincerity more

* Since Earl of Liverpool.

truly is not possible. Never, therefore, spare it, till you cease to love, or cease to esteem, your ever affectionate

F. B.

Miss F. Burney to Mrs. Phillips.

Saturday, March 19, 1782.

But that I am myself in continual disgrace about writing, how should I murmur to hear so very, very seldom from my beloved Susy! yet, when your letters *do* come, to tell you half the pleasure with which I read them, would almost tempt you, culprit as I am, to let me see them oftener. The serenity of happiness you seem now to enjoy, my ever dearest girl, makes me ready to cry over your letters with fulness of content for you; and were it otherwise, how to forbear repining at your absence I am sure I should not know; for I miss you here so seriously, so cruelly, so perpetually, that nothing in the world short of your established happiness could make me any mental amends for your loss. The house seems so strange without you, my room so unoccupied, and my affairs and interests and thoughts so uncomfortable, in wanting your participation.

I don't well know what sullen fit of selfishness makes me write all this; so, to have done with it, give to your sweet captain my kindest love, and tell him, let me murmur as I will by fits, I would not, if I could, change your destination, nor reverse the decree that was given by Mr. Shirley in St. Martin's Church; and repeat to him—if you can—what I once told him myself,—that never, till I knew him, did I see the person to whom I could so cheerfully resign my first, longest, best, and dearest friend. So now—*let's have a dance!*

I had a very agreeable evening last Tuesday at Mr.

Pepys', where I met Mrs. Garrick, whom I rejoiced much to see. She had all but forgot me; but when I was introduced to her, by her half recollecting and asking who I was, she was extremely kind and obliging. She looks very well, and very elegant. She was cheerfully grave, did not speak much, but was followed and addressed by every body. I could not help being quite melancholy myself at sight of her, from remembrance of dear Mr. Garrick.

Do you know they have put me again into the newspapers, in a copy of verses made upon literary ladies,—where are introduced Mrs. Carter, Chapone, Cowley, Hannah More, Mrs. Greville, Mrs. Boscawen, Mrs. Thrale, Mrs. Crewe, Sophy Streatfield, and Mrs. Montagu? In such honourable company, to repine at being placed, would, perhaps, be impertinent; so I take it quietly enough; but I would to Heaven I could keep clear of the whole! However, my dear father is so delighted, that, though he was half afraid of speaking to me at all about them at first, he carries them constantly in his pocket, and reads them to every body! I have a great suspicion they were written by Mr. Pepys, as they are just what I have heard him say of all the people, and as every creature mentioned in them, but Mrs. Cowley, Greville, and Crewe, were invited to be at his house on the very day they were printed.

Yesterday I went, with Charlotte and the two Kirwans, to a rehearsal of Rauzzini's new opera. I was not at all enchanted, though very well entertained. The music is pretty, and the accompaniments pleasant; but there is such a struggle for something uncommon, and such queer disappointments of the ear in the different turns given to the passages from what it expects, that it appears to have far more trick than genius in

the composition; and every song is so very near being comic, that the least change in the world would make it wholly so.

Pacchierotti was in better spirits than I have seen him for some time, and very earnest to help Rauzzini, acting as *maestro* for him, and singing like twenty angels; but his songs are so unworthy of him, I think, that I never found out by the symphonies whether they were meant for him; and I never was at an opera rehearsal before without knowing the first singer's airs long enough before he began them. Yet I really expect this will be the favourite opera for the season, as there are Scoticisms and oddities in it of all sorts, to catch popularity. Pacchierotti came and spoke and said,—

"I have not seen you for a great age, Miss Burni."

"No," quoth I, "you never come."

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," said he, "never you are at home, and then you say never I come."

For I have been denied to him, perforce, repeatedly.

"Well," said I, "I am obliged to be a great deal with Mrs. Thrale, but if you will fix a time, I will be sure to be in the way."

"Ah!" said he, "always you are to Mrs. Thrale! Well, I only say, Heaven forgive her!"

However he could not fix a positive time; but next Tuesday, Wednesday, or Friday, he will come, and the Kirwans are to come and watch for him till he does. They are sweet girls, but this is a most inconvenient arrangement for me at present.

Adieu, my Susy,—write very soon.*

F. B.

* The following are the lines alluded to in this letter; they appeared in the "Morning Herald" for March 12, 1782. Some years afterwards, Sir W. W. Pepys denied having written these lines; and in the year 1822, a MS. copy of them was found among Dr. Burney's papers, with so many erasures, interlinea-

From Mr. Crisp to Miss F. Burney.

Chesington, Friday, April 5, 1782.

* * * * *

In works of genius, fancy, imagination, 't is not the

tions, and changes, as to give the most direct internal evidence that they were the doctor's own composition.

"ADVICE TO THE HERALD.

"HERALD, wherefore thus proclaim
Nought of woman but the *shame?*
Quit, oh, quit, at least awhile,
Perdita's too luscious smile;
Wanton Worsley, stilted Daly,
Heroines of each blackguard alley;
Better sure record in story
Such as shine their sex's glory!
Herald! haste, with me proclaim
Those of literary fame.
Hannah More's pathetic pen,
Painting high th' impassion'd scene;
Carter's piety and learning,
Little Burney's quick discerning;
Cowley's neatly pointed wit,
Healing those her satires hit;
Smiling Streatfield's iv'ry neck,
Nose, and notions—*à la Grecque!*
Let Chapone retain a place,
And the mother of her Grace,
Each art of conversation knowing,
High-bred, elegant Boscawen;
Thrale, in whose expressive eyes
Sits a soul above disguise,
Skill'd with wit and sense t' impart
Feelings of a generous heart.
Lucan, Leveson, Greville, Crewe;
Fertile-minded Montague,
Who makes each rising art her care,
'And brings her knowledge from afar!'
Whilst her tuneful tongue defends
Authors dead, and absent friends;
Bright in genius, pure in fame:—
Herald, haste, and these proclaim!"

long, learned argumentations of critics, *pro* and *con*, that come with the compass and line in their hands, to measure right and wrong, that will decide; no, 't is the genuine, unbiassed, uninfluenced, inward feelings of mankind that are the true, infallible test, ultimately, of sterling merit. In vain comes Voltaire, with all the powers of wit, satire, learning, and art, to knock down Shakspeare, and turn him into ridicule; when he has finished his harangue, Shakspeare stands just where he did—like a rock in the sea; and the universal voice of high and low, from their own impressions, without attempting to answer him in his own way, give him the lie, and send him about his business.

And now, Fanny, after this severe lecturing, I shall give you a sweetener to make it up with you; after assuring you it comes from the same sincerity that dictated what I have said already; and I shall do it in the very words I made use of to Daddy Burney on Tuesday morning last—that I would ensure the rapid and universal success of this work for half-a-crown; that nothing like it had appeared since Fielding and Smollett; and that you bid fair for becoming the first writer of the age in compositions of this kind.

I have nothing farther to add, but this piece of advice—not to let success intoxicate you, and influence you to remit your ardour and industry to be perfect. There have been more instances than one, where writers have wrote themselves down, by slovenliness, laziness, and presuming too much on public favour for what is past.

Your loving daddy,

S. C

Miss F. Burney to Mr. Crisp.

April 6, 1782.

Heartily do I thank you, my ever dear daddy, for your kind and honourable dealing with me. A lecturing do you call this? Believe me, I am, *as yet*, so far from being "intoxicated with success," that I read it with gratitude and wonder; for I expected much more severity, and when I received your letters, I was almost sick with painful prognostics of your disapprobation. I shall do the utmost in my power to profit from your criticisms, but I can speak to no particulars till I come to the places themselves.

With respect, however, to the great point of Cecilia's fortune, I have much to urge in my own defence, only now I can spare no time, and I must frankly confess I shall think I have rather written a farce than a serious history, if the whole is to end, like the hack Italian operas, with a jolly chorus that makes all parties good and all parties happy! The people I have ever met with who have been fond of blood and family, have all scouted *title* when put in any competition with it. How then should these proud Delviles think a new-created peerage any equivalent for calling their sons' sons, for future generations, by the name of Beverley? Besides, I think the book, in its present conclusion, somewhat original, for the hero and heroine are neither plunged in the depths of misery, nor exalted to UN*human* happiness. Is not such a middle state more natural, more according to real life, and less resembling every other book of fiction?

Besides, my own end will be lost if I change the conclusion, which was chiefly to point out the absurdity and short-sightedness of those *name-compelling* wills,

which make it always presumed a woman marries an inferior, since he, not she, is to leave his own family in order to be incorporated into hers.

You find, my dear daddy, I am prepared to fight a good battle here; but I have thought the matter much over, and if I am made to give up this point, my whole plan is rendered abortive, and the last page of any novel in Mr. Noble's circulating library may serve for the last page of mine, since a marriage, a reconciliation, and some sudden expedient for great riches, concludes them all alike. In every thing else you have pointed out I shall either wholly change, or greatly alter. And I will be very diligent to improve and mend the whole. Pray, if any thing more occurs to you, write it, and believe me with the truest gratitude and affection your

F. B.

Mrs. Thrale to Miss Burney.

Streatham, April 24, 1782.

I thought to have seen my sweet Fanny in London to-day, instead of her father here, for I was engaged to meet my fellow-executors at Robson's upon business; but 'tis all put off till to-morrow, and so Mr. Johnson and Crutchley came home with me then.

How does dear Cecilia do at Delvile Castle? and how does my poor Henrietta get letters to kiss from him who seems wholly engaged to her best friend and most dangerous rival? What becomes of Lady Honoria without scandal and flirtation? and when does Mr. Monckton bury peevish Lady Margaret and fill us with fresh confusion?

Oh! write away, sweet Burney! I wish I could

help you in the manual part. I think I could submit to be printer's devil, to get a sight of the next volume, verily.

My last word puts me in mind of David Barclay. He has sent me the "Apology for the Quakers," and thinks to convert me, I believe. I have often been solicited to change my religion by Papists. Why do all the people think me foolisher than I am?

So Sir Philip's bill* is past, and I am *so* glad! Why your father says that there would have been a rebellion if his bill had not past. A rebellion! and all about our dear innocent sweet Sir Philip; who, while his humanity is such that he would scruple no fatigue to save the life of a lamb, would have drenched the nation in blood without ever foreseeing, or ever repenting, the consequences! What a world do we live in! and how such things justly operate to make Johnson and you, and all observers of life, despise us readers of the *Punic War*, in which, perhaps, the agents we learn the names of in Latin, French, and English, were people not a whit more respectable than Sir Harbord Harbord and Sir Philip Jennings Clerke.

Miss Sharp will marry the old schoolmaster too! Did you ever talk to Baretti, or hear him talk, of the Tromba Marino man, that the girl in Venice would absolutely marry for the comfort of combing his beard?

Adieu, my love, I only disturb the Doctor and my Tit, and they plague me.

Adieu, and love your
H. L. T.

* Probably the bill alluded to in the remarkable conversation between Sir Philip Clerke and Dr. Johnson, reported at pp. 180, 1, vol. i.

Mrs. Thrale to Miss F. Burney.

Thursday, 25, 1782.

Upon my honour then, my dear, I have not said half of what my heart is full. The Delviles, since I wrote last, efface every thing else. When I read the lady's character in my own dressing-room, I catch myself looking at my mother's picture every moment; yours is so like her in many things. Hobson and Simkins are Borough men, and I am confident they were both canvassed last year; they are not representations of life, they are the life itself. Even Mr. Briggs, *caricato* as he certainly is, won all my esteem by his scene with Don Puffendorff, whose misty magnitude was never shewn so despicably dropsical before. I was happy to see Briggs have the better of him.

But poor Henrietta! some harm will come to her, I see, and break my heart, for she has won it strangely; her innocent love of a character superior in rank and fortune to herself, shews her taste and proves her merit; while the delicacy of her mind, the diffidence arising from —— I am just ready to order the coach, in short, and fetch her away to Streatham, from that most inimitably painted mother, whom Queeny does so detest. But she has seized Lady Honoria for her favourite, and her saying how Cecilia's fortune should patch up the old fortifications there about West Wood enchanted us both.

Oh, lovely Burney! *ma che talento mai!* I will trust myself no further on a subject that makes me wild.

And so your father don't come to-day; and so I must send Daniel back with your sweet manuscript in the morning. Very well, he shall take the greatest care of it. I had never one in my possession that I

valued half so much before. Seward only have I said any thing about it to.

Do you believe that I am steadily set to read "Marmontel" all over again, to see whether, in variety of character, comprehension of genius, and elegance of touch, he at all equals this third volume of my Burney's?

Here comes your father. What can make him so late? Adieu, ever more and more your admirer! Can I be more your friend?

H. L. T.

Mrs. Thrale to Miss F. Burney.

Tuesday Night.

My eyes red with reading and crying, I stop every moment to kiss the book and to wish it was my Burney! 'Tis the sweetest book, the most interesting, the most engaging. Oh! it beats every other book, even your own other vols., for "Evelina" was a baby to it.

Dear charming creature! do I stop every six pages to exclaim; and my Tit is no less delighted than I; she is run out of the room for a moment. But young Delville is come and Queeny returned, so I leave the pen and seize the MSS.

Such a novel! Indeed, I am seriously and sensibly touched by it, and am proud of her friendship who so knows the human heart. May mine long bear the inspection of so penetrating, so discriminating an eye!

This letter is written by scraps and patches, but every scrap is admiration, and every patch thanks you for the pleasure I have received. I will say no more; I cannot say half I think with regard to praise.

I am sorry Pacchierotti does not come on Thursday,

for on Thursday se'nnight I am engaged. In your book his praises will be recorded, and by it they will be diffused.

The Belfields are my joy, my delight. Poor Henrietta! how I adore her! How easily was her sweet heart engaged by that noble friend! But I have not finished my book yet; 'tis late now, and I pant for morning. Nothing but hoarseness made me leave off at all.

My most ingenious, my most admirable friend, adieu! If I had more virtue than "Cecilia," I should half fear the censures of such an insight into the deepest recesses of the mind. Since I have read this volume, I have seriously thanked Heaven that all the litter of mine was in sight; none hoarded in holes, nor hastily stuffed into closets. You have long known the worst of your admiring

H. L. T.

Miss F. Burney to Mr. Crisp.

May, 1782.

Who in the world has a daddy so kind as mine? I cannot, indeed, say half how grateful I am for your solicitude for me. All you say about the annuity and the money appears to me unanswerably right.

* * * * *

If I had made a request to you for the sum total of my wishes upon your reading this trash, it would have been precisely what you have promised voluntarily at the end of your letter,—to let me have your real opinion, yet not insist, if that opinion is condemnation, upon my forbearing to try that of the public: which I now must do, and which my former success makes me

hope obtainable. But though I can now do little in consequence of your objections, I may in future profit from remembering them.

With regard to the second volume, every body has seemed to prefer it to the first, except Mrs. Thrale, who was so fond of the *ton* parties in the beginning, and of Miss Larolles, Mr. Meadows, and the Captain, that she lamented not having more of them. Mr. Gosport, too, she is so fond of, that she declares if I don't provide for him, "she will have him herself." Mrs. Belfield, however, has quite enchanted her,—she knows, she says, so many like her in the Borough.

Etty much prefers the second volume, because there is so much more incident; Mrs. Thrale is more partial to character.

My father's present favourite is the old crazy moralist, Albany. He is quite delighted with him; and no one else has taken any notice of him. Next to him, he is fondest of Belfield. The tradesman *manqué,* he says, is new, and may be not uninstructive, and he is much pleased with his various struggles, and the *agrémens* of his talents, and the spirit, yet failure, of his various flights and experiments.

F. B.

Journal Resumed.

JUNE, 1782.—At length, my ever dearest Susan, my long-neglected journal and long-promised renewal behold at your feet—for thither shall I speed them with all the expedition in my power.

So much has passed since I lost you—for I cannot use any other word—that I hardly know what first to record; but I think 'tis best to begin with what is uppermost in my mind, Mr. Burke.

Among the many I have been obliged to shirk this year, for the sake of living almost solely with "Cecilia," none have had less patience with my retirement than Miss Palmer, who, bitterly believing I intended never to visit her again, has forborne sending me any invitations: but, about three weeks ago, my father had a note from Sir Joshua Reynolds, to ask him to dine at Richmond, and meet the Bishop of St. Asaph: and, therefore, to make my peace, I scribbled a note to Miss Palmer to this purpose,—

"After the many kind invitations I have been obliged to refuse, will you, my dear Miss Palmer, should I offer to accompany my father to-morrow, bid me remember the old proverb,—

'Those who will not when they may,
When they will, they shall have nay?'

F. B."

This was graciously received; and the next morning Sir Joshua and Miss Palmer called for my father and me, accompanied by Lord Corke. We had a mighty pleasant ride. Miss Palmer and I *made up*, though she scolded most violently about my long absence, and attacked me about the book without mercy. The book, in short, to my great consternation, I find is talked of and expected all the town over. My dear father himself, I do verily believe, mentions it to every body; he is fond of it to enthusiasm, and does not foresee the danger of raising such general expectation, which fills *me* with the horrors every time I am tormented with the thought.

Sir Joshua's house is delightfully situated, almost at the top of Richmond Hill. We walked till near dinner-time upon the terrace, and there met Mr. Richard

Burke, the brother of the orator. Miss Palmer, stopping him, said,—

"Are you coming to dine with us?"

"No," he answered; "I shall dine at the Star and Garter."

"How did you come—with Mrs. Burke, or alone?"

"Alone."

"What, on horseback?"

"Ay, sure!" cried he, laughing; "*up and ride!* Now 's the time."

And he made a fine flourish with his hand, and passed us. He is just made under-secretary at the Treasury. He is a tall and handsome man, and seems to have much dry drollery; but we saw no more of him.

After our return to the house, and while Sir Joshua and I were *tête-à-tête*, Lord Corke and my father being still walking, and Miss Palmer having, I suppose, some orders to give about the dinner, the "Knight of Plympton" was desiring my opinion of the prospect from his window, and comparing it with Mr. Burke's, as he told me after I had spoken it,—when the Bishop of St. Asaph and his daughter, Miss Georgiana Shipley, were announced. Sir Joshua, to divert himself, in introducing me to the bishop, said, "Miss Burney, my lord, otherwise, 'Evelina.'"

The bishop is a well-looking man, and seemed grave, quiet, and sensible. I have heard much more of him; but nothing more appeared. Miss Georgiana, however, was showy enough for *two*. She is a very tall, and rather handsome girl; but the expression of her face is, to me, disagreeable. She has almost a constant smile, not of softness, nor of insipidity, but of self-sufficiency and internal satisfaction. She is very much accomplished, and her fame for painting and for

scholarship, I know you are well acquainted with. I believe her to have very good parts and much quickness; but she is so full of herself, so earnest to obtain notice, and so happy in her confidence of deserving it, that I have been not less charmed with any young lady I have seen for many a day. I have met with her before, at Mrs. Pepys', but never before was introduced to her.

Miss Palmer soon joined us; and, in a short time, entered more company,—three gentlemen and one lady; but there was no more ceremony used of introductions. The lady, I concluded, was Mrs. Burke, wife of *the* Mr. Burke, and was not mistaken. One of the gentlemen I recollected to be young Burke, her son, whom I once met at Sir Joshua's in town, and another of them I knew for Mr. Gibbon: but the third I had never seen before. I had been told that *the* Burke was not expected; yet I could conclude this gentleman to be no other; he had just the air, the manner, the appearance, I had prepared myself to look for in him, and there was an evident, a striking superiority in his demeanour, his eye, his motions, that announced him no common man.

I could not get at Miss Palmer to satisfy my doubts, and we were soon called down-stairs to dinner. Sir Joshua and the *unknown* stopped to speak with one another upon the stairs; and, when they followed us, Sir Joshua, in taking his place at the table, asked me to sit next to him; I willingly complied. "And then," he added, "Mr. Burke shall sit on the other side of you."

"Oh, no, indeed!" cried Miss Georgiana, who also had placed herself next Sir Joshua; "I won't consent to that; Mr. Burke must sit next *me;* I won't

agree to part with him. Pray, come and sit down quiet, Mr. Burke."

Mr. Burke,—for him it was,—smiled and obeyed.

"I only meant," said Sir Joshua, "to have made my peace with Mr. Burke, by giving him that place, because he has been scolding me for not introducing him to Miss Burney. However, I must do it now;—Mr. Burke!—Miss Burney!"

We both half rose, and Mr. Burke said,—

"I have been complaining to Sir Joshua that he left me wholly to my own sagacity; however, it did not here deceive me."

"Oh dear, then," said Miss Georgiana, looking a little *consternated*, "perhaps you won't thank me for calling you to this place!"

Nothing was said, and so we all began dinner,—young Burke making himself my next neighbour.

Captain Phillips knows Mr. Burke. Has he or has he not told you how delightful a creature he is? If he has not, pray, in my name, abuse him without mercy; if he has, pray ask if he will subscribe to my account of him, which herewith shall follow.

He is tall, his figure is noble, his air commanding, his address graceful: his voice is clear, penetrating, sonorous, and powerful; his language is copious, various, and éloquent; his manners are attractive, his conversation is delightful.

What says Captain Phillips? Have I chanced to see him in his happiest hour? or is he all this in common? Since we lost Garrick I have seen nobody so enchanting.

I can give you, however, very little of what was said, for the conversation was not *suivie*, Mr. Burke darting from subject to subject with as much rapidity as enter-

tainment. Neither is the charm of his discourse more in the matter than the manner; all, therefore, that is related *from* him loses half its effect in not being related *by* him. Such little sketches as I can recollect take however.

From the window of the dining-parlour, Sir Joshua directed us to look at a pretty white house which belonged to Lady Di. Beauclerk.

"I am extremely glad," said Mr. Burke, "to see her at last so well housed; poor woman! the bowl has long rolled in misery; I rejoice that it has now found its balance. I never, myself, so much enjoyed the sight of happiness in another, as in that woman when I first saw her after the death of her husband. It was really enlivening to behold her placed in that sweet house, released from all her cares, a thousand pounds a-year at her own disposal, and—her husband was dead! Oh, it was pleasant, it was delightful to see her enjoyment of her situation!"

"But, without considering the circumstances," said Mr. Gibbon, "this may appear very strange, though, when they are fairly stated, it is perfectly rational and unavoidable."

"Very true," said Mr. Burke, "if the circumstances are not considered, Lady Di. may seem highly reprehensible."

He then, addressing himself particularly to me, as the person least likely to be acquainted with the character of Mr. Beauclerk, drew it himself in strong and marked expressions, describing the misery he gave his wife, his singular ill treatment of her, and the necessary relief the death of such a man must give.

He then reminded Sir Joshua of a day in which they had dined at Mr. Beauclerk's, soon after his marriage

with Lord Bolingbroke's divorced wife, in company with Goldsmith, and told a new story of poor Goldsmith's eternal blundering.

From the Right Honourable Edmund Burke to Miss F. Burney.

Madam,

I should feel exceedingly to blame if I could refuse to myself the natural satisfaction, and to you the just but poor return, of my best thanks for the very great instruction and entertainment I have received from the new present you have bestowed on the public. There are few—I believe I may say fairly there are none at all—that will not find themselves better informed concerning human nature, and their stock of observation enriched, by reading your "Cecilia." They certainly will, let their experience in life and manners be what it may. The arrogance of age must submit to be taught by youth. You have crowded into a few small volumes an incredible variety of characters; most of them well planned, well supported, and well contrasted with each other. If there be any fault in this respect, it is one in which you are in no great danger of being imitated. Justly as your characters are drawn, perhaps they are too numerous. But I beg pardon; I fear it is quite in vain to preach economy to those who are come young to excessive and sudden opulence.

I might trespass on your delicacy if I should fill my letter to you with what I fill my conversation to others. I should be troublesome to you alone if I should tell you all I feel and think on the natural vein of humour, the tender pathetic, the comprehensive and noble moral, and the sagacious observation, that appear quite throughout that extraordinary performance.

In an age distinguished by producing extraordinary women, I hardly dare to tell you where my opinion would place you amongst them. I respect your modesty, that will not endure the commendations which your merit forces from every body.

I have the honour to be, with great gratitude, respect, and esteem, madam, your most obedient and most humble servant,

EDM. BURKE.

Whitehall, July 29, 1782.

My best compliments and congratulations to Dr. Burney on the great honour acquired to his family.

Journal Resumed.

CHESINGTON, MONDAY, AUGUST 12TH.—I set out for this ever dear place, accompanied by Edward, who was sent for to paint Mr. Crisp for my father. I am sure you will rejoice in this. I was a little dumpish in the journey, for I seemed leaving my Susan again. However, I read a "Rambler" or two, and "composed the harmony of my temper," as well as I could, for the sake of Edward, who was not only faultless of this, but who is, I almost think, faultless of all things. I have thought him more amiable and deserving than ever, since this last sojourn under the same roof with him; and, as it happened, I have owed to him almost all the comfort I have this time met with here.

We came in a chaise, which was well loaded with canvasses, pencils, and painting materials; for Mr. Crisp was to be three times painted, and Mrs. Gast once. My sweet father came down Gascoign Lane to meet us, in very good spirits and very good health. Next came dear Daddy Crisp, looking vastly well, and

as usual, high in glee and kindness at the meeting. Then the affectionate Kitty, the good Mrs. Hamilton, the gentle Miss Young, and the enthusiastic Mrs. Gast.

The instant dinner was over, to my utter surprise and consternation, I was called into the room appropriated for Edward and his pictures, and informed I was to sit to him for Mr. Crisp! Remonstrances were unavailing, and declarations of aversion to the design were only ridiculed; both daddies interfered, and, when I ran off, brought me back between them, and compelled my obedience;—and from that time to this, nothing has gone forward but picture-sitting.

* * * * *

Now to the present state of things and people.

My father is all himself—gay, facile, and sweet. He comes to all meals, writes without toiling, and gives us more of his society than he has done many years. His third volume he is not tied down to produce at any stated time, and he has most wisely resolved not to make any promises to the public about it, nor to take in any subscriptions, but to keep free from all engagement.

A serious piece of intelligence has given, does give, and long must give me the utmost concern and sorrow. My dear Mrs. Thrale, the friend, though not the *most* dear friend of my heart, is going abroad for three years certain. This scheme has been some time in a sort of distant agitation, but it is now brought to a resolution. Much private business belongs to it relative to her detestable lawsuit; but much private inclination is also joined with it relative to her long wishing to see Italy. I have determined, therefore, to do all in my power to bear this blow steadily; and the remembrance how very much I suffered when such an

one was formerly thought of, makes me suppress all my regret, and drive the subject from my mind by every method in my power, that I may save myself from again experiencing such unavailing concern. The thought, indeed, that she wishes to go, would reconcile me to a yet longer absence, by making me feel that my own sorrow is merely selfish.

Streatham,—my other home, and the place where I have long thought my residence dependent only upon my own pleasure, and where, indeed, I have received such as my father and you alone could make greater,—is already let for three years to Lord Shelburne. If I was to begin with talking of my loss, my strangeness, I had almost said, for these three years, I should never have done, and only make us both melancholy; so nothing will I say about the matter, but that you, tender and liberal as you are, will be almost my only friend who will not rejoice in this separation, as the most effectual means of keeping me more in London; though you, my Susy, will be, perhaps, the most sincerely gratified by what additional time it may give me.

Mr. Crisp to Miss Burney.

My dear Fannikin,

I deferred a return of my most sincere thanks and acknowledgments, both for your highly agreeable present and your two kind short notes, till I had twice read over, and thoroughly, nay, severely considered the first. Don't be surprised at so harsh an adverb. I was resolved to put myself in the place of an uninfluenced, yawning, fastidious reader, that takes up a new book with careless indifference, expecting from a novel nothing more than the usual common-place trash they abound with.

In this state of mind I endeavoured at divesting myself, as well as I could, of all remembrance of the work, and all partiality for the author. To do this completely was indeed impossible; but still it was something to be continually saying to myself, after I had read a chapter, How will this go down? What will the multitude, who care not a straw for author or bookseller, or any thing but their own immediate amusement, say of it? These were my queries to myself. If I could have given a positive and certain answer to them, that answer would have determined the fate of the book, and the character of the author's abilities; for these are the people (not a few, nay, even a numerous partial set of friends) that ultimately can and do decide.

The tribunal of the Inquisition itself is not more inflexible than I endeavoured to be on this occasion. Every other mode of proceeding is only delusive, and what is called making one's market at home.

What was the result of these my meditations? To enter into particulars would be endless; but the sum total amounts to this—a full, unlimited confirmation of my warm approbation of the whole work together, and a positive declaration of the improvements it has received, beyond all expectation:—greatly and judiciously compressed; long conversations curtailed; several incidents much better managed; and the winding up beyond all compare, more happy, more judicious, more satisfactory. Many particulars, which I did not quite relish are softened off to a degree that, if I do not perfectly assent to, I hardly know how to condemn, particularly in the instance of Old Delvile, in whom (without departing from his original character, which would have been unpardonable) you have found means, fairly accounted for, to melt

down some of that senseless, obstinate, inherent pride, which, if still kept up to its height, would have rendered miserable those who ought to have been dearest to him, and have established him (which would have been a great impropriety) without any necessity, (young Delvile's father, and the excellent Mrs. Delvile's husband) the most hateful of beings.

These, my dear Fannikin, without the least favour or affection, are my sincere sentiments; and, if I know myself, would be such if I had met with the book without any name to it. At the same time, to evince my sincerity, and that you may not think I mean, sycophant-like, to turn about and recant, in order to swim with the wind and tide that brings you (as I hear) clouds of incense from every quarter—to avoid this scandalous imputation, I do declare that I must adhere to my former sentiments on some parts of the work, particularly the loss of Cecilia's estate.

But don't think I pretend to set up against the public voice my trumpery objection, which, even if well founded, would be a mere dust in the balance. So much at present for "Cecilia."

Now, Fannikin, I must remind you of your promise, which was to come to your loving daddy when you could get loose. Look ye, Fanny, I don't mean to cajole you hither with the expectation of amusement or entertainment. You and I know better than to hum or be hummed in that manner. If you come here, come to work,—work hard—stick to it. This is the harvest-time of your life; your sun shines hot; lose not a moment, then, but make your hay directly. "Touch the yellow boys," as Briggs says,—"grow warm;" make the booksellers come down handsomely—count the ready—the chink. Do but secure this

one point while it is in your power, and all things else shall be added unto thee.

I talked to your doctor daddy on the subject of disposing of your money; and we both agreed in the project of a well-secured annuity; and in the meantime, till that could be procured, that the ready should be vested in the three per cent annuities, that it might produce something; and he promised to advance, to make even money.

* * * * *

S. C.

Miss Burney to Mrs. Thrale.

August 1782.

I have been kept in hot water, in defiance of snow, till I heard from my dearest Tyo; and if you do like the book, I am gratified to my heart's content; and if you only say you do, to have it so said is very delightful, for your wish to give me pleasure would give it, if you hated all I ever wrote.

So you are all for the heroine and Miss Larolles? Mr. Crisp was for the heroine and Mrs. Delvile. My father likes the imperious old gentleman; my mother is all for the Harrels. Susan and Charlotte have not seen a word. If it does but attract, as dear Dr. J. says, I am happy, be it which way it will. Why do you lament Gosport? He is clever, but an elderly man from the first, and no rival.

Adieu, my sweetest of friends. To-morrow I spend with Mrs. Ord. Friday, if there comes a dry frost, to you will run your own

F. B.

Miss Burney to Mr. Crisp.

Oct. 15, 1782.

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I am very sorry you could not come to Streatham at the time Mrs. Thrale hoped to see you, for when shall we be likely to meet there again? You would have been much pleased, I am sure, by meeting with General Paoli, who spent the day there, and was extremely communicative and agreeable. I had seen him in large companies, but was never made known to him before; nevertheless, he conversed with me as if well acquainted not only with myself, but my connexions,—inquiring of me when I had last seen Mrs. Montagu? and calling Sir Joshua Reynolds, when he spoke of him, my friend. He is a very pleasing man, tall and genteel in his person, remarkably well bred, and very mild and soft in his manners.

I will try to give you a little specimen of his conversation, because I know you love to hear particulars of all out-of-the-way persons. His English is blundering, but not unpretty. Speaking of his first acquaintance with Mr. Boswell,—,

"He came," he said, "to my country, and he fetched me some letter of recommending him; but I was of the belief he might be an impostor, and I supposed, in my minte, he was an espy; for I look away from him, and in a moment I look to him again, and I behold his tablets. Oh! he was to the work of writing down all I say! Indeed I was angry. But soon I discover he was no impostor and no espy; and I only find I was myself the monster he had come to discern. Oh,—is a very good man; I love him indeed; so

cheerful! so gay! so pleasant! but at the first, oh! I was indeed angry."

After this he told us a story of an expectation he had had of being robbed, and of the protection he found from a very large dog that he is very fond of.

"I walk out," he said, "in the night; I go towards the field; I behold a man—oh, ugly one! I proceed—he follow; I go on—he address me, 'You have one dog,' he says. 'Yes,' say I to him. 'Is a fierce dog?' he says; 'is he fiery?' 'Yes,' reply I, 'he can bite.' 'I would not attack in the night,' says he, 'a house to have such dog in it.' Then I conclude he was a breaker; so I turn to him—oh, very rough! not gentle—and I say, very fierce, 'He shall destroy you, if you are ten!'"

Afterwards, speaking of the Irish giant, who is now shewn in town, he said,—

"He is so large I am as a baby! I look at him—oh! I find myself so little as a child! Indeed, my indignation it rises when I see him hold up his hand so high. I am as nothing; and I find myself in the power of a man who fetches from me half a crown."

This language, which is all spoke very pompously by him, sounds comical from himself, though I know not how it may read.

Adieu, my dear and kind daddy, and believe me your ever obliged and ever affectionate

F. B.

PART IV.

1782.

CONTENTS.

Dr. Johnson—The Pepyses—The Rooms at Brighton—Mr. Coxe—A Literary Milliner—A Ball—Dr. Johnson and Mr. Pepys—Discussion on Wit—Confounding Words with Things—Sarcastic Repartees—Lady Borlase Warren—A Story: Way to Preserve 50,000*l.*—A Cool Request—Bringing up a Child Stout—Character of Lady Rothes—Dr. Johnson—Consequences of his Severity—His Hatred of being Alone—Lord and Lady De Ferrars—Miss Ellerker—Dr. Johnson's Declaration that he never saw a Word of "Cecilia" till it was Printed—Mr. Metcalfe—Newmarket Hill—Miss Monckton, afterwards Countess of Cork—Her Parties—Description of Her—Anecdote of the Duke of Devonshire—Madame de Genlis's "Adéle et Théodore"—Party at Mrs. Thrale's—Watching for a Snug Chat.

PART IV.

1782.

Journal Resumed.

BRIGHTHELMSTONE, OCT. 26TH.—My journey was incidentless; but the moment I came into Brighthelmstone I was met by Mrs. Thrale, who had most eagerly been waiting for me a long while, and therefore I dismounted, and walked home with her. It would be very superfluous to tell you how she received me, for you cannot but know, from her impatient letters, what I had reason to expect of kindness and welcome.

I was too much tired to choose appearing at dinner, and therefore eat my eat up-stairs, and was then decorated a little, and came forth to tea.

Mr. Harry Cotton and Mr. Swinerton were both here. Mrs. Thrale said they almost lived with her, and therefore were not to be avoided, but declared she had refused a flaming party of blues, for fear I should think, if I met them just after my journey, she was playing Mrs. Harrel.

Dr. Johnson received me too with his usual goodness, and with a salute so loud, that the two young beaus, Cotton and Swinerton, have never done laughing about it.

Mrs. Thrale spent two or three hours in my room, talking over all her affairs, and then we wished each

other *bon repos,* and—retired. *Grandissima* conclusion!

Oh, but let me not forget that a fine note came from Mr. Pepys, who is here with his family, saying he was *pressé de vivre,* and entreating to see Mrs. and Miss T., Dr. Johnson, and Cecilia, at his house the next day. I hate mightily this method of naming me from my heroines, of whose honour I think I am more jealous than of my own.

OCT. 27TH.—The Pepyses came to visit me in form, but I was dressing; in the evening, however, Mrs. and Miss T. took me to them. Dr. Johnson would not go; he told me it was my day, and I should be crowned, for Mr. Pepys was wild about "Cecilia."

"However," he added, "do not hear too much of it; but when he has talked about it for an hour or so, tell him to have done. There is no other way."

A mighty easy way, this! however, 'tis what he literally practises for himself.

We found at Mr. Pepys' nobody but his wife, his brother, Dr. Pepys, and Dr. Pepys' lady, Countess of Rothes. Mr. Pepys received me with such distinction, that it was very evident how much the book, with the most flattering opinion of it, was in his head; however, he behaved very prettily, and only mentioned it by allusions; most particularly upon the character of Meadows, which he took various opportunities of pronouncing to be the "best hit possible" upon the present race of fine gentlemen. He asked me whether I had met with Mrs. Chapone lately; and when I said no, told me he had two letters from her, all about me, which he must communicate to me.

We did not stay with them long, but called upon Miss Benson, and proceeded to the Rooms. Mr. Pepys

was very unwilling to part with us, and wanted to frighten me from going, by saying,—

"And has Miss Burney courage to venture to the Rooms? I wonder she dares!"

I did not seem to understand him, though to mistake him was impossible. However, I thought of him again when I was at the rooms, for most violent was the staring and whispering as I passed and repassed; insomuch that I shall by no means be in any haste to go again to them. Susan and Sophy Thrale, who were with their aunt, Mrs. Scot, told Queeny, upon our return, that they heard nothing said, whichever way they turned, but "That's she!" "That's the famous Miss Burney!" I shall certainly escape going any more, if it is in my power.

Lady Shelley and Lady Poole were there, and were very civil, and looked very pretty. There was also a Mr. Coxe, brother to the writer, a very cultivated man, a great scholar, a poet, a critic, and very soft-mannered and obliging. He is, however, somewhat stiff and affected, and rather too plaintive in his voice.

MONDAY, OCT. 28TH.—Mr. Pepys had but just left me, when Mrs. Thrale sent Susan with a particular request to see me in her dressing-room, where I found her with a milliner.

"Oh, Miss Burney," she cried, "I could not help promising Mrs. Cockran that she should have a sight of you—she has begged it so hard."

You may believe I stared; and the woman, whose eyes almost looked ready to eat me, eagerly came up to me, exclaiming,—

"Oh, ma'am, you don't know what a favour this is, to see you! I have longed for it so long! It is quite a comfort to me, indeed. Oh, ma'am, how clever you

must be! All the ladies I deal with are quite distracted about 'Cecilia,'—and I got it myself. Oh, ma'am, how sensible you must be! It does my heart good to see you."

Did you ever hear the like? 'Twas impossible not to laugh, and Mrs. Thrale has done nothing else ever since.

At dinner, we had Dr. Delap and Mr. Selwyn, who accompanied us in the evening to a ball; as did also Dr. Johnson, to the universal amazement of all who saw him there;—but he said he had found it so dull being quite alone the preceding evening, that he determined upon going with us; "for," he said, "it cannot be worse than being alone."

Strange that he should think so! I am sure I am not of his mind.

Mr. H. Cotton and Mr. Swinerton of course joined us immediately. We had hardly been seated five minutes before Mr. Selwyn came to me, from some other company he had joined, and said,—

"I think you don't choose dancing, ma'am?"

"No," I answered.

"There is a gentleman," he added, "who is very ambitious of the honour of dancing with you; but I told him I believed you would not dance."

I assured him he was right.

There was, indeed, no need of my dancing by way of attraction, as I saw, again, so much staring, I scarce knew which way to look; and every glance I met was followed by a whisper from the glancer to his or her party. It was not, indeed, quite so bad as on Sunday, as the dancers were something to look at besides me: but I was so very much watched, and almost pointed at, that I have resolved to go no

more, neither to balls nor Rooms, if I can possibly avoid it.

Lady Shelley, who spied us out, sent us an invitation to her party, and we all paraded to the top of the room, which in these places is the post of honour. There we found also Mrs. Hatsel, Mrs. Dickens, and Miss Benson, and we all drank tea together. Dr. Johnson was joined by a friend of his own, Mr. Metcalf, and did tolerably well.

OCT. 29TH. — We had a large party at home in the evening, consisting of Lady Shelley, Mr. and Mrs. Hatsel, Mrs. and Miss Dickens, Miss Benson, H. Cotton, Mr. Swinerton, Mr. Pepys, and Mr. Coxe. Mr. Selwyn is gone away to town upon business. I was presently engaged by Mr. Pepys, and he was joined by Mr. Coxe, and he by Miss Benson. Poor Miss Dickens was also in our circle; but if I had not made her some sport by occasional ridiculous whispers, she would certainly have gone to sleep, as no one else noticed her, and as not a word was said in which she had any chance of taking any interest. Mr. Pepys led the conversation, and it was all upon criticism and poetry, and such subjects as she had no chance to care for. But I kept her awake by applying to her from time to time, to give us an epigram of Martial, a quotation from Ovid, a few lines of Homer, and such sort of impracticable requests, which served to divert her lassitude and *ennui* of all else that was said. The conversation, however, grew so very bookish, I was ashamed of being one in it, and not without reason, as every body, out of that party, told me afterwards, "they had been afraid of approaching me, I was so well engaged;" and the odd Dr. Delap told me the next morning, that Lady Shelley had complained she

could not venture to speak with me, I was "surrounded by so many, and all prostrate!"

This is just the sort of stuff I wish to avoid, and, as far as I can, I do avoid; but wholly it is not possible.

Mr. Coxe repeated several of his own compositions in verse, and in such melting strains, I thought he would have wept over them! When I got from that set, Mr. Hatsel said to me,—

"Pray, Miss Burney, what was all that poetry you have been repeating? I was quite grieved to be out of the way of hearing it."

"Not me, sir, it was Mr. Coxe."

"And what was the poem?"

"Something of his own, sir."

Oh, how he stared and looked! I saw he longed to say wicked things, but I would not encourage him, for the poems were pretty, though the man was conceited.

Poor Mr. Pepys had, however, real cause to bemoan my escape; for the little set was broken up by my retreat, and he joined Dr. Johnson, with whom he entered into an argument upon some lines of Gray, and upon Pope's definition of wit, in which he was so roughly confuted, and so severely ridiculed, that he was hurt and piqued beyond all power of disguise, and, in the midst of the discourse, suddenly turned from him, and, wishing Mrs. Thrale good night, very abruptly withdrew.

Dr. Johnson was certainly right with respect to the argument and to reason; but his opposition was so warm, and his wit so satirical and exulting, that I was really quite grieved to see how unamiable he appeared, and how greatly he made himself dreaded by all, and by many abhorred. What pity that he

will not curb the vehemence of his love of victory and superiority!

The sum of the dispute was this. Wit being talked of, Mr. Pepys repeated,—

"True wit is Nature to advantage dress'd,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd."

"That, sir," cried Dr. Johnson, "is a definition both false and foolish. Let wit be dressed how it will, it will equally be wit, and neither the more nor the less for any advantage dress can give it."

Mr. P. But, sir, may not wit be so ill expressed, and so obscure, by a bad speaker, as to be lost?

Dr. J. The fault, then, sir, must be with the hearer. If a man cannot distinguish wit from words, he little deserves to hear it.

Mr. P. But, sir, what Pope means——

Dr. J. Sir, what Pope means, if he means what he says, is both false and foolish. In the first place, 'what oft was thought,' is all the worse for being often thought, because to be wit, it ought to be newly thought.

Mr. P. But, sir, 't is the expression makes it new.

Dr. J. How can the expression make it new? It may make it clear, or may make it elegant; but how new? You are confounding words with things.

Mr. P. But, sir, if one man says a thing very ill, may not another man say it so much better that——

Dr. J. That other man, sir, deserves but small praise for the amendment; he is but the tailor to the first man's thoughts.

Mr. P. True, sir, he may be but the tailor; but

then the difference is as great as between a man in a gold lace suit and a man in a blanket.

Dr. J. Just so, sir, I thank you for that: the difference is precisely such, since it consists neither in the gold lace suit nor the blanket, but in the man by whom they are worn.

This was the summary; the various contemptuous sarcasms intermixed would fill, and very unpleasantly, a quire.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 30TH.—In the evening we all went to Mrs. Hatsel's, where there was a large party: the Countess Rothes, Lady Shelley, Lady Warren, formerly Miss Clavering, Miss Benson, Mrs. and Miss Dickens, H. Cotton, Mr. Swinerton, two Bartons, the Hatsels, and Mrs. and Miss Thrale. Dr. Johnson was not invited. We had a very good evening; but that I had a vile cold, and could not quit the fire a moment.

Lady Warren is immensely tall, and extremely beautiful: she is now but just nineteen, though she has been married two or three years. She is giddy, gay, chatty, good-humoured, and a little affected; she hazards all that occurs to her, seems to think the world at her feet, and is so young, and gay, and handsome, that she is not much mistaken. She is, in short, an inferior Lady Honoria Pemberton: somewhat beneath her in parts and understanding, but strongly in that class of character. I had no conversation with her myself; but her voice is loud and deep, and all she said was for the whole room.

Take a trait or two, which I think will divert my daddy Crisp. Marriages being talked of,—

"I'll tell you," cried she, "a story; that is, it sha'n't be a story, but a fact. A lady of my acquaintance, who had 50,000*l.* fortune, ran away to Scotland with a

gentleman she liked vastly; so she was a little doubtful of him, and had a mind to try him: so when they stopped to dine, and change horses, and all that, she said, 'Now, as I have a great regard for you, I dare say you have for me; so I will tell you a secret: I have got no fortune at all, in reality, but only 5000*l.*; for all the rest is a mere pretence: but if you like me for myself, and not for my fortune, you won't mind that.' So the gentleman said, 'Oh, I don't regard it at all, and you are the same charming angel that ever you was,' and all those sort of things that people say to one, and then went out to see about the chaise. So he did not come back; but when dinner was ready, the lady said, 'Pray, where is he?' 'Lor, ma'am,' said they, 'why, that gentleman has been gone ever so long!' So she came back by herself; and now she's married to somebody else, and has her 50,000*l.* fortune all safe."

Lady Warren was extremely smitten with Mrs. Thrale, and talked to her almost incessantly, though they had never before met; but in the end of the evening, when Mrs. T. mentioned that she was going the next morning to make a visit at Lewes——

"Oh," cried her ladyship, "I have a great mind to beg a favour of you then."

"Pray do, ma'am," said Mrs. Thrale, "I shall think it an honour to grant it."

"Oh, but it's such an odd thing—it's quite an odd request; but it is for a place in your coach."

"My coach shall be very much at your ladyship's service; I beg you will make what use of it you please."

"Why, you must know it is to carry a little dog for me to Lewes. It belongs to Dr. Poole, and he'll quite

break his heart if I don't send it him; so I'll part with it at once before I grow too fond of it."

This was, indeed, an odd request to a new acquaintance, and to a Welsh woman, as Mrs. Thrale said afterwards. The look of her eye the moment she heard it made Lady Warren colour violently; but she answered with great good humour,—

"Suppose your ladyship was to do me the honour to go too, and so carry your little dog yourself?"

Lady Warren evidently understood her, and began many apologies; but said she was engaged herself to spend the morning at Lady Dashwood's.

"I had hoped," said Mrs. Thrale, "your ladyship had meant your little boy; for I should have been very proud to have been trusted with him; but I suppose you could not spare him so long."

She has one child, of ten weeks old, of which she is doatingly fond.

"Oh, no," she answered eagerly, "not for half an hour. I shall never trust him away from me till he is eight years old, and then I shall send him to sea. He shall be true blue. I bring him up very stout. He sucked a hare-bone for dinner to-day."

"A hare-bone for a child of ten weeks old!"

"Oh, he liked it vastly. He laughed and crowed the whole time. I often have veal stewed into good strong broth for him."

Her husband, Sir John Borlase Warren, is in the navy. Mrs. Thrale soon saw that though she was careless and unthinking, she did not mean to be insolent, so that she afterwards very gracefully offered to carry the dog, and assured her nobody would more carefully perform her commission. She thought, however, better of the matter than to send him,

and she told Mrs. Hatsel she found she was "in a scrape."

My own chat was all with Mrs. Hatsel or Lady Rothes, with whom I never spoke before, though I have often seen her. The talk was by no means writable; but very pleasant. Lady Rothes is sociable, lively, sensible, gentle, and amiable. She, Lady Shelley, and Mrs. Hatsel, are all of the same cast; but Lady Rothes in understanding seems to have the advantage. In manners it would be hard to say which excelled.

THURSDAY, OCT. 31ST.—A note came this morning to invite us all, except Dr. Johnson, to Lady Rothes's. Dr. Johnson has tortured poor Mr. Pepys so much that I fancy her ladyship omitted him in compliment to her brother-in-law. She mentions me in the civilest terms; and, as I like her much, I will hide my blushes and recollect them.

"May I flatter myself that Miss Burney will do me the favour to accompany you? I shall be much obliged and particularly happy to cultivate so charming an acquaintance."

There's a Countess for you! Does not she deserve being an Earl? for such in fact she is, being Countess in her own right, and giving her own name to her children, who, though sons and daughters of Mr. Evelyn and Dr. Pepys,—for she has been twice married,—are called, the eldest Lord Lesley, and the rest the Honourable Mr. Lesleys, and Lady Harriet and Lady Mary.

At noon, Mr. Pepys called and found only me, and sate with me till dressing-time. He brought me a book I was very glad to see. He has collected into one volume all the political works of Mr. Burke, and has

marked in the margin all the passages that will be entertaining or instructive to non-politicians. They are indeed charming, eloquent, spirited, rational, yet sentimental. He told me he had two long letters from Mrs. Chapone to shew me, all about me and mine, but he had them not in his pocket.

At Lady Rothes's we met only her doctor, and Mr. and Mrs. Pepys. The talk was all literary, but not pedantic; and the evening was very agreeable.

Friday, Nov. 1st.—We spent at home with only our two young beaus. I was quite glad of not going out; for, though the places have done very well, and been very lively when we have assembled at them, I have been heartily tired of such perpetual preparation, dressing, and visiting.

Saturday, Nov. 2d.—We went to Lady Shelley's. Dr. Johnson, again, excepted in the invitation. He is almost constantly omitted, either from too much respect or too much fear. I am sorry for it, as he hates being alone, and as, though he scolds the others, he is well enough satisfied himself; and, having given vent to all his own occasional anger or ill-humour, he is ready to begin again, and is never aware that those who have so been "downed" by him, never can much covet so triumphant a visitor. In contests of wit, the victor is as ill off in future consequences as the vanquished in present ridicule.

Monday, Nov. 4th.—This was a grand and busy day. Mr. Swinerton has been some time arranging a meeting for all our house, with Lady De Ferrars, whom you may remember as Charlotte Ellerker, and her lord and sisters: and this morning it took place, by mutual appointment, at his lodgings, where we met to breakfast. Dr. Johnson, who already knew Lord De Ferrars,

and Mrs. and Miss Thrale, and myself, arrived first; and then came the Lord and Lady, and Miss Ellerker and her youngest sister, Harriet. Lord De Ferrars is very ugly, but extremely well-bred, gentle, unassuming, sensible, and pleasing. His lady is much improved since we knew her in former days, and seems good-humoured, lively, and rather agreeable. Miss Ellerker is nothing altered.

I happened to be standing by Dr. Johnson when all the ladies came in; but, as I dread him before strangers, from the staring attention he attracts both for himself and all with whom he talks, I endeavoured to change my ground. However, he kept prating a sort of comical nonsense that detained me some minutes whether I would or not; but when we were all taking places at the breakfast-table I made another effort to escape. It proved vain; he drew his chair next to mine, and went rattling on in a humorous sort of comparison he was drawing of himself to me,—not one word of which could I enjoy, or can I remember, from the hurry I was in to get out of his way. In short, I felt so awkward from being thus marked out, that I was reduced to whisper a request to Mr. Swinerton to put a chair between us, for which I presently made a space: for I have often known him stop all conversation with me, when he has ceased to have me for his next neighbour. Mr. Swinerton, who is an extremely good-natured young man, and so intimate here that I make no scruple with him, instantly complied, and placed himself between us.

But no sooner was this done, than Dr. Johnson, half seriously, and very loudly, took him to task.

"How now, sir! what do you mean by this? Would you separate me from Miss Burney?"

Mr. Swinerton, a little startled, began some apologies, and Mrs. Thrale winked at him to give up the place; but he was willing to oblige me, though he grew more and more frightened every minute, and coloured violently as the Doctor continued his remonstrance, which he did with rather unmerciful raillery, upon his taking advantage of being in his own house to thus supplant him, and *crow;* but when he had borne it for about ten minutes, his face became so hot with the fear of hearing something worse, that he ran from the field, and took a chair between Lady De Ferrars and Mrs. Thrale.

I think I shall take warning by this failure, to trust only to my own expedients for avoiding his public notice in future. However it stopped here; for Lord De Ferrars came in, and took the disputed place without knowing of the contest, and all was quiet.

All that passed afterwards was too general and too common to be recollected.

I walked out afterwards, up Newmarket Hill, with Mrs. Thrale and Mr. Swinerton. This young man is very sweet-tempered, and good, and soft-hearted; but alas! he is also soft-headed.

We met, upon the Newmarket Hill, a large troop of horse and a pack of hounds returning from hunting. Among the gentlemen one stopped Mr. Swinerton, who, we were told, is *the* object here at this time,—Mr. Kaye of the Dragoons,—a baronet's son, and a very tall, handsome, and agreeable-looking young man; and, as the folks say, it is he for whom all the belles here are sighing. I was glad to see he seemed quite free from the *nonchalante* impertinence of the times.

At dinner we had Mr. Swinerton and Mr. Selwyn, who is just returned.

Miss Thrale, who had met with Miss Benson, brought me a long message from her, that I had used her very ill, and would make her no reparation; for she had been reading my book till she was so blind with crying, she had disfigured herself in such a manner she could not dress, and must give up going to the ball in the evening, though it was the last; and though she had not yet near come to the end, she was so knocked up with blubbering, she must give up every engagement in order to go on with it, being quite unfit for any thing else; but she desired Miss Thrale to tell me she thought it very unwarrantable in me to put her nerves in such a state!

"Ay," cried Dr. Johnson, "some people want to make out some credit to me from the little rogue's book. I was told by a gentleman this morning, that it was a very fine book, if it was all her own. 'It is all her own,' said I, 'for me, I am sure, for I never saw one word of it before it was printed.'"

This gentleman I have good reason to believe is Mr. Metcalf. Capt. Phillips I dare say remembers that he supped with us at Sir Joshua Reynolds the evening that James came from Portsmouth. He is much with Dr. Johnson, but seems to have taken an unaccountable dislike to Mrs. Thrale, to whom he never speaks. I have seen him but once or twice myself; and as he is dry, and I am shy, very little has passed between us.

When all our company was gone, late as it was, it was settled we should go to the ball, the last for the season being this night. My own objections about going not being strong enough to combat the ado my mentioning them would have occasioned, I joined in the party without demur. We all went but Dr. Johnson.

The ball was half over, and all the company seated to tea. Mr. Wade* came to receive us all, as usual, and we had a table procured for us, and went to tea ourselves, for something to do. When this repast was over, the company returned to their recreation. The room was very thin, and almost half the ladies danced with one another, though there were men enough present, I believe, had they chosen such exertion; but the Meadowses at balls are in crowds. Some of the ladies were in riding habits, and they made admirable men. 'Tis *tonnish* to be so much undressed at the last ball.

None of our usual friends, the Shelleys, Hatsels, Dickens, or Pepys, were here, and we, therefore, made no party; but Mrs. Thrale and I stood at the top of the room to look on the dancing, and as we were thus disengaged, she was seized with a violent desire to make one among them, and I felt myself an equal inclination. She proposed, as so many women danced together, that we two should, and nothing should I have liked so well; but I begged her to give up the scheme, as that would have occasioned more fuss and observation than our dancing with all the men that ever were born.

While we were debating this matter, a gentleman suddenly said to me,—"Did you walk far this morning, Miss Burney?" And, looking at him, I saw Mr. Metcalf, whose graciousness rather surprised me, for he only made to Mrs. Thrale a cold and distant bow, and it seems he declares, aloud and around, his aversion to literary ladies. That he can endure, and even seek me, is, I presume, only from the general perverseness of mankind, because he sees I have always turned

* The master of the ceremonies.

from him; not, however, from disliking him, for he is a shrewd, sensible, keen, and very clever man; but merely from a dryness on his own side that has excited retaliation.

"Yes," I answered, "we walked a good way."

"Dr. Johnson," said he, "told me in the morning you were no walker; but I informed him then I had had the pleasure of seeing you upon the Newmarket Hill."

"Oh, he does not know," cried I, "whether I am a walker or not—he does not see me walk, because he never walks himself."

"He has asked me," said he, "to go with him to Chichester, to see the cathedral, and I told him I would certainly go if he pleased; but why, I cannot imagine, for how shall a blind man see a cathedral?"

"I believe," quoth I, "his blindness is as much the effect of absence as of infirmity, for he sees wonderfully at times."

"Why, he has assured me he cannot see the colour of any man's eyes, and does not know what eyes any of his acquaintance have."

"I am sure, however," cried I, "he can see the colour of a lady's top-knot, for he very often finds fault with it."

"Is that possible?"

"Yes, indeed; and I was much astonished at it at first when I knew him, for I had concluded that the utmost of his sight would only reach to tell him whether he saw a cap or a wig."

Here he was called away by some gentleman, but presently came to me again.

"Miss Burney," he said, "shall you dance?"

"No, sir, not to-night."

"A gentleman," he added, "has desired me to speak to you for him."

Now, Susanna, for the grand moment!—the height —the zenith of my glory in the *ton* meridian! I again said I did not mean to dance, and to silence all objection, he expressively said,—

"'Tis Captain Kaye who sends me."

Is not this magnificent? Pray congratulate me!

I was really very much surprised, but repeated my refusal, with all customary civilities to soften it. He was leaving me with this answer, when this most flashy young officer, choosing to trust his cause to himself, came forward, and desired to be introduced to me. Mr. Metcalf performed that ceremony, and he then, with as much respect and deference as if soliciting a countess, said,—

"May I flatter myself you will do me the honour of dancing with me?"

I thanked him, and said the same thing over again. He looked much disappointed, and very unwilling to give up his plan.

"If you have not," he said, "any particular dislike to dancing, it will be doing, not only me, but the whole room much honour, if you will make one in a set."

"You do me much honour, sir," I answered, "but I must beg you to excuse me."

"I hope not," cried he; "I hope out of charity you will dance, as it is the last ball, and the company is so thin."

"Oh, it will do very well without me; Mr. Wade himself says he dies to-night a very respectable death?"

"And will you not have the goodness to help it on a little in its last stage?"

"No," said I, laughing; "why should we wish it to be kept lingering?"

"Lingering!" repeated he, looking round at the dancers; "no, surely it is not quite so desperate; and if you will but join in, you will give it new existence."

I was a little thrown off my guard at this unexpected earnestness, so different to the *ton* of the day, and I began hardly to know what to answer, my real objection being such as I could by no means publish, though his urgency and his politeness joined would have made me give up any other.

"This is a very quiet dance," he continued; "there is nothing fatiguing in it."

"You are very good," said I, "but I cannot really dance to-night."

I was sorry to seem so obstinate, but he was just the man to make every body inquire whom he danced with; and any one who wished for general attention could do no better than to be his partner.

The ever-mischievous Mrs. Thrale, calling to Mr. Selwyn, who stood by us, said,—

"Why, here's a man in love!—quite, downright in love with Miss Burney, if ever I saw one!"

"He is quite mortified, at least," he answered; "I never saw a man look more mortified."

"Well, he did not deserve it," said she; "he knew how to beg, and he ought not to have been so served."

I begged her to be silent, for Mr. Metcalf returned to me.

"Were you too much tired," he said, "with your walk this morning, to try at a dance?"

I excused myself as well as I could, and we presently went into the card-room to vary the scene. When we returned to the ball-room I was very glad to see

my new captain had just taken out Lady Anne Lindsay, who is here with Lady Margaret Fordyce, and who dances remarkably well, and was every way a more suitable partner for him. He was to leave the town, with his regiment, the next day.

TUESDAY.—Mrs. Thrale took me out to walk with her. We met Lady De Ferrars and Miss Ellerker in our ramble, and the very moment the ball was mentioned, this dear and queer creature called out,—

"Ay, there was a sad ado, ladies dancing with ladies, and all sorts of odd things; and that handsome and fine Mr. Kaye broke his heart almost to dance with Miss Burney; but she refused him, and so, in despair, he took out Lady Anne Lindsay."

WEDNESDAY.—Dr. Delap called to-day and brought a play with him for Mrs. Thrale and me to read, and he has most vehemently and repeatedly begged me to write a critique upon it. I will not, however, undertake any such thing, which I not only do not hold myself equal to, but which would be a most disagreeable and thankless task. I shall, nevertheless, mark such places and passages as I think would be obviously mended by some change, for he is so very earnest, it would be either ill-nature or treachery to refuse him.

At night we had Dr. Pepys and Lady Rothes, and were very sociable and pleasant.

THURSDAY.—Mr. Metcalf called upon Dr. Johnson, and took him out an airing. Mr. Hamilton is gone, and Mr. Metcalf is now the only person out of this house that voluntarily communicates with the Doctor. He has been in a terrible severe humour of late, and has really frightened all the people, till they almost ran from him. To me only I think he is now kind, for Mrs. Thrale fares worse than any body. 'Tis very

strange and very melancholy that he will not a little more accommodate his manners and language to those of other people. He likes Mr. Metcalf, however, and so do I, for he is very clever and entertaining when he pleases. Capt. Phillips will remember that was not the case when we saw him at Sir Joshua's. He has, however, all the *de quoi*.

Poor Dr. Delap confessed to us, that the reason he now came so seldom, though he formerly almost lived with us when at this place, was his being too unwell to cope with Dr. Johnson. And the other day Mr. Selwyn having refused an invitation from Mr. Hamilton to meet the Doctor, because he preferred being here upon a day when he was out, suddenly rose at the time he was expected to return, and said he must run away, "for fear the Doctor should call him to account."

FRIDAY.—We strolled all the morning, and spent the evening with Lady S., where we met Miss Benson, Dr. Delap, and Mr. Selwyn. Sir John is very civil to me, and, as it is the *ton* to do here, he, among the rest, has discovered a new excellence. Dr. Delap, in his odd manner, said here the other morning,—

"Sir John S. told me he had met yesterday Miss Burney, but he neither said she talked well nor wrote well; he only said she walked well; he never, he said, saw any woman walk so well!"

Comic enough; but this is a mere specimen, by the by, of the various new discoveries made in the polite world, of my endowments—discoveries which would make you grin amain, if I had room to write them. It is not modesty stops me, for they are far too sublime for vanity, and, consequently for shame.

SATURDAY.—We had Miss Benson and Mr. Selwyn, and a very good chatty quiet day. Miss Benson

has given me a little commission to do for her with Dr. Delap, concerning some books belonging to Louisa Harris, on purpose, she says, to make me call upon her when I return to town. I like the office very well, for her hardness and disagreeableness wear off more and more, and there is so much of that rare quality, sound sense, in her composition, that it makes amends for much deficiency in her address and manner.

SUNDAY, Nov. 10TH, brings in a new person. The Honourable Miss Monckton,* who is here with her mother, the Dowager Lady Galway, has sent various messages of her earnest desire to be acquainted with Mrs. Thrale and your humble servant to command. Dr. Johnson she already knew, for she is one of those who stand foremost in collecting all extraordinary or curious people to her London conversaziones, which, like those of Mrs. Vesey, mix the rank and the literature, and exclude all beside. Well—after divers intimations of this sort, it was at last settled that Lady De Ferrars should bring her here this morning.

In the evening came Lady De Ferrars, Miss Monckton, and Miss Ellerker. Miss Monckton is between thirty and forty, very short, very fat, but handsome; splendidly and fantastically dressed, rouged not unbecomingly, yet evidently and palpably desirous of gaining notice and admiration. She has an easy levity in her air, manner, voice, and discourse, that speak all within to be comfortable; and her rage of seeing any thing curious may be satisfied, if she pleases, by looking in a mirror.

I can give you no account of the conversation, as it was broken, and not entertaining. Miss Monckton

* Afterwards the Countess of Corke and Orrery,—lately deceased.

went early, having another engagement, but the other ladies stayed very late. She told us, however, one story extremely well worth recording. The Duke of Devonshire was standing near a very fine glass lustre in a corner of a room, at an assembly, and in a house of people who, Miss Monckton said, were by no means in a style of life to hold expense as immaterial; and, by carelessly lolling back, he threw the lustre down and it was broke. He shewed not, however, the smallest concern or confusion at the accident, but coolly said, "I wonder how I did that!" He then removed to the opposite corner, and to shew, I suppose, he had forgotten what he had done, leaned his head in the same manner, and down came the opposite lustre! He looked at it very calmly, and, with a philosophical dryness, merely said, "This is singular enough!" and walked to another part of the room, without either distress or apology.

After Miss Monckton was gone, Lady De Ferrars drew a chair next mine, and began talking of "Cecilia."

"We have plagued my lord," said she, "to death about it, because he always says that old Delvile was in the right not to give up a good family name; but I was never so glad as when I found the old gentleman's own name was my Lord De Ferrars; for he, you know, is a Compton; so I told him I was sure it was himself, and he owned that if he had been a Delvile, he should have done the same with a Beverley."

Is not this triumph for me, my dearest Susy? Pray let my daddy Crisp hear it, and knock under. Mr. Bewley, too, shall be told it, who has made the same objection with my daddy to the improbability of relinquishing a fortune for a name. Neither my daddy, my father, nor Mr. Bewley, are here judges to oppose to

Lord De Ferrars, who, being a man of rank, and having a cherished name himself, is more fit to decide upon this question than wit, understanding, judgment, or general knowledge, can make any others who have not the power to so well feel the temptation of family pride in exciting such obstacles to reason and happiness. I never meant to vindicate old Delvile, whom I detested and made detestable; but I always asserted that, his character and situation considered, he did nothing that such a man would hesitate in doing.

Mrs. Thrale has since met Lord De Ferrars, and talked over all the book to him; and he told her that he thought its great merit was the reasonableness of the Delvilian distress with respect to changing their name!

I felt, however, a little ashamed when Lady De Ferrars told me her lord's name, which he has, with his title, in right of his mother; but as I had tied it to a family celebrated for its antiquity, I saw they were none of them displeased. Lord De Ferrars told Mrs. Thrale himself that he is descended from Elfrida, and has the castle of Tamworth, originally built by her, now in his possession. So here is a Delvilian ancestry with great exactness. I always told my dear daddy that his reasoning against the Delvile prejudice, however unanswerable for truth, by no means disproved the existence of such prejudice, as all those very high-born and long genealogists agree. Mrs. Thrale herself says that her own mother would have acted precisely as Mrs. Delvile acted. And Mrs. Thrale's father was descended from Adam of Salsbury.

"I assure, you, however," continued her ladyship, "my lord was so fond of the book, he could never part with it, and so much interested in the story he could

think of nothing else. He cried, violently, too, I assure you; so I hope that will give you a good idea of his heart."

Mrs. Thrale and Miss Ellerker then joined in the conversation, and much discussion followed about family names and family honour. Lady De Ferrars said—

"This is very rude, I confess, to talk so of the book before Miss Burney; but when once one has begun there is no dropping the subject."

I was glad, however, when it was dropped, as I think it as little my business to vindicate as to censure my characters; and, therefore, from caring to do neither, I am always at a loss and uncomfortable when they are mentioned.

TUESDAY.—We went in a party to breakfast with Dr. Delap, at Lewes, by his earnest desire. Mr. Selwyn accompanied us. The Doctor again urged his request that I would write a criticism upon his new play; but I assured him, very truly, I was too ignorant of stage business and stage effects to undertake offering any help or advice to him; yet I pointed out several lines that I thought wanted alteration, and proposed a change in two or three scenes, for he would not let me rest without either praising what I did not like, or giving explicit reasons why I did not praise. Mrs. Thrale has promised him an epilogue.

I am now so much in arrears that I must be more brief in my accounts. We spent this evening at Lady De Ferrars, where Dr. Johnson accompanied us, for the first time he has been invited of our parties since my arrival. The company was select, but dull. Miss Monckton, Sir Henry Dashwood, Mr. Manners—son of Lord Robert—Mr. Musgrave—a buckish kind of

young man of fashion—the two Miss Ellerkers, and ourselves. Miss Monckton only confirmed my first notions of her, and the rest gave me no notions worth mentioning.

MONDAY and TUESDAY.—I have no time, except to tell you a comical tale which Mrs. Thrale ran to acquaint me with. She had been calling upon Mr. Scrase, an old and dear friend, who is confined with the gout; and while she was inquiring about him of his nurse and housekeeper, the woman said,—

"Ah, madam, how happy are you to have Minerva in the house with you!"

"Oh," cried Mrs. Thrale, "you mean my dear Miss Burney, that wrote 'Cecilia.' So you have read it; and what part did you like?"

"Oh, madam, I liked it all better than any thing I ever saw in my life; but most of all I liked that good old gentleman, Mr. Albany, that goes about telling people their duty, without so much as thinking of their fine clothes."

When Mrs. Thrale told us this at dinner, Dr. Johnson said,—

"I am all of the old housekeeper's mind; Mr. Albany I have always stood up for; he is one of my first favourites. Very fine indeed are the things he says."

My dear Dr. Johnson!—what condescension is this! He fully, also, enters into all my meaning in the high-flown language of Albany, from his partial insanity and unappeasable remorse.

So here concludes Brighthelmstone for 1782.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 20TH, Mrs. and the three Miss Thrales and myself all arose at six o'clock in the morning, and "by the pale blink of the moon" we went to the sea-side, where we had bespoke the bathing-women

to be ready for us, and into the ocean we plunged. It was cold, but pleasant. I have bathed so often as to lose my dread of the operation, which now gives me nothing but animation and vigour. We then returned home, and dressed by candle-light, and, as soon as we could get Dr. Johnson ready, we set out upon our journey, in a coach and a chaise, and arrived in Argyll Street at dinner time. Mrs. Thrale has there fixed her tent for this short winter, which will end with the beginning of April, when her foreign journey takes place.

ST. MARTIN'S STREET.—The day after my return home, Pacchierotti came and spent part of the afternoon here. Mr. Sastres also was with us. The Pac. was very sweet and amiable, in exceeding good humour, and tolerably in spirits. But what was my delight to receive, by Charlotte, a message from Mrs. Fitzgerald, to invite me to a place in her box at the Opera! She called for us, and we both went. Her box is a new one, only up two pair of stairs, the fourth from the stage, and holds six. It is, indeed, the most delightful box in the house, from not being so much in sight as to render very much dress necessary, yet enough to have every convenience of seeing both performers and company.

The opera was the new serious one, "Medonte." I am not enchanted with it; there is a general want of something striking or interesting. Pacchierotti sang most sweetly, without force, effort, or pain to himself, but with an even excellence he is seldom well enough to keep throughout a whole opera. He is but too perfect; for how we shall bear his successors I cannot guess.

He found me out, and gave me several smiles during the performance; indeed, he could never look either to the right or left without a necessity of making some

sort of acknowledgment in return to the perpetual bows made him from almost every box in the house.

Nov. 24th.—Mrs. Thrale was with me all the morning, up-stairs in my cold bedchamber; and all the evening I spent with my mother, in reading "Adèle and Théodore;" a book you must purchase, for there are so many good directions about education, that, though the general plan is impracticable, except to very rich and very independent people, there are a thousand useful hints for folks in real life. Its worst fault seems tediousness, much repetition and minuteness, making it necessary to skip, from time to time, in order to keep up any attention; but the whole, as a work, has great merit indeed, both in design and execution. Some of the episodes are pretty, but the plot of the stories is commonly either trite or unnatural, though the circumstances attending them are very interesting and very well told.

Dec. 2d.—This evening Mrs. Thrale had a large party, and invited Charlotte to it, which I was very glad of, as she was much delighted. My father took us both, for I could not go to dinner, and we were very late.

Dear Mrs. Thrale received me, as usual, as if I was the first person of her company. There was not a creature there with whom I was not acquainted, except the Duca di Sangro, a Neapolitan nobleman, very much in fashion at present among the young ladies *comme il faut*, with two or three of whom he has trifled not very honourably. He is very young and very handsome, and very insinuating in his address and manners.

The rest were Lady Rothes, who very politely and obligingly apologised for not having waited upon me in town, and Dr. Pepys, Mrs. Ord, who made me

promise to spend Thursday with her, to meet a relation of hers lately come to town, Mrs. Byron, who asked me for the same day, and whom I rejoiced in being able to refuse without affronting; Mr. and Mrs. Davenant, Harry Cotton, Mr. Swinerton; Piozzi, who sang very well, and whose voice is this year in very good order; Mr. Evans, Mr. Seward, Mr. Sastres; Mr. Thornton, the new member for the borough, a man of Presbyterian extraction, upon which he has grafted of late much *ton* and *nonchalance*, and who was pleased to follow me about with a sort of hard and unmeaning curiosity, very disagreeable to me, and to himself very much like nothing; Mr. and Mrs. Pepys, Mrs. Scot, and Dr. and Mrs. Parker.

TUESDAY.—Pacchierotti called in the morning, and was very sweet and amiable. I received, also, a most perfumed note, on French paper, gilt, bordered, glazed, inclosed in a finely decorated cover, and sealed with a miniken figure, from Miss Monckton, to invite me for the 8th, to meet Mrs. Thrale. I accepted the invitation with pleasure; her parties are the most brilliant in town, and she is acquainted with many people I wish to meet. In small parties, or intimate acquaintances, it is necessary to like the mistress of the house; but in large assemblies, it is but like going to a better regulated public place.

WEDNESDAY.—I called in the morning upon Miss Palmer, with whom I sat some time. Her uncle has been very dangerously ill, but is now quite recovered. I then went and spent all the day with sweet Mrs. Thrale, who shut out all company, and gave me herself to myself, and it was much the happiest time I have spent, away from my father, since I left Brighton. Dr. Johnson was at home, and in most excellent good humour and spirits.

PART V.

1782.

CONTENTS.

An Assembly at the Hon. Miss Monckton's — Singular Style of Reception — Lady Galway — Dr. Johnson — Chit-chat — Female Costume — Edmund Burke — Sir Joshua Reynolds — The old Duchess of Portland — Mrs. Greville — Flirtation — Conversation with Burke — The Old Wits — Gibbon — Mrs. Siddons — Truth and Romance — Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Siddons — Table-talk — Dr. Johnson at the Play — A Party at Mrs. Walsingham's — Sir Charles Hanbury Williams — Mrs. Montagu — Mr. Percy — Introduction to Mrs. Siddons — Erskine — Lady Lucan — Dinner at Mrs. Thrale's — The Opera — Allegrante — Assembly at Lady Gideon's — Sir Sampson Gideon — Lady Margaret Fordyce — Lady Anne Lindsay — Lord Gage — Sir Hugh Dalrymple — The Duca di Sangro — Lady Clarges — Mrs. Walsingham's Paintings — Queen Charlotte — Her Remarks on "Cecilia" — Party at Lady Rothes — Lord Falmouth — Dr. Cadogan — Mr. Wraxall — The Inconveniences of Popularity — Visit to Dr. Johnson — Christmas Day — A Party at Mrs. Ord's — Dr. Johnson's Advice to a Young Lady on her "Coming Out" — Mrs. Chapone — Mrs. Delany — Chit-chat — Character of Mr. Crisp — Dinner at Sir Joshua's — West, the Painter — Jackson of Exeter — Table-talk Anecdotes of Mrs. Reynolds — A Hum-drum Evening — Mrs. Delany and Mrs. Chapone — Sir Ashton Lever — His Museum — Nollekens, the Sculptor.

PART V.

1782.

Dec. 8th.—Now for Miss Monckton's assembly.

I had begged Mrs. Thrale to call for me, that I might have her countenance and assistance upon my entrance. Miss Thrale came also. Every thing was in a new style. We got out of the coach into a hall full of servants, not one of which inquired our names, or took any notice of us. We proceeded, and went upstairs, and when we arrived at a door, stopped and looked behind us. No servant had followed or preceded us. We deliberated what was to be done. To announce ourselves was rather awkward, neither could we be sure we were going into the right apartment. I proposed our going up higher, till we met with somebody; Miss Thrale thought we should go down and call some of the servants; but Mrs. Thrale, after a ridiculous consultation, determined to try her fortune by opening the door. This being done, we entered a room full of—tea-things, and one maid-servant!

"Well," cried Mrs. Thrale, laughing, "what is to be done now? I suppose we are come so early that nothing is ready."

The maid stared, but said,—"There's company in the next room."

Then we considered again how to make ourselves

known; and then Mrs. Thrale again resolved to take courage and enter. She therefore opened another door, and went into another apartment. I held back, but looked after, and observing that she made no courtsey, concluded she was gone into some wrong place. Miss Thrale followed, and after her went little I, wondering who was to receive, or what was to become of us.

Miss Monckton lives with her mother, the old Dowager Lady Galway, in a noble house in Charles Street, Berkeley Square. The room was large and magnificent. There was not much company, for we were very early. Lady Galway sat at the side of the fire, and received nobody. She seems very old, and was dressed with a little round white cap, and not a single hair, no cushion, roll, nor any thing else but the little round cap, which was flat upon her forehead. Such part of the company as already knew her made their compliments to her where she sat, and the rest were never taken up to her, but belonged wholly to Miss Monckton.

Miss Monckton's own manner of receiving her guests was scarce more laborious; for she kept her seat when they entered, and only turned round her head to nod it, and say "How do do?" after which they found what accommodation they could for themselves.

As soon, however, as she perceived Mrs. and Miss Thrale, which was not till they had been some minutes in the room, she arose to welcome them, contrary to her general custom, and merely because it was their first visit. Our long trains making my entrance some time after theirs, gave me the advantage of being immediately seen by her, and she advanced to me with quickness, and very politely thanked me for coming, and said,—

"I fear you think me very rude for taking the liberty of sending to you."

"No, indeed, you did me much honour," quoth I.

She then broke further into her general rules, by making way for me to a good place, and seating me herself, and then taking a chair next me, and beginning a little chat. I really felt myself much obliged to her for this seasonable attention, for I was presently separated from Mrs. Thrale, and entirely surrounded by strangers, all dressed superbly, and all looking saucily; and as nobody's names were spoken, I had no chance to discover any acquaintances. Mr. Metcalf, indeed, came and spoke to me the instant I came in, and I should have been very happy to have had him for my neighbour; but he was engaged in attending to Dr. Johnson, who was standing near the fire, and environed with listeners.

Some new people now coming in, and placing themselves in a regular way, Miss Monckton exclaimed,—"My whole care is to prevent a circle;" and hastily rising, she pulled about the chairs, and planted the people in groups, with as dexterous a disorder as you would desire to see.

The company in general were dressed with more brilliancy than at any rout I ever was at, as most of them were going to the Duchess of Cumberland's, and attired for that purpose. Just behind me sat Mrs. Hampden, still very beautiful, but insufferably affected. Another lady, in full dress, and very pretty, came in soon after, and got herself a chair just before me; and then a conversation began between her and Mrs. Hampden, of which I will give you a specimen.

"How disagreeable these sacques are! I am so

incommoded with these nasty ruffles! I am going to Cumberland House—are you?"

"To be sure," said Mrs. Hampden; "what else, do you think, would make me bear this weight of dress? I can't bear a sacque."

"Why, I thought you said you should always wear them?"

"Oh, yes, but I have changed my mind since then—as many people do."

"Well, I think it vastly disagreeable indeed," said the other; "you can't think how I'm encumbered with these ruffles!"

"Oh, I am quite oppressed with them," said Mrs. Hampden; "I can hardly bear myself up."

"And I dined in this way!" cried the other; "only think—dining in a sacque!"

"Oh," answered Mrs. Hampden, "it really puts me quite out of spirits."

Well, have you enough?—and has my daddy raved enough?

After this they found some subject less popular, and the lady unknown leaned over me, without any ceremony, to whisper with Mrs. Hampden. I should have offered her my place if she had made any apology, but as it was, I thought she might take her own way. In the course of the evening, however, I had the pleasure to observe a striking change in her manners; for as soon as she picked up, I know not how, my name, she ceased her whispering, looked at me with the civilest smiles, spoke to me two or three times, and calling to a fine beau, said,—

"Do pray sit this way, that you may screen Miss Burney as well as me from that fire."

I did not, however, sufficiently like her beginning, to accept her challenge of talking, and only coldly answered by yes, no, or a bow.

Mrs. and Miss Thrale had other engagements, and soon went away. Miss Monckton then took a chair again next to me, which she kept till we both started at the same voice, and she cried out,—"Oh, it's Mr. Burke!" and she ran to him with as much joy as, if it had been our house, I should. Cause the second for liking her better.

I grew now in a violent fidget, both to have his notice, and for what his notice would be; but I sat very still, and he was seized upon by scores, and taken to another part of the room.

Then came in Sir Joshua Reynolds, and he soon drew a chair near mine, and from that time I was never without some friend at my elbow.

"Have you seen," said he, "Mrs. Montagu lately?"

"No, not very lately."

"But within these few months?"

"No, not since last year."

"Oh, you must see her, then. You ought to see and to hear her—'t will be worth your while. Have you heard of the fine long letter she has written?"

"Yes, but I have not met with it."

"I have."

"And who is it to?"

"The old Duchess of Portland. She desired Mrs. Montagu's opinion of 'Cecilia,' and she has written it at full length. I was in a party at Her Grace's, and heard of nothing but you. She is so delighted, and so sensibly, so rationally, that I only wish you could have heard her. And old Mrs. Delany had been forced to

begin it, though she had said she should never read any more; however, when we met, she was reading it already for the third time.

Pray tell my daddy to rejoice for me in this conquest of the Duchess, his old friend, and Mrs. Delany, his sister's.

Sir Joshua is extremely kind; he is always picking up some anecdote of this sort for me,; yet, most delicately, never lets me hear his own praises but through others. He looks vastly well, and as if he had never been ill.

After this Mrs. Burke saw me, and, with much civility and softness of manner, came and talked with me, while her husband, without seeing me, went behind my chair to speak to Mrs. Hampden.

Miss Monckton, returning to me, then said,—

"Miss Burney, I had the pleasure yesterday of seeing Mrs. Greville."

I suppose she concluded I was very intimate with her.

"I have not seen her," said I, "many years."

"I know, however," cried she, looking surprised, "she is your godmother."

"But she does not do her duty and answer for me, for I never see her."

"Oh, you have answered very well for yourself! But I know by that your name is Fanny."

She then tripped to somebody else, and Mr. Burke very quietly came from Mrs. Hampden, and sat down in the vacant place at my side. I could then wait no longer, for I found he was more near-sighted than myself; I, therefore, turned towards him and bowed: he seemed quite amazed, and really made me ashamed, however delighted, by the expressive civility and distinction with which he instantly rose to return my bow,

and stood the whole time he was making his compliments upon seeing me, and calling himself the blindest of men for not finding me out sooner. And Mrs. Burke, who was seated near me, said, loud enough for me to hear her,—

"See, see! what a flirtation Mr. Burke is beginning with Miss Burney! and before my face too!"

These ceremonies over, he sate down by me, and began a conversation which you, my dearest Susy, would be glad to hear, for my sake, word for word; but which I really could not listen to with sufficient ease, from shame at his warm eulogiums, to remember with any accuracy. The general substance, however, take as I recollect it.

After many most eloquent compliments upon the book, too delicate either to shock or sicken the nicest ear, he very emphatically congratulated me upon its most universal success; said, "he was now too late to speak of it, since he could only echo the voice of the whole nation;" and added, with a laugh, "I had hoped to have made some merit of my enthusiasm; but the moment I went about to hear what others say, I found myself merely one in a multitude."

He then told me that, notwithstanding his admiration, he was the man who had dared to find some faults with so favourite and fashionable a work. I entreated him to tell me what they were, and assured him nothing would make me so happy as to correct them under his direction. He then enumerated them: and I will tell you what they are, that you may not conclude I write nothing but the fairer part of my adventures, which I really always relate very honestly, though so fair they are at this time, that it hardly seems possible they should not be dressed up.

The masquerade he thought too long, and that something might be spared from Harrel's grand assembly; he did not like Morrice's part of the pantheon; and he wished the conclusion either more happy or more miserable; "for in a work of imagination," said he, "there is no medium."

I was not easy enough to answer him, or I have much, though perhaps not good for much, to say in defence of following life and nature as much in the conclusion as in the progress of a tale; and when is life and nature completely happy or miserable?

"But," said he, when he had finished his comments, "what excuse must I give for this presumption? I have none in the world to offer but the real, the high esteem I feel for you; and I must at the same time acknowledge it is all your own doing that I am able to find fault; for it is your general perfection in writing that has taught me to criticise where it is not quite uniform."

Here's an orator, dear Susy!

Then, looking very archly at me, and around him, he said,—

"Are you sitting here for characters? Nothing, by the way, struck me more in reading your book than the admirable skill with which your ingenious characters make themselves known by their own words."

He then went on to tell me that I had done the most wonderful of wonders in pleasing the old wits, particularly the Duchess of Portland and Mrs. Delany, who resisted reading the book till they were teased into it, and, since they began, could do nothing else; and he failed not to point out, with his utmost eloquence, the difficulty of giving satisfaction to those who piqued themselves upon being past receiving it.

"But," said he, "I have one other fault to find, and a far more material one than any I have mentioned."

"I am the more obliged to you. What is it?"

"The disposal of this book. I have much advice to offer to you upon that subject. Why did not you send for your own friend out of the city? he would have taken care you should not part with it so much below par."

He meant Mr. Briggs.

Sir Joshua Reynolds now joined us.

"Are you telling her," said he, "of our conversation with the old wits? I am glad you hear it from Mr. Burke, Miss Burney, for he can tell it so much better than I can, and remember their very words."

"Nothing else would they talk of for three whole hours," said he, "and we were there at the third reading of the bill."

"I believe I was in good hands," said I, "if they talked of it to you?"

"Why, yes," answered Sir Joshua, laughing, "we joined in from time to time. Gibbon says he read the whole five volumes in a day."

"'Tis impossible," cried Mr. Burke, "it cost me three days; and you know I never parted with it from the time I first opened it."

Here are laurels, Susy! My dear daddy and Kitty, are you not doubly glad you so kindly hurried me up-stairs to write when at Chessington?

Mr. Burke then went to some other party, and Mr. Swinerton took his place, with whom I had a dawdling conversation upon dawdling subjects; and I was not a little enlivened, upon his quitting the chair, to have it filled by Mr. Metcalfe, who, with much satire, but much entertainment, kept chattering with me till Dr.

Johnson found me out, and brought a chair opposite to me.

Do you laugh, my Susan, or cry at your F. B.'s honours?

"So," said he to Mr. Metcalfe, "it is you, is it, that are engrossing her thus?"

"He 's jealous," said Mr. Metcalfe, dryly.

"How these people talk of Mrs. Siddons!" said the Doctor. "I came hither in full expectation of hearing no name but the name I love and pant to hear,—when from one corner to another they are talking of that jade Mrs. Siddons! till, at last wearied out, I went yonder into a corner, and repeated to myself Burney! Burney! Burney! Burney!"

"Ay, sir," said Mr. Metcalfe, "you should have carved it upon the trees."

"Sir, had there been any trees, so I should; but, being none, I was content to carve it upon my heart."

Soon after the parties changed again, and young Mr. Burke came and sat by me. He is a very civil and obliging, and a sensible and agreeable young man. I was occasionally spoken to afterwards by strangers, both men and women, whom I could not find out, though they called me by my name as if they had known me all my life. Old Lady Galway trotted from her corner, in the middle of the evening, and leaning her hands upon the backs of two chairs, put her little round head through two fine high dressed ladies on purpose to peep at me, and then trotted back to her place! Ha, ha!

Miss Monckton now came to us again, and I congratulated her upon her power in making Dr. Johnson

sit in a group; upon which she immediately said to him,—

"Sir, Miss Burney says you like best to sit in a circle."

"Does she?" said he, laughing; "Ay, never mind what she says. Don't you know she is a writer of romances?"

"Yes, that I do, indeed!" said Miss Monckton, and every one joined in a laugh that put me horribly out of countenance.

"She may write romances and speak truth," said my dear Sir Joshua, who, as well as young Burke, and Mr. Metcalfe, and two strangers, joined now in our little party.

"But, indeed, Dr. Johnson," said Miss Monckton, "you *must* see Mrs. Siddons. Won't you see her in some fine part?"

"Why, if I *must*, madam, I have no choice."

"She says, sir, she shall be very much afraid of you."

"Madam, that cannot be true."

"Not true," cried Miss Monckton, staring, "yes it is."

"It *cannot* be, madam."

"But she said so to me; I heard her say it myself."

"Madam, it is not *possible!* remember, therefore, in future, that even fiction should be supported by probability."

Miss Monckton looked all amazement, but insisted upon the truth of what she had said.

"I do not believe, madam," said he, warmly, "she knows my name."

"Oh, that is rating her too low," said a gentleman stranger.

"By not knowing my name," continued he; "I do not mean so literally; but that, when she sees it abused in a newspaper, she may possibly recollect that she has seen it abused in a newspaper before."

"Well, sir," said Miss Monckton, "but you must see her for all this."

"Well, madam, if you desire it, I will go. See her I shall not, nor hear her; but I'll go, and that will do. The last time I was at a play, I was ordered there by Mrs. Abington, or Mrs. Somebody, I do not well remember who, but I placed myself in the middle of the first row of the front boxes, to shew that when I was called I came."

The talk upon this matter went on very long, and with great spirit; but I have time for no more of it. I felt myself extremely awkward about going away, not choosing, as it was my first visit, to take French leave, and hardly knowing how to lead the way alone among so many strangers.

At last, and with the last, I made my attempt. A large party of ladies arose at the same time, and I tripped after them; Miss Monckton, however, made me come back, for she said I must else wait in the other room till those ladies' carriages drove away.

When I returned, Sir Joshua came and desired he might convey me home; I declined the offer, and he pressed it a good deal, drolly saying,—

"Why, I am old enough, a'n't I?"

And when he found me stout, he said to Dr. Johnson,—

"Sir, is not this very hard? Nobody thinks me very young, yet Miss Burney won't give me the privilege of age in letting me see her home? She says I a'n't old enough."

I had never said any such thing.

"Ay, sir," said the Doctor, "did I not tell you she was a writer of romances?"

Again I tried to run away, but the door stuck, and Miss Monckton prevented me, and begged I would stay a little longer. She then went and whispered something to her mother, and I had a notion from her manner she wanted to keep me to supper, which I did not choose, and, therefore, when her back was turned, I prevailed upon young Burke to open the door for me, and out I went. Miss Monckton ran after me, but I would not come back. I was, however, and I am, much obliged by her uncommon civility and attentions to me. She is far better at her own house than elsewhere.

DEC. 15TH.—To-day, by an invitation of ten days standing, I waited upon Mrs. Walsingham. She is a woman high in fame for her talents, and a wit by birth, as the daughter of Sir Charles Hanbury Williams.

She has the character of being only civil to people of birth, fame, or wealth, and extremely insolent to all others. Of this, however, I could see nothing, since she at least took care to invite no company to her own house whom she was disposed to disdain. Her reception of me appeared rather singular. She was violently dressed,—a large hoop, flowers in her small and full dressed cap, ribands and ornaments extremely shown, and a fan in her hand. She was very polite, said much of her particular pleasure in seeing me, and kept advancing to me so near, that involuntarily I retreated from her, not knowing her design, and kept, therefore, getting further and further back as she came forward, till I was stopped from any power of moving by the wainscot. I then necessarily stood still, and she saluted me.

We then quietly sat down, and my father began a very lively conversation upon various subjects; she kept it up with attention and good breeding, often referring to me, and seeming curious to know my notions.

The rest of the company who came to dinner were Mrs. Montagu, Mr. Percy, Speaker of the Irish House of Commons, his lady and daughter, and Sir Joshua Reynolds and Miss Palmer. I was excessively glad to see the latter, who clung to me all the visit, and took off from its formality and grandeur by her chatting and intimacy.

Mrs. Walsingham lives in a splendid house in Stratford Place, elegantly fitted up, chiefly by her own paintings and drawings, which are reckoned extremely clever. I hate that word, but cannot think of another.

We did not stay late, for my father and I were both engaged to Miss Monckton's; so was Sir Joshua, who accompanied us. Miss Palmer had not been invited, which she much regretted. Mrs. Walsingham begged to see me again, and very much pressed me to call some morning.

I was extremely happy to have my dear father with me at Miss Monckton's. We found Mrs. Siddons, the actress, there. She is a woman of excellent character, and therefore I am very glad she is thus patronised, since Mrs. Abington, and so many frail fair ones, have been thus noticed by the great. She behaved with great propriety; very calm, modest, quiet, and unaffected. She has a very fine countenance, and her eyes look both intelligent and soft. She has, however, a steadiness in her manner and deportment by no means engaging. Mrs. Thrale, who was there, said,—

"Why, this is a leaden goddess we are all worshipping! however, we shall soon gild it."

A lady who sat near me then began a dialogue with Mr. Erskine, who had placed himself exactly opposite to Mrs. Siddons; and they debated together upon her manner of studying her parts, disputing upon the point with great warmth, yet not only forbearing to ask Mrs. Siddons herself which was right, but quite overpowering her with their loquacity, when she attempted, unasked, to explain the matter. Most vehement praise of all she did followed, and the lady turned to me, and

"What invitation, Miss Burney, is here for genius to display itself!—Every body, I hear, is at work for Mrs. Siddons; but if you would work for her, what an inducement to excel you would both of you have!—Dr. Burney ——."

"Oh, pray, ma'am," cried I, "don't say to him——"

"Oh, but I will!—if my influence can do you any mischief, you may depend upon having it!"

She then repeated what she had said to my father, and he instantly said,—

"Your ladyship may be sure of my interest."

I whispered afterwards to know who she was, and heard she was Lady Lucan.

MONDAY.—There was a very full assembly at Mrs. Thrale's, where I dined and spent the day.

The evening proved very gay and very agreeable, though I have but a short account to give of it, as the conversation was only in parties, and never for more than a few minutes with the same people. I had some chat with every body in turn, and therefore I had not one moment unoccupied. What gave me, however, the most pleasure was the discourse of the two Mr. Cam-

bridges, father and son, who both, though at different times, sung to me the praises of Capt. Phillips with so much energy and heartiness, that I was ready to shake hands with them, and cry, "Gentlemen, agreed!"

Mr. Seward made me known to Mrs. Hunter, who is extremely pretty, and reckoned very ingenious. Dr. Parker introduced me to Mr. Hutton, a clergyman, at his desire; but I saw nothing of him that made it mine.

My father told me that Miss Catherine Bull had desired her compliments to "Cecilia," and begged her acceptance of her opera ticket for the next night, to see Anfossi's new opera, if it would be of any use. Miss Bull then called out,—

"And pray give my compliments, too,—though I should be dreadfully afraid of her!"

How provoking that they have this simple notion! as my father himself once answered them,—

"So tame a lion, who can say fie on?"

I am glad, however, there seems a little opening to an acquaintance I so much desire. I accepted the ticket, and should if I had not wished for it, merely that I might have to thank her for it.

Thursday.—We were all invited to Sir Joshua Reynolds', to dinner, but I was engaged to Mrs. Thrale. In the morning, Miss Benson returned my visit, and Miss Streatfield called also, and sate hours, and Mrs. Hatsell called too, and sat only minutes. I am increasing my acquaintance daily, and that, whether I will or not, with new folks of all sorts.

At Mrs. Thrale's, we were comfortable and alone. She and her daughter carried me to the opera house,

and tried to entice me to sit in the pit with them; but I had already engaged a place in Mrs. Fitz's box. I can give you but little account of the opera, for I was much disappointed in it. My expectations had planned another Buona Figliuola, or Fraschetana, from Anfossi, —but it is a pretty opera, simply, and nothing more. Allegrante sung very well, but—but—but—oh, how has Pacchierotti spoilt me!

FRIDAY.—There was a grand assembly at Lady Gideon's; and every thing in the house, both of decorations, refreshments, and accommodation, was in greater magnificence than I have yet seen. Lady Gideon is still very pretty, and extremely gentle, well bred, attentive, and amiable. Sir Sampson seems all good-nature, and his desire to oblige is unremitting, and there is even a humility in the manners of both that makes it impossible to quarrel with them for such other brighter qualities as they have missed.

The moment my reception was over, and my dear father being with me, I felt no awkwardness in my entrance. Mrs. Walsingham came up to me, and invited me to her house for the next Monday morning, to meet Lady Gideon, who was to go and see her paintings. There was no refusing, and, indeed, I wished to see them, as they are of great fame in the world, and, I fancy, very well worth seeing.

The next who found me out was Sir Joshua, and the instant I told him of the engagement I had made, he said he would go too, for he was invited to call some morning, so he would choose Monday. He kept with me, to my great satisfaction, the principal part of the evening. He is so pleasant, unaffected, and agreeable, that there is no one, among those who are of celebrity, I can converse with half so easily and comfortably.

Late in the evening came in Lady Margaret Fordyce, and Lady Anne Lindsay: I had hopes they would have sung, but I was disappointed, for they only looked handsome. Mrs. Hampden, also, did that, and was much less in her airs.

Among my acquaintance, were Lord Gage, Miss Monckton, Mr. Selwyn, Mr. Swinerton, Harry Cotton, Mr. H. Shelley, Mrs. Walsingham, the Thrales, and Sir Joshua. Among those at whom I looked, were Sir Hugh Dalrymple, author of the Memoirs, a very respectable looking man, Mr. Erskine, and Soame Jenyngs.

Sir Joshua desired me to speak to Soame Jenyngs, for he said he was now of an age to be entitled to such an attention. You may suppose I complied readily. Another time, when he had strolled away for a few minutes, he hastened back to me, and exclaimed,—

"I have just found out Mr. Simkins!"

"Where? which is he?"

"There,—that gentleman, who is bowing to Lady Juliana Penn."

"Mercy!" cried I, perceiving, to my great dismay, Mr. Selwyn, "Why, that is one of our intimate friends!"

"O, is he so?" cried he, with great readiness, "Why, then, that, I suppose, is the reason of the resemblance!"

Wicked enough! however, by no means true.

Afterwards I had some talk with the Duca di Sangro, a Neapolitan nobleman; very young, excessively handsome, and very gay, talkative, sportive, and frolicsome. He took off the French manner of singing in general, then M. le Gros in particular; he acted, capered, talked comical bad English, sang, languished,

laughed and mimicked; and, in short, was an admirable and most diverting buffoon.

A *small* part of the company, consisting of about thirty, were kept to supper; my father and self were of the number. The entertainment given was superb, and most elegantly costly. Twenty-four had seats at our table; the rest stood round, till another supper was prepared in another room. But I shall give no further particulars, as the evening, altogether, was but tiresome.

SUNDAY, DEC. 22.—I went to the French chapel in the morning, and found Mr. Seward here when I returned. He was followed by Barry, and succeeded by Pacchierotti, who, in rather better spirits than I have lately seen him, told me he had been admitted for half-an-hour the day before to Lady Clarges, as poor Sir Thomas was a little better. She told him that Sir Thomas, though often delirious, never failed, in his intervals of reason and of ease, to inquire for Pacchierotti, and to call out, "Has Pacchierotti been here to-day?"—"Does Pacchierotti call always to ask how I do himself?" This affected the feeling of Pacchierotti very strongly.

Lady Clarges, in this short interview, inquired very much about you, and whether you were coming to town, and how your health was, and what were your designs. "Indeed," added the Pac., "is a very true regard which Lady Clarges she has always for Mrs. Phillips."

I asked him if he had heard that Miss Catherine Bull had lent me an Opera ticket—and told him I very much wished to be acquainted with her family. He looked much pleased, and called out, "Then, I am sure, it is in your own power, for Doctor Burney can ——" He

stopped, as if suddenly recollecting, and checking himself, and added, "I don't know, ma'am, how it is; but you have made, indeed, all the people, not only for the young, but at the same time for the old, quite afraid of you. Indeed, is their just veneration which is the cause of such a thing."

This always much vexes me, but I know not how to conquer so unfair a prejudice, while I never can get sight of these folks, except through an opera-glass: in which way they most assiduously view me in return, whenever I am in Mrs. Fitzgerald's box. By his saying the *old*, as well as the *young*, I suspected he meant Lady Mary Duncan; and upon sounding my father, he acknowledged she professed the same ridiculous fear. 'Tis horribly provoking, and thwarts my most favourite views.

MONDAY.—I waited upon Mrs. Walsingham. I found Lady Gideon and two of her daughters, and Lady Middleton, and two other ladies, all assembled to see these pictures. I was, indeed, extremely pleased with the exhibition. They appear to me surprisingly well executed, and the subjects are admirably chosen and selected. They are chiefly copies from old pictures, or from Sir Joshua Reynolds. Two were lent her by the King himself, at Windsor,—a Silence, a beautiful picture of Caracci, and a Madonna and Child of Guido. The others are chiefly from the Devonshire collection, of Sir Joshua; she has the Fishing Boys, the noble Angel viewing the Cross, two Samuels, a beautiful Child, and one other I cannot recollect. She has, also, copied Gainsborough's sweet Shepherd's Boy: and there are originals, by herself, of Capt. Walsingham, and her son, and Miss Boyle. These are all in oils. There were also some heads in Crayons, and

several small figures in Plaster of Paris by Miss Boyle, who inherits her mother's genius and fondness for painting, and who behaved with great modesty and politeness. They shewed me, also, a work of Mrs. Delany, which they have framed. 'Tis from an invention of her own, a Geranium—composed of paper stained different colours, cut out very delicately, and pasted upon paper, so as to look in relief, and the effect is extremely pretty. This she did at eighty-two!

I would have made my exit at the same time with the rest of the company, but Mrs. Walsingham would not suffer me, and made me stay and chat with her for I believe two hours. She insisted upon my telling her the whole history of my writing and publishing "Evelina," and was curious for the most minute particulars.

When this curiosity was satisfied, she gave me a long history of herself, and her painting, with equal openness, and then said,—

"But do pray, now, Miss Burney, let me ask one thing more—how came you to write that book that is my first darling—Cecilia? did the idea come to you by chance? or did you regularly sit down to write by design?"

I had then to satisfy her about this, and she spared not for praises in return, but said one thing which extremely astonished me.

"The character," cried she, "which I most delight in is Mr Briggs. I think it the most admirable and entertaining in the book."

"I am very glad to hear it, ma'am, for he has very few friends."

"Oh, I know many people think him too low, but that is merely from choosing only to look in the upper circle. Now, I am not at all surprised to find that the

queen objects to him;—a foreigner, and in so exalted a station, may well not understand so vulgar a miser; but why people in common life should object to what in common life is to be found, I don't understand. For myself, while I paint, or work, I can divert myself with thinking of him, and, if I am quite alone, I can burst out a-laughing by recollecting any of his speeches."

You will easily believe I was by no means so sorry at the queen's objection, as I was glad and surprised that her majesty should ever have met with the book.

"But how wonderfully you have contrived," she added, "to make one love Mrs. Delvile for her sweetness to Cecilia, notwithstanding all her pride, and always to hope the pride is commanded by the husband."

"No, ma'am," answered I, "I merely meant to shew how differently pride, like every other quality, operates upon different minds, and that, though it is so odious when joined with meanness and incapacity, as in Mr. Delvile, it destroys neither respect nor affection when joined with real dignity and generosity of mind, as in Mrs. Delvile."

I had much more to have said of my meaning and purpose in these characters; but she has so much established in the world an opinion of her own pride, that I was glad to leave the subject.

In the evening I went to Lady Rothes's with my father. I found her, as I had left her at Brighton, amiable and sociable. I never tell you when the invitations come, for I rather fancy you will not conclude I am likely to go without them. The party was a good one,—Mrs. Boscawen, Mrs. Walsingham, Mr. and Mrs. Pepys, sweet Mrs. Thrale and her daughter,

Dr. Cadogan, Miss Streatfield, Mr. Wraxall, Lord Falmouth, Mr. Seward, Mrs. Ord, and some others I did not know; but the evening was a most melancholy one, for I soon heard, from Mrs. Ord, that poor Sir Thomas Clarges was dead! How sorry was I for his lady, for Pacchierotti, and for you! I could never get you a moment out of my head; and from the time that I heard it, I could do nothing but wish myself at home.

The next morning, Tuesday, I wrote a little note of consolation and good wishes to poor Pacchierotti. My father called on the Miss Bulls, and found them in deep affliction. I long to hear if Lady Louisa Nugent can go to Lady Clarges. I believe she is now out of town.

I called upon Bessy Kirwan, and stayed with her a couple of hours; and all our talk was of poor Pacchierotti and his loss, and dear Susy and her health. As I had the coach, I then *spit* cards at Mrs. Chapone's, who has sent me an invitation. I declined; for so I do by at least half I receive, much as I go out;—and at Mrs. Hatsell's, and Mrs. Paradise's, and Lady Gideon's.

When I came here, I found Mrs. Wilkinson, who insists upon again renewing our long-dropped acquaintance. She is somewhat improved, I think, and much less affected. Mrs. Ord also called, at the desire of Secretary Ord's lady, to make a tender of acquaintance with me.

I begin to grow most heartily sick and fatigued of this continual round of visiting, and these eternal new acquaintances. I am now arranging matters in my mind for a better plan; and I mean, henceforward, never to go out more than three days in the week;

and, as I am now situated, with Mrs. Thrale fo seize every moment I do not hide from her, it will require all the management I can possibly make use of to limit my visits to only half the week's days. But yet, I am fixed in resolving to put it in practice, except upon some very singular and unforeseen occasions, as I really have at present no pleasure in any party, from the trouble and tiresomeness of being engaged to so many.

For my own part, if I wished to prescribe a cure for dissipation, I should think none more effectual than to give it a free course. The many who have lived so from year to year amaze me now more than ever; for now more than ever I can judge what dissipation has to offer. I would not lead a life of daily engagements even for another month, for any pay short of the most serious and substantial benefit. I have been tired some time, though I have only now broke out: but I will restore my own spirit and pleasure by getting more courage in making refusals, and by giving that zest to company and diversion which can only be given by making them subservient to convenience, and by taking them in turn with quietness and retirement.

This is my intention, and I shall never, by inclination, alter it.

Now, to return to Tuesday, one of my out-days.

I went in the evening to call on Mrs. Thrale, and tore myself away from her to go to Bolt Court to see Dr. Johnson, who is very unwell. He received me with great kindness, and bade me come oftener, which I will try to contrive. He told me he heard of nothing but me, call upon him who would; and, though he pretended to growl, he was evidently delighted for me. His usual set, Mrs. Williams and Mrs. De Mullins

were with him; and some queer man of a parson who, after grinning at me some time, said,—

"Pray, Mrs. De Mullins, is the fifth volume of 'Cecilia' at home yet? Dr. Johnson made me read it, ma'am."

"Sir, he did it much honour——"

"*Made* you, sir?" said the Doctor, "you give an ill account of your own taste or understanding, if you wanted any *making* to read such a book as 'Cecilia.'"

"Oh, sir, I don't mean that; for I am sure I left every thing in the world to go on with it."

A shilling was now wanted for some purpose or other, and none of them happened to have one; I begged that I might lend one.

"Ay, do," said the Doctor, "I will borrow of you; authors are like privateers, always fair game for one another."

"True, sir," said the parson, "one author is always robbing another."

"I don't know that, sir," cried the Doctor: "there sits an author who, to my knowledge, has robbed nobody. I have never once caught her at a theft. The rogue keeps her resources to herself!"

CHRISTMAS DAY.—And a merry one be it to my Susy! I went to Oxendon chapel, and heard a very good sermon, by a Mr. Lazard, against infidelity; and I came home and repeated it for divers purposes. I was soon followed by Miss Palmer; and, just as she took her leave, came Pacchierotti, looking so ill—so thin—so dejected! He came to thank me for my consolatory note, and he stayed till dinner-time. Our whole talk was of poor Sir Thomas and his lady. I was happy, however, to keep him, and to make him talk; for he says that when he is at home he is in a

state so deplorable it cannot be described. He pressed me to make use both of Lady Mary's tickets and her box for the next comic opera; but I refused both, as I intend to go but once or twice more to the comic opera, and then can make use of Mrs. Crewe's ticket.

THURSDAY.—In the morning Mr. Cambridge came, and made a long visit. He is entertaining, original, and well-bred; somewhat formal, but extremely civil and obliging, and, I believe, remarkably honourable and strict in his principles and actions.

I wished I could have been easy and chatty with him, as I hear he is so much my friend, and as I like him very much; but, in truth, he listens to every syllable I utter with so grave a deference, that it intimidates and silences me. When he was about taking leave, he said,—

"Shall you go to Mrs. Ord's to-morrow?"

"Yes, sir."

"I thought so," said he, smiling, "and hoped it. Where shall you go to-night?"

"No where,—I shall be at home."

"At home? Are you sure?"

"Yes."

"Why, then, Mrs. Burney, my son, and I dine to-day in your neighbourhood, at the Archbishop of York's, and, if you please, we will come here in the evening."

This was agreed to. And now I am writing up to the very moment; for it is just seven o'clock, and we are going to tea, as these gentlemen are not expected till nine. He talked much of Capitano, and said several times how happy he should be to know Mrs. Phillips.

Our evening was really a charming one. The two Mr. Cambridges came at about eight o'clock, and the

good Mr. Hoole was here. My father came downstairs to them in high spirits and good humour, and he and the elder Mr. Cambridge not only talked enough for us all, but so well and so pleasantly that no person present had even a wish to speak for himself. Mr. Cambridge has the best stock of good stories I almost ever heard; and, though a little too precise in his manner, he is always well-bred, and almost always entertaining. Our sweet father kept up the ball with him admirably, whether in anecdotes, serious disquisitions, philosophy, or fun; for all which Mr. Cambridge has both talents and inclination.

The son rises extremely in my opinion and liking. He is sensible, rational, and highly cultivated; very modest in all he asserts, and attentive and pleasing in his behaviour; and he is wholly free from the coxcombical airs, either of impertinence, or negligence and nonchalance, that almost all the young men I meet, except also young Burke, are tainted with. What chiefly, however, pleased me in him was observing that he quite adores his father. He attended to all his stories with a face that never told he had heard them before; and, though he spoke but little himself, he seemed as well entertained as if he had been the leading person in the company,—a post which, nevertheless, I believe he could extremely well sustain; and, no doubt, much the better for being in no haste to aspire to it. I have seldom, altogether, had an evening with which I have been better pleased.

And now, for once, I leave off a packet at the end of a day's adventures. So bless you, my Susy, and all your hearers.

FRIDAY.—I dined with Mrs. Thrale and Dr. John-

son, who was very comic and good humoured. Susan Thrale had just had her hair turned up, and powdered, and has taken to the womanly robe. Dr. Johnson sportively gave her instructions how to increase her consequence, and to "take upon her" properly.

"Begin," said he, "Miss Susy, with something grand—something to surprise mankind! Let your first essay in life be a warm censure of 'Cecilia.' You can no way make yourself more conspicuous. Tell the world how ill it was conceived, and how ill executed. Tell them how little there is in it of human nature, and how well your knowledge of the world enables you to judge of the failings in that book. Find fault without fear; and if you are at a loss for any to find, invent whatever comes into your mind, for you may say what you please, with little fear of detection, since of those who praise 'Cecilia' not half have read it, and of those who have read it, not half remember it. Go to work, therefore, boldly; and particularly mark that the character of Albany is extremely unnatural, to your own knowledge, since you never met with such a man at Mrs. Cummyn's School."

This stopped his exhortation, for we laughed so violently at this happy criticism that he could not recover the thread of his harangue.

Mrs. Thrale, who was to have gone with me to Mrs. Ord's, gave up her visit in order to stay with Dr. Johnson; Miss Thrale, therefore, and I went together. We found there Charlotte, who had been invited to dinner, and who looked very pretty and very innocent: Mrs. Chapone, Mr. and Mrs. Pepys Mr. Mulso, and young Mr. Cambridge. There came afterwards Mr. Burrows, Lady Rothes, Miss Burgoyne, Dr. Pepys, Mr. Seward, and a lady I knew not.

Mrs. Ord received us with her usual good breeding. Mrs. Chapone was more civil than ever, and, after a little general discourse, she asked me if I had yet heard that Swift's Mrs. Delany was among my unknown friends.

"I have a letter," she said, "which I must beg to shew you from her, for I think it will be worth your running over. It is in answer to one I wrote, begging to know whether she had met with 'Cecilia.' She tells me that both she and the old Duchess of Portland are reading it for the third time, and that they desire nothing so much as an acquaintance with the amiable writer."

There, Miss Susanna, there, daddy, the *Old Wits* have begun the charge! This was very pleasant to me indeed, for if they have curiosity as well as I, we shall all have some end to answer in meeting.

SATURDAY, DEC. 28TH.—My father and I dined and spent the day at Sir Joshua Reynolds', after many preceding disappointments. Our dinner party consisted merely of Mr. West,* the painter, Mr. Jackson of Exeter, and Miss Reynolds. Mr. West had, some time ago, desired my father to invite him to our house, to see that lion, your sister, saying to him "you will be safe, Dr. Burney, in trusting to our meeting, for I am past forty, and married."

My father, however, has had no time, and therefore I believe he applied to Sir Joshua, for the servant who brought our card of invitation said he was to carry no other till ours was answered.

The moment Miss Palmer had received me with a reproachful "At last we are met," Sir Joshua took my

* Benjamin West, afterward President of the Royal Academy.

hand, and insisted upon wishing me a merry Christmas according to old forms, and then presenting me to Mr. West, he said,—

"You must let me introduce to you one of your greatest admirers."

Mr. West is a very pleasing man, gentle, soft-mannered, cheerful, and serene. Mr. Jackson you may remember our formerly seeing; he is very handsome, and seems possessed of much of that ardent genius which distinguishes Mr. Young; for his expressions, at times, are extremely violent, while at other times he droops, and is so absent that he seems to forget not only all about him, but himself.

They were both exceedingly civil to me, and dear Sir Joshua is so pleasant, so easy, so comfortable, that I never was so little constrained in a first meeting with people who I saw came to meet me.

After dinner Mr. Jackson undertook to teach us all how to write with our left hands. Some succeeded, and some failed; but both he and Mr. West wrote nothing but my name. I tried, and would have written Sir Joshua, but it was illegible, and I tore the paper; Mr. Jackson was very vehement to get it from me.

"I have done the worst," cried I, "and I don't like disgracing myself."

"Pho!" cried he, just with the energy and freedom of Mr. Young, "let me see it at once; do you think you can do any thing with your left hand that wil lessen the credit of what you have done with your right?"

This, however, was all that was hinted to me upon that subject by him. I had afterwards one slight touch from Mr. West, but the occasion was so tempting I could not possibly wonder at him. Sir Joshua had two

snuff-boxes in use, a gold and a tin one; I examined them, and asked why he made use of such a vile and shabby tin one.

"Why," said he laughing, "because I naturally love a little of the blackguard. Ay, and so do you too, little as you look as if you did, and all the people all day long are saying, where can you have seen such company as you treat us with?"

"Why you have seen such, Sir Joshua," said Mr. West, taking up the tin snuff-box, "for this box you must certainly have picked up at Briggs's sale."

You may believe I was eager enough now to call a new subject; and Sir Joshua, though he loves a little passing speech or two upon this matter, never insists upon keeping it up, but the minute he sees he has made me look about me or look foolish, he is most good-naturedly ready to give it up.

But how, my dearest Susy, can you wish any wishes about Sir Joshua and me? A man who has had two shakes of the palsy! What misery should I suffer if I were only his niece, from a terror of a fatal repetition of such a shock! I would not run voluntarily into such a state of perpetual apprehension for the wealth of the East. Wealth, indeed, *per se*, I never too much valued, and my acquaintance with its possessors has by no means increased my veneration for it.

Sir Joshua has a plan in consideration for instituting a jubilee in honour of Raphael, who, this Easter, will have been dead 300 years. He is not yet determined what ceremonies to have performed, but he charged me to set my "little brain" to work in thinking for him, and said he should insist upon my assistance.

I had afterwards a whispering conversation with

Mrs. Reynolds, which made me laugh, from her excessive oddness and absurdity. It began about Chesington. She expressed her wonder how I could have passed so much time there. I assured her that with my own will I should pass much more time there, as I know no place where I had had more, if so much, happiness.

"Well, bless me!" cried she, holding up her hands, "and all this variety comes from only one man! That's strange indeed, for, by what I can make out, there 's nothing but that one Mr. Quip there!"

"Mr. *Crisp*," said I, "is, indeed, the only man, but there are also two ladies, very dear friends of mine, who live there constantly."

"What! and they neither of them married that Mr.—that same gentleman?"

"No, they never married any body; they are single, and so is he."

"Well, but if he is so mighty agreeable," said she, holding her finger up to her nose most significantly, "can you tell me how it comes to pass he should never have got a wife in all this time?"

There was no answering this but by grinning; but I thought how my dear Kitty would again have called her the *old sifter*.

She afterwards told me of divers most ridiculous distresses she had been in with Mrs. Montagu and Mrs. Ord.

"I had the most unfortunate thing in the world happen to me," she said, "about Mrs. Montagu, and I always am in some distress or misfortune with that lady. She did me the honour to invite me to dine with her last week,—and I am sure there is nobody in the world can be more obliged to Mrs. Montagu for taking

such notice of any body;—but just when the day came I was so unlucky as to be ill, and that, you know, made it quite improper to go to dine with Mrs. Montagu, for fear of any disagreeable consequences. So this vexed me very much, for I had nobody to send to her that was proper to appear before Mrs. Montagu; for, to own the truth, you must know I have no servant but a maid, and I could not think of sending such a person to Mrs. Montagu. So I thought it best to send a chairman, and to tell him only to ring at the bell, and to wait for no answer; because then the porter might tell Mrs. Montagu my servant brought the note, for the porter could not tell but he might be my servant. But my maid was so stupid, she took the shilling I gave her for the chairman, and went to a green-shop, and bid the woman send somebody with the note, and she left the shilling with her; so the green-woman, I suppose, thought she might keep the shilling, and instead of sending a chairman she sent her own errand-girl; and she was all dirt and rags. But this is not all; for, when the girl got to the house, nothing would serve her but she would give the note to Mrs. Montagu, and wait for an answer; so then, you know, Mrs. Montagu saw this ragged green-shop girl. I was never so shocked in my life, for when she brought me back the note I knew at once how it all was. Only think what a mortification, to have Mrs. Montagu see such a person as that! She must think it very odd of me indeed to send a green-shop girl to such a house as hers!"

Now for a distress equally grievous with Mrs. Ord:—

"You must know Mrs. Ord called on me the other day when I did not happen to be dressed; so I had a very pretty sort of a bed-gown, like a jacket, hanging

at the fire, and I had on a petticoat, with a border on it of the same pattern; but the bed-gown I thought was damp, and I was in a hurry to go down to Mrs. Ord, so I would not stay to dry it, but went down in another bed-gown, and put my cloak on. But only think what Mrs. Ord must think of it, for I have since thought she must suppose I had no gown on at all, for you must know my cloak was so long it only shewed the petticoat."

If this makes you grin as it did me, you will be glad of another specimen of her sorrows:—

"I am always," said she, "out of luck with Mrs. Ord; for another time when she came there happened to be a great slop on the table; so, while the maid was going to the door, I took up a rag that I had been wiping my pencils with, for I had been painting, and I wiped the table; but as she got up-stairs before I had put it away, I popped a white handkerchief upon it. However, while we were talking, I thought my handkerchief looked like a litter upon the table, and, thinks I, Mrs. Ord will think it very untidy, for she is all neatness, so I whisked it into my pocket; but I quite forgot the rag with the paint on it. So, when she was gone,—bless me!—there I saw it was sticking out of my pocket, in full sight. Only think what a slut Mrs. Ord must think me, to put a dish-clout in my pocket!"

I had several stories of the same sort, and I fear I have lost all reputation with her for dignity, as I laughed immoderately at her disasters.

DECEMBER 29TH.—In the morning called Pacchierotti, rather in better spirits, but still looking very ill. I did not dare mention Lady Clarges, though I much wished to have gathered some information, in order to

have sent it to you; but he is now so depressed by the loss of his friend, that he cannot, without a sadness too much well to endure, talk or think of him.

MONDAY, DEC. 30TH.—I spent all the morning at my aunt's. In the evening I went, by appointment, to Mrs, Chapone, where I met Mr. and Mrs. Pepys, Mr. and Mrs. Mulso, and Mr. Burrows and his old maiden sister. We had rather a *hum-drum* evening. I cannot bring myself to be well enough acquainted with this set to try at enlivening it, because I cannot help being half afraid of them; otherwise, a little rattling would prodigiously mend matters, and, though they might stare a little, I am sure they would like it.

Mrs. Chapone shewed me a head of Mrs. Delany; I admired it much; there looks much benevolence and sense in it.

"I am glad," said I, "to see even thus much of her."

"I hope, then," said Mrs. Chapone, "you will give me the pleasure of introducing you to know more of her."

TUESDAY, DEC. 31ST.—I went this morning with my dear father to Sir John Ashton Lever's, where we could not but be entertained. Sir Ashton came and talked to us a good while. He may be an admirable natural*ist*, but I think if in other matters you leave the *ist* out, you will not much wrong him. He looks full sixty years old, yet he had dressed not only two young men, but himself, in a green jacket, a round hat, with green feathers, a bundle of arrows under one arm, and a bow in the other, and thus, accoutred as a forester, he pranced about; while the younger fools, who were in the same garb, kept running to and fro in the garden, carefully contriving to shoot at some mark, just as any

of the company appeared at any of the windows.· After such a specimen of his actions, you will excuse me if I give you none of his conversation.

We met with Mr. Nollekens and Miss Welsh.

As soon as I came home I went to Mrs. Thrale's, where I bargained for having nobody admitted, and I stayed till eleven o'clock, spending as quietly, sociable a day as I could wish. But I was much vexed I had not returned somewhat sooner when I heard that young Mr. Cambridge had been here, just arrived from Chesington. I would have given the world to have heard his immediate account of what had passed, and whether the place and people had answered his expectations.

PART VI.

1783.

CONTENTS.

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1783.

Wednesday, Jan. 1st, 1783.—This was one of my quiet days at home, upon the new construction I mentioned to you. Pacchierotti called for a few minutes in the morning, to wish us a happy new year, and desired I would not forget making his compliments to Mrs. Phillips upon such an account.

Thursday.—I again spent at home.

Friday, Jan. 3d, Was a very busy day. In the morning there was a grand rehearsal of a new serious opera. Mrs. Fitzgerald had engaged to go with me, but sent me suddenly an excuse. I, therefore, wrote to ask Mrs. Ord, for she had said she should like it a few days before. She sent me a very kind answer, and called for me at twelve o'clock.

We got into a very good box, though so much in the dark that Pacchierotti did not know me. There was very little company. The famous old *dilettante*, Mrs. French, was in the next box to ours, and put her head in to ask if I was not "Miss Mee?" Mrs. Ord had a good mind to answer no, Miss B. However, when I told her of her mistake, she entered, nevertheless, into chat, asking my opinion of the opera, and what was the story, and the new singer, Carnevale, &c.

The opera is called "Cimene," and the story is

the "Cid." The music Bertoni's. Some is very pretty, some very trite, and a good many passages borrowed from Sacchini. Many things, however, in the scheme of the opera were, to me, quite new. The duet they begin and end together, without one solo bit for either singer. It is extremely pretty, and if Piozzi had the upper part would have been beautiful. The conclusion is a long historic finale, such as we have been only used to in comic operas; and just before the last chorus Pacchierotti has a solo air, accompanied by the mandoline, which has a mighty pretty effect; but, not being expected, John Bull did not know whether it would be right or not to approve it, and, therefore, instead of applauding, the folks only looked at one another.

The new singer, Carnevale, has a loud, violent voice, very harsh and unpleasing, and as little manageable or flexible as if she had sung all her life merely by ear, and without teaching of any sort. She has all the abilities to be a great singer, and she is worse than any little one. Pacchierotti's first song is a sweet mezza bravura, or sweet, at least, he made it, with the same words Millico had, "Placa lo sdegno, O cara." His second is "una voca cantabile." Oh, such singing!—so elegant!—so dignified!—so chaste!—so polished! I never hear him sing without wishing for you, who only feel his singing as my father and I do; for my father seems more and more delighted with it every time he hears him.

FRIDAY, 1[illegible]TH JAN.—We had an invited party at home, both to dinner and the evening. The occasion was in honour of Dr. Parr, of Norwich, Mr. Twining's friend; and who has been very kind about our Charles. He had been asked to dinner, to meet Dr. Johnson,

but could not come till the evening. Mr. Seward and Mr. Sastres came early. Charles, also, came from Chiswick.

Dr. Johnson came so very late, that we had all given him up: he was, however, very ill, and only from an extreme of kindness did he come at all. When I went up to him, to tell how sorry I was to find him so unwell,—

"Ah!" he cried, taking my hand and kissing it, "who shall ail any thing when 'Cecilia' is so near? Yet you do not think how poorly I am!"

This was quite melancholy, and all dinner time he hardly opened his mouth but to repeat to me,—"Ah! you little know how ill I am." He was excessively kind to me, in spite of all his pain, and indeed I was so sorry for him, that I could talk no more than himself. All our comfort was from Mr. Seward, who enlivened us as much as he possibly could by his puns and his sport. But poor Dr. Johnson was so ill, that after dinner he went home.

Very early in the evening came Mrs. Fitzgerald, who has all her life been dying to see Dr. Johnson, and who, I am sure, was extremely disappointed in missing him. Soon after came Mrs. Ord, who was less provoked, because her curiosity has often been gratified. Then came young Mr. Cambridge, who had had the same inducement sent him. Charles also came, and Mr. P—— the only accidental caller-in of the party.

My father now came up to me, followed by Dr. Parr, and said,—

"Fanny, Dr. Parr wishes to be introduced to you."

I got up, and made my reverence.

"Dr. Parr," said my father, "gives us hopes of seeing Mr. Twining this year."

"If Miss Burney," cried the Doctor, "would write to him, success would be certain. I am sure he could resist nothing from her hand. Tell him he must come and see Mrs. Siddons."

"Ay," said my father, "and hear Pacchierotti."

"Whatever Miss Burney tells him, will do — one line from her would do. And if she makes use even of any false pretences, as they will be for so good a purpose, I will absolve her."

I hate, even in jest, this loose morality from a clergyman. I only curtsied, and so forth, but attempted no answer; and he grew tired, and went on with my father and Mr. Seward.

Mr. Cambridge then asked me concerning this Mr. Twining, and I gave him a little history of his character, but not so animated a one as of my Daddy, lest he should order his horse, and set off for Colchester. His enthusiasm for any thing he supposes admirable would never have stopped short of such an expedition. We then went on chatting about Mrs. Siddons, Mr. Garrick, Dr. Johnson, and sundries, till Mrs. Ord broke up the party by taking leave. Mrs. Fitzgerald, too, went at the same time.

Mr. P——, at last, spied me out, and came *squinying* up to me. His eyes are smaller than ever, and he is more blind than ever, and he pokes his nose more into one's face than ever. Mrs. Fitzgerald could not look at him without bursting into an almost horse laugh; which really made me hardly able to speak to him: but he talked to me with his usual prolific powers of entertainment. Dr. Parr, Mr. Seward, my father, and Mr. Sastres kept in a clump.

* * * * *

Young Mr. Cambridge need not complain of my

taciturnity, whatever his father may do. Who, indeed, of all my new acquaintances, has so well understood me? The rest all talk of "Evelina" and "Cecilia," and turn every other word into some compliment; while he talks of Chesington, or Captain Phillips, and pays me, not even by implication, any compliments at all. He neither looks at me with any curiosity, nor speaks to me with any air of expectation; two most insufferable honours, which I am continually receiving. He is very properly conscious he has at least as much to say as to hear, and he is above affecting a ridiculous deference to which he feels I have no claim. If I met with more folks who would talk to me upon such rational terms,—considering, like him, their own dignity of full as much value as my ladyship's vanity,—with how infinitely more ease and pleasure should I make one in those conversations!

SATURDAY.—I made visits this morning to Miss E—— and Mrs. Chapone, and found only the last at home; but as she was not only last, but best, it accorded extremely well with my wishes. I then went on to Mrs. Thrale, with whom I spent the day—always with all my heart.

MONDAY.—Mrs. Fitzgerald called for me in the morning, to go to the last rehearsal of "Cimene." I have nothing new to say about it. Mr. Fitzgerald brought Pacchierotti, for a few moments, into our box. He was not in spirits, but could not help singing sweetly.

As we were coming out of the Opera house, just at the door leading to the Haymarket, I saw the two Miss Bulls. Lady Mary Duncan, whom they had been with, had gone on. Miss Catherine Bull accidentally looked round, and, thinking now or never to put an end to the

awkwardness of our acquaintance and no acquaintance, I ventured to instantly curtsy, though rather uncertain whether I was known. Miss Catherine returned my reverence with much alacrity, and most eagerly called after her sister,—"Sister! sister! here's Miss Burney!" Miss Bull came back, and more curtsies followed. Miss Catherine Bull then began a most warm *éloge* of Pacchierotti.

"I hope," cried she, "the new opera will be applauded!—If Pacchierotti is not applauded, I shall die! He is so unhappy about it!"

"It is very unfortunate," said I, "that even those friends he has made, small as the number is to what I wish it, he is not conscious that he possesses; for they are, in general, the most quiet and attentive part of the audience, and though they listen to him with as much pleasure as we do, they hardly think of applauding him; and therefore he concludes they do not like him."

"Yes," cried Miss Catherine, "and one may talk one's self out of breath before he will believe one, when one tells him how many people admire him."

Mrs. Fitzgerald then made me go with her to Cosway's, to see her little girl's picture. I saw also some sweet things there, especially a miniature of the Duchess of Rutland, that is beauty itself. I passed the rest of the day *chez nous*.

Tuesday.—I was all the morning with Mrs. Thrale, and then went with my father to dinner at Mrs. Ord's. We met the Denoyers, and Jonas Hanway, the old traveller. He is very loquacious, extremely fond of talking of what he has seen and heard, and would be very entertaining, were he less addicted to retail anecdotes and reports from newspapers. Mr. Selwyn also was there.

THURSDAY.—Again at home, though Mrs. Thrale came to me to offer me a place in her side-box, to see Mrs. Siddons in "Belvidera." I could refuse that without offence, though not without surprise, as it was so generally a desirable thing, that it shewed how much I really and sincerely coveted a little respite from dress and bustle. I had, however, seen and been half killed by Mrs. Siddons in "Belvidera," or I could not have been so heroic in my domesticity.

FRIDAY.—Again at home, but not alone, for we had visitors all day. Mr. Jackson, of Exeter, came in the morning, and brought, as he had begged leave to do, his daughter. She seems sensible, but she is rather conceited, and fond of talking, and talking as if well satisfied she deserved hearers.

Before they went came Miss Streatfield, looking pale, but very elegant and pretty. She was in high spirits, and I hope has some reason. She made, at least, speeches that provoked such surmises. When the Jacksons went,—

"That," said I, "is the celebrated Jackson of Exeter; I dare say you would like him if you knew him."

"I dare say I should," cried she, simpering, "for he has the two requisites for me,—he is tall and thin."

To be sure, this did not at all call for raillery! Dr. Vyse has always been distinguished by those two epithets. I said, however, nothing, as my mother was present; but she would not let my looks pass unnoticed.

"Oh!" cried she, "how wicked you look!—No need of seeing Mrs. Siddons, for expression!—However, you know how much that is my taste,—tall and thin!—but you don't know how *àpropos* it is just now!"

She was here interrupted by the entrance of young Mr. Cambridge, who then came into the room.

He had a good deal of talk with Miss Streatfield about her darling Bishop of Chester, at whose house he has often met her. She talked of him with her usual warmth of passionate admiration, and he praised him very much also, and said,—

"I know no house where conversation is so well understood as the Bishop of Chester's,— except this,— where, from the little I have seen —and much more I hope to see—I think it is more pleasantly and desirably managed than any where."

Friday.—Mr. Jackson and his daughters came to tea in the evening, and Miss Mathias, as a visitor of Charlotte's. Mr. Jackson, unfortunately, was in one of his gloomy humours, and would not talk with my mother; as to me, I never hardly, when the party is so small, can talk with any comfort or spirit. I gave the evening wholly, therefore, to Miss Jackson, who could give me back nothing in payment, but that I had merely done what was fitting to do.

I made a visit to poor Dr. Johnson, to inquire after his health. I found him better, yet extremely far from well. One thing, however, gave me infinite satisfaction. He was so good as to ask me after Charles, and said, "I shall be glad to see him; pray tell him to call upon me." I thanked him very much, and said how proud he would be of such a permission.

"I should be glad," said he, still more kindly, "to see him, if he were not your brother; but were he a dog, a cat, a rat, a frog, and belonged to you, I must needs be glad to see him!"

Mr. Seward has sent me a proof plate, upon silver paper, of an extremely fine impression of this dear

Doctor, a mezzotinto, by Doughty, from Sir Joshua's picture, and a very pretty note to beg my acceptance of it. I am much obliged to him, and very glad to have it.

SATURDAY, JAN. 11TH.—I went early to my dear Mrs. Thrale's to spend the whole day with her, which I did most comfortably, and nobody was let in. In the evening, as I had Mrs. Crewe's ticket, I went with her and Miss Thrale into the pit at the Opera. It was Medonte. Pacchierotti was charmingly in voice, and we sat near the orchestra, and I heard him to all possible advantage.

In our way we passed through the coffee-room. There we were recognised by Mr. J——. He was very civil, and soon after we had taken our places, Mrs. Thrale being between her daughter and me, he took the outward seat next to mine, where he sat during the whole opera. He is affected and dainty, but he knows music very well, and is passionately an admirer of Pacchierotti, which made me very glad of having him in my neighbourhood. A gentleman, too, of his acquaintance, who sat between us, was quite a vehement admirer of the sweet Pac's., yet I observed that neither of them gave him any applause,—so indolent people are even in their pleasures.

Mr. J——, though he talked to me very much, never did it while the Pac. was singing, or while any thing else was going forward that was worth attention.

"Have you read," he said, "the new book that has had such a run in France, '*Les liaisons dangéreuses?*'"

"No," answered I, not much pleased at the name, "I have not even heard of it."

"Indeed!—it has made so much noise in France I am quite surprised at that. It is not, indeed, a work

that recommends very strict morality: but you, we all know, may look into any work without being hurt by it."

I felt hurt then, however, and very gravely answered,—

"I cannot give myself that praise, as I never look into any books that could hurt me."

He bowed, and smiled, and said, that was "very right," and added,—

"This book was written by an officer; and he says, there are no characters nor situations in it that he has not himself seen."

"That, then," cried I, "will with me always be a reason to as little desire seeing the officer as his book."

He looked a little simple at this, but pretended to approve it very much. However, I fancy it will save him the trouble of inquiring into my readings any more. I was really provoked with him, however, and though he was most obsequiously civil to me, I only spoke to him in answer, after this little dialogue.

When the opera was over, he took leave of us to go into some better place, I fancy, for seeing a new dance, which was to follow. But I was very much surprised, when, while I was speaking to Mrs. Thrale, a voice said, "How do you do, Miss Burney?" and turning about, I saw Mr. J——'s place had been taken by Mr. George Cambridge. You may easily believe I was not sorry at the change. I like him, indeed, extremely. He is both elegant and sensible, and almost all the other folks I meet deserve, at best, but *one* of those epithets.

When the dance was over, he joined some other ladies, and we met with my father, and Harry Cotton,

and proceeded to the coffee-room. It was, however, so crowded, we could not make way to the door.

Among the fine folks was Lady Archer, whom I had never before seen so near: and, notwithstanding all her most unnatural cake of white and red, her features were so perfect and so lovely, I could not help saying,—

"What pity so much beauty should be thrown away!"

"Beauty" repeated H. Cotton, "if any there be, I must own it lies too deep for me to see it."

I went to-day to Lady H's., who has been here. She looks extremely ill, and *is* very ill; and Miss C. looked extremely ugly, and *is* very ugly; and the other Misses looked extremely affected and conceited, and *are* affected and conceited: so looks and facts were well suited.

I then called on Mrs. Fitzgerald, and had a hearty and robust halloo with her, comically in contrast with the languor I had just left, and then came home, where I stayed with my mother the rest of the day.

MONDAY, JAN. 13TH.—This proved, and unexpectedly, a very agreeable day to me. I went with my father to dine at Mrs. Walsingham's, where I only went so soon again because he wished it, but where I passed my time extremely well. The party was small, —Dr. Warton, Mr. T. Warton, Mr. Pepys, Mr. Montagu, Mr. Walker the lecturer, and my dear Sir Joshua Reynolds, with my father, were all the men; and Mrs. Montagu was the only other female besides myself.

Dr. Warton made me a most obsequious bow; I had been introduced to him, by Sir Joshua, at Mrs. Cholmondeley's. He is what Dr. Johnson calls a rapturist, and I saw plainly he meant to pour forth much civility into my ears, by his looks, and watching for opportunities to speak to me: I so much, however, dread such

attacks, that every time I met his eye, I turned another way, with so frigid a countenance, that he gave up his design. He is a very communicative, gay, and pleasant converser, and enlivened the whole day by his readiness upon all subjects.

Mr. Tom Warton, the poetry historiographer, looks unformed in his manners, and awkward in his gestures. He joined not one word in the general talk, and, but for my father, who was his neighbour at dinner, and entered into a *tête-à-tête* conversation with him, he would never have opened his mouth after the removal of the second course.

Mr. Montagu is Mrs. Montagu's nephew, and adopted son. He is young, and well enough looking, has an uncommon memory for all he has read, is extremely civil in his behaviour, and seems extremely well-formed in his mind, both with respect to literature, and to principle. He affects, however, talking French rather too much, and has a something finical in his manners, that, with me, much lessens their power of pleasing.

Mr. Walker, though modest in science, is vulgar in conversation. The rest I have nothing new to say about.

I was placed at dinner between Sir Joshua and Mr. Montagu. I had a great deal of exceeding comfortable and easy chat with Sir Joshua, as I always have, which makes his very sight enliven me in all these places. I had intended not speaking at all with Mr. Montagu, as I thought him so fine; but he was so very civil, and so perpetually addressed me, that before dinner was over we seemed quite well acquainted.

When we left the gentlemen, Mrs. Montagu and Mrs. Walsingham began a conversation upon Lady

Charlotte Finch's late excursion to Spain, and then talked upon foreign places and foreign people with much spirit and entertainment. When the gentlemen joined us, the same subject continued, and was extremely well treated. Mrs. Montagu was particularly cheerful, and said many very good things. Indeed, nothing was said that deserved not attention.

Once, however, I was a little startled: the conversation, by degrees, fell upon books, and every body agreed that Sir Roger de Coverley was, perhaps, the first character ever drawn, for perfection of delineation.

"But I cannot help suspecting," said Dr. Warton, "it is taken from the life, as there are certain traits in it too excellent to have been merely invented: particularly that singularity, that wherever he visited he always talked to the servants the whole way he went up stairs."

Mr. Montagu here arose, and walking round to the back of my chair, said, in a whisper,—

"Miss Burney, pray how is this? must a character, to be excellent, be drawn from the life? I beg you would tell me?"

Malicious enough, this!

"O," answered I, as easily as I could, "unless we knew what characters *are*, and what are not, drawn from the life, 'tis impossible to decide."

TUESDAY.—I spent at Mrs. Thrale's all the afternoon, but had two engagements for the evening; one with Mrs. Ord, who had written me the finest of panegyrics from Soame Jenyns, who had charged her to contrive a meeting for him, and she begged to see me on Saturday. I had no heart for such an encounter, and sent an excuse. She then insisted upon seeing

me, and, when I went, declared I should fix my own day, and shewed me Mr. Jenyns' notes upon the subject, all expressing his violent impatience for the interview. I was obliged to agree for Friday; but indeed with no good will, for I am not at all equal to such formal engagements. If I had met him accidentally I should have been much pleased; but arranging a meeting, professedly to hear his compliments, nothing in the world but an inability of resisting Mrs. Ord's importunity should have made me consent to.

Mrs. Carter was with her. I could not, however, stay, though so quiet a trio would much better have suited me.

We had a note to day from Hetty, who is just returned from Farnham, with a request from the Bishop of Winchester and Mrs. North that they might come here to tea the next day. Mrs. North has long made advances to me of acquaintance; however, Hetty wrote me word from Farnham, that she said she saw I shirked her, but she was determined to conquer me, if human powers could do it.

My dear father was delighted, and readily agreed to their coming. He would have had nobody invited to meet them; but my mother, of her own accord, and without telling him, sent to invite Mr. George Cambridge, whose civility to her has won her heart, and most especially his bringing her the print of Mrs. Siddons.

They came very early, the Bishop, Mrs. North, Mr. Burney, and Hetty, who had dined with them. Mrs. North a ologised, with an easy gaiety, to my mother, for the liberty she had taken, and then bid Hetty introduce her to Charlotte and me. She spoke to me at once with a freedom and facetiousness which she meant

to inspire me with the same, and make me shake off the shyness she had heard belonged to me with strangers; but her flightiness, like that of Mrs. Cholmondeley, which it a good deal resembled, only served to make me feel foolish, and wish her to address somebody else. The Bishop was quiet and gentle, and talked only with my father.

I was sitting by myself upon the sofa, when Hetty, crossing over to me, said,—

"Mrs. North declares she sees you are going into a lethargy, and she has sent me to rouse you."

Mrs. North then followed herself, and began a vehement charge to me not to be formal. She reproached me, with great good humour, for so long shirking her acquaintance; said she was sure I had conceived an aversion to her, but gave me her word I should like the Bishop of all things. Then calling him up to us, she said,—

"Did not I tell you as we came along that I knew she would like you vastly, and me not at all?"

"I beg your pardon," cried I, "but perhaps I may be less afraid of the Bishop from expecting less of his notice."

"There now—that 's abominable! She 's afraid of me, and not of you."

"Because I," cried the Bishop, "am afraid of her, that 's all."

My mother now summoned them to look at Mrs. Siddons' print, and I was glad of the opportunity to remove, as this rattling requires more intimacy and congeniality to make it to me pleasant.

Mrs. North, being satisfied with the print, again placed me next her on the sofa. She shewed us all a very beautiful bouquet, half natural and half artificial,

and then, taking it out of her bosom, she insisted upon fastening it in mine; and when I would have declined it, cried out,—

"Come, you little toad, don't be absurd. Let me fix it for you at once."

And afterwards, when I did not instantly understand some queer speech she made, and which might be taken many ways, she exclaimed,—

"Come, now, don't be dull!"

When they were taking leave, Monday was fixed upon for all of us but my mother, who was allowed to excuse herself, to dine at the Bishop's. I was engaged in the evening to an assembly at Mrs. Thrale's.

THURSDAY.—This morning we had a visit from the elder Mr. Cambridge. I cannot, however, be at all easy with the father, though I admire him more and more, and think all that is formal in him wears off upon acquaintance, and all that is pleasant grows more and more conspicuous. But he behaves to me with a kind of deference that kills me; he listens to what I say, as you would listen to Dr. Johnson, and leans forward with an air of respect that, from a man such as him, half petrifies me; for what upon earth could I find to say that would answer high-raised expectations from Mr. Cambridge? I feel with him as I did with Mr. Burke—an admiration that makes me delighted to hear him; but that makes me, at the same time, dread to hear myself. If they took less notice of me, I should do better.

He told us he had had great pleasure in seeing again his old acquaintance Mr. Crisp,—

"But for Mrs. Phillips," he cried, "I am in love with her—I want to marry her—I never was so much charmed in so short a time before."

I believe I did look a little more at my ease when he said this. His praise of my Susy is worth having; and he spoke it with a warmth and pleasure that made me almost long to embrace him. I think that would have put an end to this distance I complain of pretty completely.

FRIDAY.—Now for this grand interview with Soame Jenyns. I went with my dear father, who was quite enchanted at the affair. Dear soul, how he feeds upon all that brings fame to Cecilia! his eagerness upon this subject, and his pleasure in it, are truly enthusiastic, and, I think, rather increase by fulness than grow satiated.

We were late; there was a good deal of company, not in groups, nor yet in a circle, but seated square round the room, in order following,—Miss Ellerker, Mrs. Soame Jenyns, Mrs. Thrale, her daughter, Mrs. Buller, Mr. Cambridge, sen., Mr. Soame Jenyns, Mr. Selwin, Mr. Cambridge, jun., Miss Burgoyne, a lady or two I knew not, and three or four men.

Mrs. Ord almost ran to the door to receive us, and every creature of this company, contrary to all present custom in large meetings, stood up.

"Why have you been so late?" cried Mrs. Ord; "we have been waiting for you this hour. I was afraid there was some mistake."

"My father could not come sooner."

"But why would not you let me send my coach for you? Mr. Soame Jenyns has been dying with impatience; some of us thought you would not come; others thought it only coquetry; but come, let us repair the time as we can, and introduce you to one another without further delay."

You may believe how happy I felt at this "some

thought," and "others," which instantly betrayed that every body was apprised they were to see this famous rencounter; and lest I should mark it less, every body still stood up.

Mr. Jenyns now, with all the speed in his power, hastened up to me, and began a long harangue of which I know hardly a word, upon the pleasure and favour, and honour, and what not, of meeting me, and upon the delight, and information, and amusement of reading "Cecilia."

I made all possible reverences, and tried to get to a seat, but Mrs. Ord, when I turned from him, took my hand, and leading me to the top of the room, presented me to Mrs. Jenyns. Reverences were repeated here, in silence, however, so they did very well. I then hoped to escape to Mrs. Thrale, who held out her hand to me, pointing to a chair by her own, and saying,—

"Must I, too, make interest to be introduced to Miss Burney?"

This, however, was not allowed; Mrs. Ord again took my hand, and parading me to the sofa, said,—

"Come, Miss Burney, and let me place you by Mrs. Buller."

I was glad, by this time, to be placed any where, for not till then did the company seat themselves.

Mr. Cambridge, sen. then came up to speak to me, but had hardly asked how I did before Mrs. Ord brought Mr. Jenyns to me again, and made him my right-hand neighbour, saying,—

"There! now I have put you fairly together, I have done with you."

Mrs. Buller is tall and elegant in her person; she is a famous Greek scholar, a celebrated traveller upon

the Continent to see customs and manners; and a woman every way singular, for her knowledge and enterprising way of life.

Mr. Soame Jenyns then, thus called upon—could he do less?—began an eulogy unrivalled, I think, for extravagance of praise. All creation was open to me; no human being ever began that book and had power to put it down: pathos, humour, interest, moral—O Heavens! I heard, however, but the leading words; though every body else, the whole room being silent, doubtless heard how they hung together. Had I been carried to a theatre to hear an oration upon my own performances, I could hardly have felt more confounded.

I bowed my head during the first two or three sentences, by way of marking that I thought them over; but over they were not the more. I then turned away, but I only met Mrs. Buller, who took up the panegyric where Mr. Jenyns stopped for breath.

In short, the things that were said, with the attention of the whole company, would have drawn blushes into the cheeks of Agujari or Garrick. I was almost upon the point of running away. I changed so often from hot to cold that I really felt myself in a fever and an ague. I never even attempted to speak to them, and I looked with all the frigidity I possibly could, in hopes they would tire of bestowing such honours on a subject so ungrateful.

One moment I had hopes that Mr. G. Cambridge, in Christian charity, was coming to offer some interruption; for, when these speeches were in their height, he came and sate down on a chair immediately opposite Miss Thrale, and equally near, in profile, to me; but he merely said, "I hope Dr. Burney has not

wanted his pamphlet?" Even Mrs. Thrale would not come near me, and told me afterwards it had been such a settled thing, before my arrival, that I was to belong to Mr. Soame Jenyns, that she did not dare.

At length, however, the people, finding there was no chance of amusement from me, and naturally concluding Mr. Jenyns could say little more, began to entertain themselves in a more general way; and then Mr. Cambridge, sen. entered into an argument with Mrs. Buller upon foreign customs opposed to English, and upon the difficulty of getting good conversation, from the eternal intervention of politics or dissipation.

Mrs. Buller was clever and spirited, but bold and decisive; Mr. Cambridge was entertaining and well bred, and had all the right, I thought, on his side. I had more relief, however, than pleasure in the conversation; for my joy in being no longer the object of the company was such as not to leave me quite at liberty for attending to what was said.

The moment they were gone, "Well, Miss Burney," said Mrs. Ord, "have you and Mr. Jenyns had a great deal of conversation together?"

"O yes, a great deal on my part!"

"Why you don't look quite recovered from it yet—did not you like it?"

"O yes, it was perfectly agreeable to me!"

"Did he oppress you?" cried Mr. Cambridge, and then began a very warm praise of him for his talents, wit, and understanding, his knowledge, writings, and humour.

I should have been very ready to have joined with him, had I not feared he meant an implied reproach to me, for not being more grateful for the praise of a

man such as he described. I am sorry he was present if that is the case; but the truth is, the evening was not merely disagreeable but painful to me. It became now, however, quite the contrary; Mr. Cambridge took the lead, and told some stories, that for humour and comicality I think unequalled.

When we all broke up upon Mrs. and Miss Thrale's going, Mr. George Cambridge, very good-naturedly, said to me,—

"How sorry I have been for you to-night!"

"O, I shall take care how I come here again," answered I; "I have often tied Mrs. Ord up to promise I should find her alone, and I don't much think I shall be in haste to come again without making the same agreement."

Mrs. Ord herself, then coming up to me, regretted that Mrs. Boscawen had been at the house; but, though she came on purpose, could not stay my arrival, I was so late! I wished to have remonstrated against her making this silly interview thus public, and inviting witnesses; but I saw she meant me so much kindness, that I had not courage to tell her how very utterly she had failed. I shall not, therefore, complain or scold, but only try to guard against any more such scenes in future.

Even my father himself, fond as he is of this ado about "Cecilia," was sorry for me to-night, and said I looked quite ill one time.

SATURDAY.—I felt so fagged with the preceding day's fuss, that I really wanted quieting and refitting. Mr. George Cambridge, in the morning, brought home my father's pamphlet, and asked me how I did after Mr. Soame Jenyns.

"O, pretty well, now!" cried I, "but I must own

I most heartily wished myself at plain, quiet, sober Chesington the whole of the evening."

"Well!" said he, "you concealed your uneasiness extremely well, for my father never saw it. I saw it, and was very much concerned at it; but when I mentioned something of it to him this morning, he was quite astonished."

"I doubt not," said I; "he only thought I received a great deal of honour."

"No, no, it was not that; but he has no idea of those sort of things. I am sorry, however, you saw Soame Jenyns to such disadvantage, for he is worth your knowing. His conversation is not flowing nor regular, but nobody has more wit in occasional sallies."

"Well, all my comfort was from Mr. Cambridge; when he began that argument with Mrs. Buller I was in heaven!"

"My father hates argument, too," said he; "it was a mere accident that he would enter into one. For my own part, I was quite sorry not to hear Soame Jenyns talk more."

"Were you?" quoth I, shaking my head a little piteously.

"Not to you — I don't mean to you," cried he, laughing; "but I assure you you would find him extremely entertaining. However, was not Mrs. Ord herself, though she is a sweet woman, a little to blame? Nothing could be so natural as that Soame Jenyns, having himself so much humour, should have been charmed with 'Cecilia,' and should wish to know you; but if there had not been so many people, or if there had been as many, and they had been set to conversing with one another, it might all have done very well."

While he was here Pacchierotti called—very grave, but very sweet. Mr. G. C. asked if he spoke English.

"O, very well," cried I, "pray try him; he is very amiable, and I fancy you will like him."

Pacchierotti began with complaining of the variable weather.

"I cannot," he said, "be well such an inconsistent day."

We laughed at the word "inconsistent," and Mr. Cambridge said,—

"It is curious to see what new modes all languages may take in the hands of foreigners. The natives dare not try such experiments; and, therefore, we all talk pretty much alike; but a foreigner is obliged to hazard new expressions, and very often he shews us a force and power in our words, by an unusual adaptation of them, that we were not ourselves aware they would admit."

And then, to draw Pacchierotti out, he began a dispute, of the different merits of Italy and England; defending his own country merely to make him abuse it; while Pacchierotti most eagerly took up the gauntlet on the part of Italy.

"This is a climate," said Pacchierotti, "never in the same case for half an hour at a time; it shall be fair, and wet, and dry, and humid, forty times in a morning in the least. I am tired to be so played with, sir, by your climate."

"We have one thing, however, Mr. Pacchierotti," he answered, "which I hope you allow makes some amends, and that is our verdure; in Italy you cannot boast that."

"But it seem to me, sir, to be of no utility so much ever-green; is rather too much for my humble opinion."

"And then your insects, Mr. Pacchierotti; those alone are a most dreadful drawback upon the comfort of your fine climate."

"To Mr. Cambridge," cried I, meaning his father, "I am sure they would; for his aversion to insects is quite comical."

He wanted me to explain myself, but I dare not tell a story after Mr. Cambridge, especially to his son.

"I must own," said Pacchierotti, "Italy is rather disagreeable for the insects; but is not better, sir, than an atmosphere so bad as they cannot live in it?"

"Why, as I can't defend our atmosphere, I must shift my ground, and talk to you of our fires, which draw together society."

"O, indeed, good sir, your societies are not very invigorating! Twenty people of your gentlemen and ladies to sit about a fire, and not to pronounce one word, is very dull!"

We laughed heartily at this retort courteous, and Mr. G. C. was so much pleased with it, that he kept up a sportive conversation with him the whole time he stayed, much to my satisfaction; as most of the people the poor Pac. meets with here affect a superiority to conversing with him, though he has more intelligence, ay, and cultivation too, than half of them.

The entrance of young Mr. Hoole, and afterwards of Mrs. Meeke, interrupted them, and Pacchierotti took leave. I then made his *éloge* to Mr. G. C., who said,—

"I was very glad to meet with him; I had heard he applied very much to our language, and there is a softness in his manner, and at the same time a spirit in his opinions, extremely engaging, as well as entertaining."

Sunday, Jan. 19.—And now for Mrs. Delany. I

spent one hour with Mrs. Thrale, and then called for Mrs. Chapone, and we proceeded together to St. James's Place.

Mrs. Delany was alone in her drawing-room, which is entirely hung round with pictures of her own painting, and ornaments of her own designing. She came to the door to receive us. She is still tall, though some of her height may be lost: not much, however, for she is remarkably upright. She has no remains of beauty in feature, but in countenance I never but once saw more, and that was in my sweet maternal grandmother. Benevolence, softness, piety, and gentleness are all resident in her face; and the resemblance with which she struck me to my dear grandmother, in her first appearance, grew so much stronger from all that came from her mind, which seems to contain nothing but purity and native humility, that I almost longed to embrace her; and I am sure if I had, the recollection of that saint-like woman would have been so strong that I should never have refrained from crying over her.

Mrs. Chapone presented me to her, and taking my hand, she said,—

"You must pardon me if I give you an old-fashioned reception, for I know nothing new."

And she saluted me. I did not, as with Mrs. Walsingham, retreat from her.

"Can you forgive, Miss Burney," she continued, "this great liberty I have taken with you, of asking for your company to dinner? I wished so impatiently to see one from whom I have received such extraordinary pleasure, that, as I could not be alone this morning, I could not bear to put it off to another day; and, if you had been so good to come in the evening,

I might, perhaps, have had company; and I hear so ill that I cannot, as I wish to do, attend to more than one at a time; for age makes me stupid even more than I am by nature; and how grieved and mortified I must have been to know I had Miss Burney in the room, and not to hear her!"

She then mentioned her regret that we could not stay and spend the evening with her, which had been told her in our card of accepting her invitation, as we were both engaged, which, for my part, I heartily regretted.

"I am particularly sorry," she added, "on account of the Duchess Dowager of Portland, who is so good as to come to me in an evening, as she knows I am too infirm to wait upon her Grace myself: and she wished so much to see Miss Burney. But she said she would come as early as possible, and you won't, I hope, want to go very soon?"

My time, I answered, was Mrs. Chapone's, and Mrs. Chapone said she could not stay later than half-past seven.

"Fie, fie!" cried Mrs. Delany, smiling; "why Miss Larolles would not for the world go before eight. However, the Duchess will be here by seven, I dare say, for she said nothing should detain her."

Mrs. Chapone then made me look at the paintings, which I greatly admired; particularly a copy of Saccharissa, from Vandyke. There was also a portrait of Madame de Sevigné, which struck me very much; and, while I was noticing the gaiety of its countenance, Mrs. Delany, with an arch look, said,—

"Yes, it is very *enjouée*, as *Captain Aresby* would say."

And afterwards of some other, but I have forgot what, she said,—

"I don't know how it is, Mrs. Chapone, but I can never look at that picture without thinking of poor *Belfield*. You must forgive us, Miss Burney; it is not right to talk of these people; but we don't know how to speak at all now without, they are so always in our minds!"

Soon after we went to dinner, which was plain, neat, well cooked, and elegantly served. When it was over, I began to speak; and now, my Chesington auditors, look to yourselves!

"Will you give me leave, ma'am, to ask if you remember any body of the name of Crisp?"

"Crisp?" cried she; "what! Mrs. Ann Crisp?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"O surely! extremely well! a charming, an excellent woman she was; we were very good friends once; I visited her at Burford, and her sister Mrs. Gast."

Then came my turn, and I talked of the brother; but I won't write what I said.

Mrs. Delany said she knew him but very little; and by no means so much as she should have liked. I reminded her of a letter he wrote her from abroad, which she immediately recollected; and I told her that the account I had heard from him and from Mrs. Gast, of her former friendship for Mrs. Ann Crisp, had first given me a desire to be acquainted with her.

"I am sure, then," said she, "I am very much obliged to them both; but how Mr. Crisp can so long have remembered so insignificant a body I don't know. I beg, however, when you write to him, you will give my compliments and thanks to him, and also to Mrs. Gast, for being so good as to think of me."

Mrs. Chapone then asked me a hundred questions about Mr. Crisp, and said,—

"Pray is he a *Doctor Lyster?*"

"I don't know Dr. Lyster, ma'am," cried I, very simply, for the book was so wholly out of my head at the time, that I really thought she meant some living character. They both laughed very much, and assured me they should soon teach me to remember names better, if I lived with them.

This Chesingtonian talk lasted till we went upstairs, and then she shewed me the new art which she has invented. It is staining paper of all possible colours, and then cutting it out, so finely and delicately, that when it is pasted on paper or vellum, it has all the appearance of being pencilled, except that, by being raised, it has still a richer and more natural look. The effect is extremely beautiful. She invented it at seventy-five! She told me she did four flowers the first year; sixteen the second; and the third, 160; and after that many more. They are all from nature, and consist of the most curious flowers, plants, and weeds, that are to be found. She has been supplied with patterns from all the great gardens, and all the great florists in the kingdom. Her plan was to finish 1000; but, alas! her eyes now fail her, though she has only twenty undone of her task.

She has marked the places whence they all came, on the back, and where she did them, and the year; and she has put her cypher, M.D., at the corner of each, in different coloured letters for every different year—such as red, blue, green, &c.

"But," said she, "the last year, as I found my eyes grew very dim, and threatened to fail before my work was completed, I put my initilas in white, for I seemed to myself already working in my winding sheet."

I could almost have cried at the mingled resignation and spirit with which she made this melancholy speech.

Mrs. Chapone asked her whether any cold had lately attacked her eyes?

"No," said she, smiling, "nothing but my reigning malady, old age! 'Tis, however, what we all wish to obtain; and, indeed, a very comfortable state I have found it. I have a little niece coming to me soon, who will see for me.

At about seven o'clock, the Duchess Dowager of Portland came. She is not near so old as Mrs. Delany, nor, to me, is her face by any means so pleasing; but yet there is sweetness, and dignity, and intelligence in it. Mrs. Delany received her with the same respectful ceremony as if it was her first visit, though she regularly goes to her every evening. But what she at first took as an honour and condescension, she has so much of true humility of mind, that no use can make her see in any other light. She immediately presented me to her. Her Grace courtesied and smiled with the most flattering air of pleasure, and said she was particularly happy in meeting with me.

We then took our places, and Mrs. Delany said,—

"Miss Burney, ma'am, is acquainted with Mr. Crisp, whom your Grace knew so well; and she tells me he and his sister have been so good as to remember me, and to mention me to her."

The Duchess instantly asked me a thousand questions about him;—where he lived, how he had his health, and whether his fondness for the polite arts still continued. She said he was one of the most ingenious and agreeable men she had ever known, and regretted his having sequestered himself so much from the society of his former friends.

This conversation lasted a long while, for it was one upon which I could myself be voluble. I spared not for boasting of my dear daddy's kindness to me; and you can hardly imagine the pleasure, ease, and happiness it was to me, to talk of him to so elegant a judge, who so well knew I said nothing that was not true. She told me, also, the story of the poor Birmingham boy, and of the sketches which Mr. Crisp, she said, had been so good as to give her.

In the course of this conversation I found her very charming, high-bred, courteous, sensible, and spirited; not merely free from pride, but free from affability—its most mortifying deputy.

After this she asked me if I had seen Mrs. Siddons, and what I thought of her. I answered that I admired her very much.

"If Miss Burney approves her," said the Duchess, "no approbation, I am sure, can do her so much credit; for no one can so perfectly judge of characters or of human nature."

"Ah, ma'am," cried Mrs. Delany, archly, "and does your Grace remember protesting you would never read 'Cecilia?'"

"Yes," said she, laughing; "I declared that five volumes could never be attacked; but since I began I have read it three times."

"O terrible!" cried I, "to make them out fifteen!"

"The reason," continued she, "I held out so long against reading them, was remembering the cry there was in favour of 'Clarissa' and 'Sir Charles Grandison,' when they came out; and those I never could read. I was teased into trying both of them; but I was disgusted with their tediousness, and could not read eleven letters, with all the effort I could make: so

much about my sisters and my brothers, and all my uncles and my aunts!"

"But if your Grace had gone on with 'Clarissa,'" said Mrs. Chapone, "the latter part must certainly have affected you, and charmed you."

"O, I hate any thing so dismal! Every body that did read it had melancholy faces for a week. 'Cecilia' is as pathetic as I can bear, and more sometimes; yet, in the midst of the sorrow, there is a spirit in the writing, a fire in the whole composition, that keep off that heavy depression given by Richardson. Cry, to be sure, we did. O Mrs. Delany, shall you ever forget how we cried? But then we had so much laughter to make us amends, we were never left to sink under our concern."

I am really ashamed to write on.

"For my part," said Mrs. Chapone, "when I first read it, I did not cry at all; I was in an agitation that half killed me, that shook all my nerves, and made me unable to sleep at nights, from the suspense I was in; but I could not cry, for excess of eagerness.

"I only wish," said the Duchess, "Miss Burney could have been in some corner, amusing herself with listening to us, when Lord Weymouth, and the Bishop of Exeter, and Mr. Lightfoot, and Mrs. Delany, and I, were all discussing the point of the name. So earnest we were, she must have been diverted with us. Nothing, the nearest our own hearts and interests, could have been debated more warmly. The Bishop was quite as eager as any of us; but what cooled us a little, at last, was Mr. Lightfoot's thinking we were seriously going to quarrel; and while Mrs. Delany and I were disputing about Mrs. Delvile, he very gravely

said, "Why, ladies, this is only a matter of imagination; it is not a fact: don't be so earnest."

"Ah, ma'am," said Mrs. Delany, "how hard your Grace was upon Mrs. Delvile: so elegant, so sensible, so judicious, so charming a woman."

"O, I hate her," cried the Duchess, "resisting that sweet Cecilia; coaxing her, too, all the time, with such hypocritical flattery."

"I shall never forget," said Mrs. Delany, "your Grace's earnestness when we came to that part where Mrs. Delvile bursts a blood-vessel. Down dropped the book, and just with the same energy as if your Grace had heard some real and important news, you called out, 'I'm glad of it with all my heart!'"

"What disputes, too," said Mrs. Chapone, "there are about Briggs. I was in a room some time ago where somebody said there could be no such character; and a poor little mean city man, who was there, started up and said, 'But there is though, for I'se one myself!'"

"The Harrels!—O, then the Harrels!" cried Mrs. Delany.

"If you speak of the Harrels, and of the morality of the book," cried the Duchess, with a solemn sort of voice, "we shall, indeed, never give Miss Burney her due: so striking, so pure, so genuine, so instructive."

"Yes," cried Mrs. Chapone, "let us complain how we will of the torture she has given our nerves, we must all join in saying she has bettered us by every line."

"No book," said Mrs. Delany, "ever was so useful as this, because none other that is so good was ever so much read."

I think I need now write no more. I could, indeed,

hear no more: for this last so serious praise, from characters so respectable, so moral, and so aged, quite affected me; and though I had wished a thousand times during the discourse to run out of the room, when they gave me finally this solemn sanction to the meaning and intention of my writing, I found it not without difficulty that I could keep the tears out of my eyes; and when I told what had passed to our sweet father, his quite ran over.

Of all the scenes of this sort in which I have been engaged, this has been the least painful to me, from my high respect for the personages, from their own elegance, in looking only at one another while they talked, and from having no witnesses to either watch me or to be wearied themselves: yet I still say only least painful; for pleasant nothing can make a conversation entirely addressed to one who has no means in the world of taking any share in it.

This meeting had so long been in agitation, and so much desired by myself, that I have not spared for being circumstantial.

The Duchess had the good sense and judgment to feel she had drawn up her panegyric to a climax, and therefore here she stopped; so, however, did not we, for our coach was ready.

* * * * *

PART VII.

1783.

CONTENTS.

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1783.

THURSDAY, FEB. 23D.—How sorry I have been, my sweetest Susy, not to have had a moment for writing till to-day.

In our journey to town I was not very gay; though I had turned from my best loved Susy without one chaste embrace to keep myself hardy. But the minute I had got into the coach, I felt provoked that I had done it, and I wished I had bid all things defiance for the pleasure which I had denied myself.

Mr. Cambridge talked a great deal, and as well, and with as much spirit, as any man could who had so much toil upon his hands. Miss Cambridge, indeed, talked also; but I found it out of my power to support my own part with any chance of dividing the labour.

He began talking of Dr. Johnson, and asking after his present health.

"He is very much recovered," I answered; "and out of town, at Mr. Langton's. And there I hope he will entertain him with enough of Greek."

"Yes," said Mr. Cambridge, "and make his son repeat the Hebrew alphabet to him."

"He means," said I, "to go, when he returns, to Mr. Bowles, in Wiltshire. I told him I had heard

that Mr. Bowles was very much delighted with the expectation of seeing him, and he answered me,—"He is so delighted, that it is shocking!—it is really shocking to see how high are his expectations." I asked him why; and he said,—"Why, if any man is expected to take a leap of twenty yards, and does actually take one of ten, every body will be disappointed, though ten yards may be more than any other man ever leaped!"

* * * * *

London, April 2d.—I have much, very much to write to you already, my sweet Susy, though we parted so lately; but nothing that I am more interested in than in what I want to hear of my beloved daddy. You will indulge me, I am sure, and therefore I will resume my journal,—in which there is a gap that will make my accounts, for some time at least, fully intelligible only to yourself; but when and what you read to your coterie you must stop and explicate as well as you can. If I help to furnish you with matter of conversation, my little obscurities will be as useful and amusing as my copiousness. Tell them so.

The next day Mr. Cambridge and his son called. After some general conversation, Mr. C. said,—

"I am perfectly satisfied with the reason you gave me that night at Mrs. Thrale's for Albany's rising madness. I have been reading that part all over again, and I find nothing can be better done. I like it more and more. But I was startled at the character at first; but George has got an account of exactly such a man. George shall tell it you."

"The man," said Mr. G. C., "is an old half-pay officer. His name, I think, is De la Port; he almost lives in St. James's Park, where he wanders up and

down, looking about him for any objects he thinks in distress. He then gives them all the money he can spare, and he begs for them of his friends. He once borrowed a sum of money of Mr. L. from whom I had this account; and, some time after, he paid him half, and said, 'I return you all I spent upon myself,—the rest you will be paid in another place!' He composes prayers for poor and sick people; he wears a very shabby coat, that he may spend no more upon himself than is absolutely necessary; and, in his benevolence and singularity, there is an undoubted mixture of insanity. Mrs. L., when she talked of him to me, said, 'the resemblance to the character of Albany was so very strong, that she thought it must certainly be meant for him,' and desired me to ask Miss Burney if she did not know him. I ventured, however, to immediately answer, I was sure she did not, merely from that circumstance, as I was certain she would not have put him in her book if she had known him."

"I am very much obliged to you," cried I, "for giving her that answer."

Mr. Cambridge continued:—

"That which makes the wonderful merit of your book—if you 'll excuse my just mentioning it—is that you see with such exact discrimination all classes of characters, and let the individuals pass unnoticed."

Some time after we talked about Dr. Johnson, for Mr. G. C. is one of his warmest admirers. He has requested me to get him a list of his miscellaneous works, as he wishes to collect them: and I have promised I will as soon as I have a fair opportunity.

"Though, indeed," I added, "it will be very difficult, as I dare say he hardly knows himself what he has written; for he has made numerous prefaces, dedi-

cations, odd chapters, and I know not what, for other authors, that he has never owned, and probably never will own. But I was sure, when I read it, that the preface to 'Baretti's Dialogues' was his; and that I made him confess."

"'Baretti's Dialogues?'—What are they about?"

"A thimble, and a spoon, and a knife, and a fork! They are the most absurd, and yet the most laughable things you ever saw. I would advise you to get them. They were written for Miss Thrale, and all the dialogues are between her and him, except, now and then, a shovel and a poker, or a goose and a chair, happen to step in."

We talked, Mr. Cambridge and I, next, upon the effect of manner, in a beginning acquaintance; and what power some people had, by that alone, of immediate captivation.

"What a charm," cried he, "is that in your sister, Mrs. Phillips!—what a peculiar felicity she has in her manner! She cannot even move—she cannot get up, nor sit down, but there is something in her manner that is sure to give pleasure."

At this I flew into a great passion!

April 6th.—My dear Mrs. Thrale spent all the morning in my room with me; and Mr. Twining dined and stayed all the day with us. In the evening, you know, I had an engagement. My father sent me first, as he determined to stay till the last moment with Mr. Twining.

Mr. and Mrs. Pepys received me very civilly, and would have carried me to a seat near the fire: but I was glad, as I always am where I go alone, to catch at the first chair in my way, and take possession of it, merely to sink from notice. They disputed the matter

with me some time, but I fastened upon a chair, and they then gave it over.

Not long after this, my dear Mrs. Thrale, with whom I had not had one word, said she must go to take leave of Mrs. Byron, and would then come back, and carry me to Argyll Street, where I had promised to spend an hour or two, as it was her last evening, for early on Monday morning she was to set out for Bath. This circumstance gave a melancholy cast to the whole evening, and nothing but the recollection of how narrowly I had escaped losing her for a longer time, and at a greater distance, could have made me bear it with sufficient composure for observation. As it was, however, I took it cheerfully enough, from the contrast of the greater evil.

Mr. Pepys began an *éloge* of Mrs. Thrale; but my heart was too full of more serious affection to give vent to it, just then, in praise: and soon after my father came. Mrs. Thrale still was the topic. And soon after that a note was brought me. It was from Mrs. Thrale, to beg I would join her at Mrs. Byron's, as she could not return to take a formal leave. Her note was a very affecting one. It was meant for the rest of the company, as well as myself; but I felt that either to read or hear it would overset me, and I had no inclination for a tragedy scene before witnesses. I therefore only begged my father's leave to go to her.

Miss Burney to Mr. Crisp.

April 12, 1783.

My dearest—dearest daddy,

I am more grieved at the long and most disappointing continuation of your illness than I know how

to tell you; and though my last account, I thank Heaven, is better, I find you still suffer so much, that my congratulations in my letter to Susan, upon what I thought your recovery, must have appeared quite crazy, if you did not know me as well as you do, and were not sure what affliction the discovery of my mistake would bring to myself.

I think I never yet so much wished to be at Chesington, as at this time, that I might see how you go on, and not be kept in such painful suspense from post to post.

Why did you tell me of the Delanys, Portlands, Cambridges, &c., as if any of them came into competition with yourself? When you are better, I shall send you a most fierce and sharp remonstrance upon this subject. At present I must be content with saying, I will undoubtedly accept your most kind invitation as soon as I possibly can. Meantime, if my letters will give you any amusement, I will write oftener than ever, and supply you with all the prog I get myself.

Susan, who is my reader, must be your writer, and let me know if such tittle-tattle as I can collect serves to divert some of those many moments of languor and weariness that creep between pain and ease, and that call more for mental food than for bodily medicine. Your love to your Fannikin, I well know, makes all trash interesting to you that seems to concern her; and I have no greater pleasure, when absent, than in letting you and my dear Susan be acquainted with my proceedings. I don't mean by this to exclude the rest of the dear Chesington set—far from it—but a sister and a daddy must come first.

God bless and restore you, my most dear daddy! You

know not how kindly I take your thinking of me, and inquiring about me, in an illness that might so well make you forget us all: but Susan assures me your heart is as affectionate as ever to your ever and ever faithful and loving child,

F. B.

Dr. Burney to Mr. Crisp.

Saturday Night, 12th April, 1783.

(Written on the same sheet with the foregoing.)

My dear friend,

Though the incessant hurry I have for some time been in has exceeded that of former years, which I then thought impossible to be exceeded, yet I have hardly ever had your sufferings and situation a moment out of my mind; and the first question I have constantly asked at my coming jaded home of a night, has been,—"What news from Chesington?" I do hope most fervently that you will still weather this terrible attack, and that in a very few months I shall see you alive and happy in my favourite retreat, which has been always rendered so superior to all others by your presence.

Susy was desired to ask you if I had any kind of book that was likely to afford you any amusement, and it is with extreme pleasure that her answer is in favour of "Mémoires de Petrarque." I will not only send that with the greatest pleasure, but a cart-load of the choicest and best books in my collection, if you will but furnish a list.

Adieu my ever dear and honoured friend! may your recovery be not only sure, but speedy! is the most hearty wish of him to whom your loss would be the

most painful and severe amputation which misfortune could perform upon my affections.

My wife, as well as all around me, have been greatly alarmed for you, and entreat me to send their warmest and most affectionate wishes for your speedy recovery.

C. B.

The illness of Mr. Crisp now became so alarming that Miss Burney hastened to Chesington, where she had been only a few days when her valued friend breathed his last. The annexed letter from Dr. Burney was in answer to her account of Mr. Crisp's increasing sufferings; that which follows it was intended to condole with her on his death, and at the same time to rouse her fortitude to bear the affliction with which she was overwhelmed.]

From Dr. Burney to Miss F. Burney.

Ah! my dear Fanny, your last letter has broke all our hearts! your former accounts kept off despair; but this brings it back in all its horrors. I wish, if it were possible, that you would let him know how much I loved him, and how heavily I shall feel his loss when all this hurry subsides, and lets me have time to brood over my sorrows. I have always thought that, in many particulars, his equal was not to be found. His wit, learning, taste, penetration, and, when well, his conviviality, pleasantry, and kindness of heart to me and mine, will ever be thought of with the most profound and desponding regret.

I know not what to say that will not add to your own affliction and all around you. What in the way of comfort can be said at present? or at least be be-

lieved and received? I can only wish you all possessed of fortitude sufficient to bear what now appears inevitable, and almost immediate. 'T is terrible, when no good can be done, to be in the way of such scenes, and yet we console ourselves with the belief of its being right.
C. B.

From Dr. Burney to Miss F. Burney.

I am much more afflicted than surprised at the violence and duration of your sorrow for the terrible scenes and events at Chesington, and not only pity you, but participate in all your feelings. Not an hour in the day has passed, as you will some time or other find, since the fatal catastrophe, in which I have not felt a pang for the irreparable loss I have sustained. However, as something is due to the living, there is, perhaps, a boundary at which it is right to endeavour to stop in lamenting the dead. It is very hard, as I have found it all my life, to exceed these bounds in our duty or attention, without its being at the expense of others. I have lost in my time persons so dear to me, as to throw me into the utmost affliction and despondency which can be suffered without insanity; but I had claims on my life, my reason, and activity, which drew me from the pit of despair, and forced me, though with great difficulty, to rouse and exert every nerve and faculty in answering them. It has been very well said of mental wounds, that they must digest, like those of the body, before they can be healed. Necessity can alone, perhaps, in some cases, bring on this digestion; but we should not prevent it by caustics or corrosion; let the wound be open a due time, but not treated with violence. To quit all metaphor, we must, alas! try to

diminish our sorrow for our calamity, to enable us to support another; as a national peace is but time to refit, a mental is no more. So far, however, am I from blaming your indulgence of sorrow on the present occasion, that I both love and honour you for it; and therefore shall add no more on that melancholy subject.

* * * * *

C. B.

[When the last mournful duties had been performed at Chesington, Miss Burney returned to her father's house in St. Martin's Street; but some time elapsed ere she recovered composure sufficient to resume her journal.

The next entry relates to an alarming paralytic seizure of Dr. Johnson.]

Journal resumed.

Thursday, June 19th.—We heard to-day that Dr. Johnson had been taken ill, in a way that gave a dreadful shock to himself, and a most anxious alarm to his friends. Mr. Seward brought the news here, and my father and I instantly went to his house. He had earnestly desired me, when we lived so much together at Streatham, to see him frequently if he should be ill. He saw my father, but he had medical people with him, and could not admit me up stairs, but he sent me down a most kind message, that he thanked me for calling, and when he was better should hope to see me often. I had the satisfaction to hear from Mrs. Williams that the physicians had pronounced him to be in no danger, and expected a speedy recovery.

The stroke was confined to his tongue. Mrs. Williams told me a most striking and touching circumstance that attended the attack. It was at about four o'clock in the morning: he found himself with a paralytic affection; he rose, and composed in his own mind a Latin prayer to the Almighty, "that whatever were the sufferings for which he must prepare himself, it would please Him, through the grace and mediation of our blessed Saviour, to spare his intellects, and let them all fall upon his body." When he had composed this, internally, he endeavoured to speak it aloud, but found his voice was gone.

I went to Mrs. Vesey's in the evening, for I had promised to meet at her house Mrs. Garrick, who came to town that day from Hampton. I found her and Miss More, and Lady Claremont, and Horace Walpole, Mr. Pepys, Miss Hamilton, and Miss G.; no one else.

Mrs. Garrick was very kind to me, and invited me much to Hampton. Mrs. Vesey would make me sit by Horace Walpole; he was very entertaining. I never heard him talk much before; but I was seized with a panic upon finding he had an inclination to talk with me, and as soon as I could I changed my place. He was too well-bred to force himself upon me, and finding I shied, he left me alone. I was very sociable, however, with Mrs. Garrick.

Lady Claremont, Mr. Pepys, and I, outstayed the rest near an hour. Mrs. Vesey would not permit me to go; but when the others were gone she exclaimed,—

"Mr. Walpole is sadly vexed that Miss Burney won't talk with him!"

"If she had any thing to say," cried I, "she would be very proud that he would give her hearing."

"Why, dear ma'am," said Mr. Pepys, good-naturedly, "who can talk, so called upon? I, who am one of the greatest chatterers in the world, if set upon in that manner, why, I could not say a word."

"What, then," cried she, alarmed, "is it, do you think, my fault that Miss Burney does not talk?"

FRIDAY, JUNE 20TH.—I went in the morning to Dr. Johnson, and heard a good account of him. Dr. Rose, Dr. Dunbar, and Sam Rose, the Doctor's son, dined with us. We expected the rest of our party early; though the absence of Dr. Johnson, whom they were all invited to meet, took off the spirit of the evening.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 1ST.—I was again at Mrs. Vesey's, where again I met Mr. Walpole, Mr. Pepys, Miss Elliott, Mr. Burke, his wife and son, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and some others.

Mr. Burke was extremely kind to me, but not at all in spirits. He is tormented by the political state of affairs; and loses, I really believe, all the comfort of his life, at the very time he is risen to the station his ambition has long pointed out to him.

I had the satisfaction to hear from Sir Joshua that Dr. Johnson had dined with him at the Club. I look upon him, therefore, now, as quite recovered. I called the next morning to congratulate him, and found him very gay and very good-humoured.

SATURDAY, JULY 5TH.—My father and I went to dinner at Winchester House, Chelsea. Mrs. North was rather cold at first, and reproached me with my long absence, but soon made up, and almost forced from me a promise to go to Farnham, as the only condition of her forgiveness. She is clever, bright, pleasing, eccentric, and amusingly whimsical; and she

is also beautiful: but her manner has something in it alarming, that seems always upon the *qui vive.*

SUNDAY, JULY 6TH.—We have now a new man who is always at our house, M. Berquin, a French author, who came here a week or two since to present to "Mlle. Berni," his work, which is called L'Ami des Enfans. We had a droll interview enough, but I cannot give the time for writing it: but he desired my mother to deliver me the books, with a thousand fine speeches, and never once suspected *I* was the Mlle., though I was in the room all the time. I have since made some acquaintance with him; but his rapture when I talk to him is too great to be excited often, therefore I am chary of my words. O you would laugh to see how *enchanté* he thinks fit to appear. His book, however, is extremely pretty, and admirably adapted to its purpose,—that of instructing not only in French, and in reading,—but in morals, all the children who meet this their true *ami.*

JULY 7TH.—I spent the whole day with sweet Mrs. Delany, whom I love most tenderly. I always long to ask for her blessing. We had no company but Mrs. Sandford, an old lady who was formerly her *elève,* and who seems well worthy that honour. In the evening, indeed, came in Mr. Walpole, gay, though caustic; polite, though sneering; and entertainingly epigrammatical. I like and admire, but I could not love, nor trust him.

I have always forgot to mention to you a Poem, by young Hoole, called "Aurelia, or the Contest." He sent it me, and I soon found the reason. His "Aurelia" runs through the hackneyed round of folly and dissipation, and then appears suddenly to her, in a vision,

"The guardian power, whose secret sway
The wiser females of the world obey."

This guardian power tells her what he has done for his favourites,—that he gave to Dudley's wife

"A nobler fortitude than heroes reach,
And virtue greater than the sages teach."

Then, skipping suddenly to modern times, that he instructed

"Streatfield, the learn'd, the gay, in blooming years,"

to assist the poor, to attend the sick, and watch over her dying old tutor, Dr. Collier. Then, that he directed

"Carter's piercing eyes
To roll inquisitive through starry skies."

That he

"To Chapone th' important task assigned
To smooth the temper and improve the mind."

That he told More

"To guide unthinking youth," &c.

And then he says,—

"I stood, a favouring muse, at Burney's side,
To lash unfeeling Wealth and stubborn Pride,
Soft Affectation, insolently vain,
And wild Extravagance, with all her sweeping train;
Led her that modern Hydra to engage,
And paint a Harrel to a mad'ning age;
Then bade the moralist, admired and praised,
Fly from the loud applause her talent raised."

And then the coterie concludes with Mrs. Montagu. What think you of this our guardian genius?

Saturday, July 12th.—My father and Charlotte and I went again to spend the day at Winchester

House. We met Dr. and Mrs. Warren, and two of their sons, and Mr. Sayre, an agreeable young man.

In the evening my father, Hetty, Charlotte, and I, went to Le Tessier's. To-night he charmed me more than ever by "Le Roi à la Chasse." His talents are truly wonderful, and I have never, but from Garrick and Pacchierotti, received equal pleasure in public.

JULY 15TH.—To-day my father, my mother, and I, went by appointment to dine and spend the day at Twickenham with the Cambridges. Soon after our arrival Mr. C. asked if we should like to walk, to which we most readily agreed.

We had not strolled far before we were followed by Mr. George. No sooner did his father perceive him, than, hastily coming up to my side, he began a separate conversation with me; and leaving his son the charge of all the rest, he made me walk off with him from them all. It was really a droll manœuvre, but he seemed to enjoy it highly, and though he said not a word of his design, I am sure it reminded me of his own old trick to his son, when listening to a dull story, in saying to the relator,—"Tell the rest of that to George." And if George was in as good-humour with his party as his father was with his *tête-à-tête*, why, all were well pleased. As soon as we had fairly got away from them, Mr. Cambridge, with the kindest smiles of satisfaction, said,—"I give you my word I never was more pleased at any thing in my life than I am now at having you here to-day."

I told him that I had felt so glad at seeing him again, after so long an absence, that I had really half a mind to have made up to him myself, and shook hands.

"You cannot imagine," said he, "how you flatter

me!—and there is nothing, I do assure you, of which I am prouder, than seeing you have got the better of your fear of me, and feeling that I am not afraid of you."

"Of me, sir?—but how should you be?"

"Nay, I give you my word, if I was not conscious of the greatest purity of mind, I should more fear you than any body in the world."

Which had the greatest compliment, Susy—he or me?

"You know every thing, every body," he continued, "so wonderfully well!"

Afterwards, when we were speaking of illness and of dying, he assured me that, however pleasant his life was just now, he should feel nothing in giving it up; for he could not tell what misery he might be saved by death, nor what sin. And when this led me on to say I had never an illness in my life, without thinking, "probably I had better die now," he joined in it with such Christian reasoning as almost surprised as much as it edified me.

We then, I know not how, fell into discussing the characters of forward and flippant women; and I told him it was my fortune to be, in general, a very great favourite with them, though I felt so little gratitude for that honour, that the smallest discernment would shew them it was all thrown away.

"Why, it is very difficult," said he, "for a woman to get rid of those forward characters without making them her enemies. But with a man it is different. Now I have a very peculiar happiness, which I will tell you. I never took very much to a very amiable woman but I found she took also to me, and I have the good fortune to be in the perfect confidence of

some of the first women in this kingdom; but then there are a great many women that I dislike, and think very impertinent and foolish, and, do you know, they all dislike me too!—they absolutely cannot bear me! Now, I don't know, of those two things, which is the greatest happiness."

How characteristic this!—do you not hear him saying it?

We now renewed our conversation upon various of our acquaintances, particularly Mr. Pepys, Mr. Langton, and Mrs. Montagu. We stayed in this field, sitting and sauntering, near an hour. We then went to a stile, just by the river side, where the prospect is very beautiful, and there we again seated ourselves. Nothing could be more pleasant, though the wind was so high I was almost blown into the water.

He now traced to me great part of his life and conduct in former times, and told me a thousand excellent anecdotes of himself and his associates. He summed them all up in a way that gave me equal esteem and regard for him, in saying he found society the only thing for lasting happiness; that, if he had not met a woman he could permanently love, he must, with every other advantage, have been miserable; but that such was his good fortune, that "to and at this moment," he said, "there is no sight so pleasing to me as seeing Mrs. Cambridge enter a room; and that after having been married to her for forty years. And the next most pleasing sight to me is an amiable woman."

He then assured me that almost all the felicity of his life both had consisted, and did still consist, in female society. It was, indeed, he said, very rare, but there was nothing like it.

"And if agreeable women," cried I, "are rare,

much more so, I think, are agreeable men; at least, among my acquaintance they are very few, indeed, that are highly agreeable."

"Yes, and when they are so," said he, "it is difficult for you to have their society with any intimacy or comfort; there are always so many reasons why you cannot know them."

He very kindly regretted seeing so little of me, and said,—

"This is nothing—such a visit as this. If you could come now, and spend a month with us, that is what I want. If you could but come for a month."

We continued chatting till we came to the end of the meadow, and there we stopped, and again were joined by the company.

Mr. Cambridge now proposed the water, to which I eagerly agreed.

We had an exceeding pleasant excursion. We went up the river beyond the Duke of Montagu's, and the water was smooth and delightful. Methinks I should like much to sail from the very source to the mouth of the Thames.

* * * * *

Mr. Cambridge told an absurd story of Dr. Monso, a strange, gross man, who, at Mr. Garrick's table, called out to a very timid young woman to help him to some greens. She did her office slow and awkwardly, and he called out again, in a loud voice, "You Trollop, some greens, I say!" The man, it seems, was a humorist. Oh, from such humorists Heaven shield us! I would rather live with the dullest of the dull.

After dinner we again repaired to the lawn, in a general body; but we had scarce moved ten paces, before Mr. Cambridge again walked off with me, to a

seat that had a very fine view of Petersham wood, and there we renewed our confabulation.

He now shewed me a note from Mr. Gibbon, sent to engage himself to Twickenham on the unfortunate day he got his ducking. It is the most affected little piece of writing I ever saw. He shall attend him, he says, at Twickenham, and upon the water, as soon as the weather is propitious, and the Thames, that amiable creature, is ready to receive him.

Nothing, to be sure, could be so apt as such a reception as that "amiable creature" happened to give him! Mr. Cambridge said it was "God's revenge against conceit."

THURSDAY, JULY 17TH.—I went with my dear father to-day to dine and spend the evening at Lady Mary Duncan's. How vexatious never to have made this visit till it was necessarily the last in which I could see Pacchierotti there! He was in good humour, and more tolerable spirits than I have lately seen him in. Lady Shaub, mother to Mrs. Locke, and Miss Shaub, her sister, and Sir John Elliot, made all the dinner party. The two Miss Bulls came in the evening.

Pacchierotti did not sing one song accompanied, but he sang several little airs and ballads, English, Scotch, French, and Italian, most deliciously. I had a very agreeable day, and I saw he was quite delighted that I made one of the party, and that added to my delight almost its sum total,—though add is a little Irish there. Oh how the Miss Bulls do idolise him! They profess thinking him quite angelic, and declared they should even look upon it as a favour to be beat by him! I laughed violently at this extravagance, and vowed I would tell him. They desired no better. We called him to us; but I was really ashamed myself

when I found they were not. He leaned down his head very patiently for an explanation.

"Do tell him!" cried they, both together.

"What!" cried he; "what does the sweet Miss Burney say?"

"Oh, oh!" cried one;—"Oh dear!" cried the other; "how he speaks to Miss Burney!"

"Miss Burney," cried he, quite warmly and undauntedly, "is a treasure!"

"Oh dear!—only hear him, Lady Mary!" exclaimed Miss Catherine Bull; "he says Miss Burney is a treasure!"

"Well, and is it not true?" said she, graciously.

"Oh, yes!" answered she, half laughing, yet in a repining voice; "but I don't like to hear him say so."

This was our sort of chat almost all the evening, with various imitations, and light summer singing, from Pacchierotti. Miss Bulls made me make many promises about our future acquaintance, and Lady Mary was all graciousness and intimacy.

Friday, July 18th.—I called in the morning upon my dear Mrs. Delany, who received me with the utmost kindness, and whom I really love even more than I admire. I appointed to spend Tuesday with her. And so I would any other day she had named, or even any week. It is sweet, it is consolatory to me to be honoured with so much of her favour as to see her always eager to fix a time for our next and next meeting. I feel no cares with her. I think myself with the true image and representative of my loved grandmother, and I seem as if I could never do wrong while I keep her in my mind, and as if to suffer it were immaterial, if only in worldly considerations.

These thoughts, and this composure, alas! will not

last long; but it is pleasant to feel it even if for a few hours. I wish you knew her. I would not give up my knowledge of her for the universe. Nothing has so truly calmed my mind since its late many disturbances as her society: the religious turn which kindness and wisdom from old age, give to all commerce with it, brings us out of anxiety and misery a thousand times more successfully than gaiety or dissipation have power to do.

SATURDAY, JULY 19TH.—This morning a letter was brought into my room, and the maid said it came from Mr. Cambridge, but that the messenger was gone. I opened, and will copy it. The lines were suggested by my father's portrait in Barry's great painting.

"When Chloe's picture was to Venus shewn,
Surprised, the goddess took it for her own."—PRIOR.

"When Burney's picture was to Gibbon shewn,
The pleased historian took it for his own;
'For who, with shoulders dry, and powdered locks,
E'er bathed, but I?' he said, and rapp'd his box."

Barry replied,—

"My lasting colours shew
What gifts the painter's pencil can bestow.
With nymphs of Thames, those amiable creatures,
I placed the charming minstrel's smiling features:
And let not, then, his *bonne fortune* concern ye,
For there are nymphs enough for you and Burney."

Pacchierotti is gone; and I most provokingly missed seeing him at his leave-taking visit; which has vexed me exceedingly.

Miss Burney to Mrs. Phillips.

October 3d, 1783.

Ah, my Susy, how I miss you already!—how I want you by my side! I have been repeating, internally, all day long, these heartfelt lines,—

" I prized ev'ry hour that passed by
Beyond all that had pleased me before.
But now they are gone!—and I sigh
And I grieve that I prized them no more."

For I seem dissatisfied with myself, and as if I had not made the most of being with you. Yet I am sure I cannot tell how I could have made more. Were I but certain of meeting you again in any decent time—but I have a thousand fears that something will interfere and prevent that happiness; and there is nothing like being with you, my Susy—to me, nothing in the world.

That kind Kitty!—I found a basket filled with all sort of good things from her. I believe she has determined I never shall be ill again, or at least have no illness for which she has not prepared a remedy. Really, between her medicines, and the dear Capitano's cosmetics, I shall expect to become stout and beautiful. I don't know which will happen first, and I am determined not to ask which is most probable.

My father and I began first upon Berquin, to drive you all a little out of our heads; and then, when we were a little soothed by his feeling and elegant writing, we had recourse to Pasquin, to put us in better spirits. And so we laughed. But I must own I too frequently meet with disgust in all Fielding's dramatic works, to laugh with a good heart even at his wit, excellent as it

is; and I should never myself think it worth wading through so much dirt to get at. Where any of his best strokes are picked out for me, or separately quoted, I am always highly pleased, and can grin most cordially; but where I hear the bad with the good, it preponderates too heavily to suffer my mind to give the good fair play.

F. B.

Journal Resumed.

THURSDAY, OCT. 29TH.—This morning, at breakfast, Mr. Hoole called. I wanted to call upon Dr. Johnson, and it is so disagreeable to me to go to him alone, now poor Mrs. Williams is dead, on account of the quantity of men always visiting him, that I most gladly accepted, and almost asked, his 'squireship.

We went together. The dear Doctor received me with open arms.

"Ah, dearest of all dear ladies!" he cried, and made me sit in his best chair.

He had not breakfasted.

"Do you forgive my coming so soon?" said I.

"I cannot forgive your not coming sooner," he answered.

I asked if I should make his breakfast, which I have not done since we left Streatham; he readily consented.

"But, sir," quoth I, "I am in the wrong chair." For I was away from the table.

"It is so difficult," said he, "for any thing to be wrong that belongs to you, that it can only be I am in the wrong chair, to keep you from the right one."

And then we changed.

You will see by this how good were his spirits and his health.

I stayed with him two hours, and could hardly get away; he wanted me to dine with him, and said he would send home to excuse me; but I could not possibly do that. Yet I left him with real regret.

Wednesday, Nov. 19th.—I received a letter from Dr. Johnson, which I have not by me, but will try to recollect.

" *To Miss Burney.*

" Madam,—You have now been at home this long time, and yet I have neither seen nor heard from you. Have we quarrelled?

" I have met with a volume of the 'Philosophical Transactions,' which I imagine to belong to Dr. Burney. Miss Charlotte will please to examine.

" Pray send me a direction* where Mrs. Chapone lives; and pray, some time, let me have the honour of telling you how much I am, madam, your most humble servant, Sam. Johnson.

" Bolt Court, Nov. 19th, 1783."

Now if ever you read any thing more dry, tell me. I was shocked to see him undoubtedly angry, but took courage, and resolved to make a serious defence; therefore thus I answered,—

" *To Dr Johnson.*

" Dear Sir,—May I not say dear? for quarrelled I am sure we have not. The bad weather alone has kept me from waiting upon you; but now you have condescended to give me a summons, no lion shall stand in the way of my making your tea this afternoon, unless I receive a prohibition from yourself, and then I must submit; for what, as you said of a certain great lady,

signifies the barking of a lap-dog, if once the lion puts out his paw?

"The book was very right. Mrs. Chapone lives at either No. 7 or 8 in Dean Street, Soho.

"I beg you, sir, to forgive a delay for which I can only 'tax the elements with unkindness,' and to receive, with your usual goodness and indulgence, your ever most obliged and most faithful humble servant,

"F. BURNEY.

"St. Martin's Street, Nov. 19th, 1783."

My dear father spared me the coach, and to Bolt Court therefore I went, and with open arms was I received. Nobody was there but Charles and Mr. Sastres, and Dr. Johnson was, if possible, more instructive, entertaining, good-humoured, and exquisitely fertile, than ever. He thanked me repeatedly for coming, and was so kind I could hardly ever leave him.

* * * * *

In the evening I accompanied Mrs. Ord to Mrs. Pepys. There we met Dr. Pepys, and Lady Rothes, and Mr. Hawkins Brown, and had a very sociable evening.

Mr. Pepys read to us Miss More's "Bas Bleu" again. I longed to ask for a copy, but did not dare, to send to Twickenham.

Dr. Pepys had a long private conference with me concerning Mrs. Thrale, with whose real state of health he is better acquainted than any body; and sad, indeed, was all that he said.

There are some new lines added to the "Bas Bleu," upon wit and attention; and Mr. Pepys chose to insist upon it I had sat to Miss More for the portrait of Attention, which is very admirably drawn; but the

compliment is preposterous, because the description is the most flattering.

SATURDAY, NOV. 22D,—I passed in nothing but sorrow—exquisite sorrow, for my dear unhappy friend, who sent me one letter, that came early by the Bath Diligence, and another by the post. But of these things no more.

I am sorry not to be more explicit, but I should not give you more pleasure if I were. I can only now tell you that I love Mrs. Thrale with a never-to-cease affection, and pity her more than ever I pitied any human being; and, if I did not blame her, I could, I should, I believe, almost die for her!

I am extremely sorry, my dearest Susy, that in the late distress of my mind about poor Mrs. Thrale, I mentioned any thing that has so much interested you to know more. It is too true that many know all,—but none from me. I am bound, and should be miserable not to say, if called upon, and not to know, if not called upon, that no creature, not even you to whom I communicate every thing else, nor to the trusty Charlotte with whom I live, and who sees my frequent distress upon the subject, has tempted me to an explanation. General rumour I have no means to prevent spreading.

* * * * *

I am still as much bent as ever to go to her, if I can obtain leave; but I will mention no more of the matter, since the difficulties under which I labour not to offend or afflict that beloved friend, and yet to do nothing wrong, are by no means new, though of late they have grown doubly painful. I will only say further, that though her failings are unaccountable and most unhappy, her virtues and good qualities, the generosity

and feeling of her heart, the liberality and sweetness of her disposition, would counterbalance a thousand more.

This I say, lest you should think something worse than the truth—something stranger you cannot. I am very sorry not to satisfy you more; but when you weigh what I have said, you will be sensible I have reasons to preserve silence; though to myself, believe me, 'tis by far most painful, and has long been most cruel.

TUESDAY, NOV. 25TH.—I went this morning to Lady Mary Duncan, whose visit my father grew angry that I did not return. She admitted me, and kept me full two hours. She is really entertaining, very entertaining, though not very respectably always, as every thing she says has some mixture of absurdity in the manner, even when the idea is faultless. She much invited me to frequent visits, and was excessively civil and courteous. Our talk was all of her late Sir William and Pacchierotti. She runs from one to the other with a most ludicrous facility, as if well content they should share her favour, divide her thoughts, and keep the use of her tongue wholly to themselves.

TUESDAY, DEC. 9.—This evening I went to Mrs. Vesey's at last. I was obliged to go alone, as my father would not be earlier than nine o'clock; an hour too fine-ladyish for me to choose visiting at. But as I cannot bear entering a room full of company *sola*, I went soon after seven.

I found, as I wished, no creature but Mrs. Vesey and Mrs. Hancock, who lives with her. I soon made my peace, for several delays and excuses I have sent her, as she is excessively good-natured, and then we had near an hour to ourselves. And then, the first person who came,—who do you think it was?—Mr.

Cambridge, sen[r]. I leave you to guess whether or not I felt glad; and I leave you, also, to share in my surprise upon finding he was uninvited and unexpected; for Mrs. Vesey looked at him with open surprise.

As soon as the salutations were over, Mrs. Vesey, with her usual odd simplicity, asked him what had put him upon calling?

"The desire," cried he, "to see you. But what! are there only you three?—nothing but women?"

"Some more are coming," answered she, "and some of your friends; so you are in luck."

"They are men, I hope," cried he, laughing; "for I can't bear being with only women!"

"Poor Mr. Cambridge," cried I, "what will become of him? I know not, indeed, if the three women now present overpower him."

"To be sure they do," cried he, "for I like nothing in the world but men! So if you have not some men coming, I declare off."

Mrs. Vesey and Mrs. Hancock stared, and I laughed; but neither of us could discover what he was aiming at, though he continued this raillery some time, till he exclaimed,—

"Well, I am sure of one friend, however, to stick by me, for one has promised me to come."

"And who is that?" said Mrs. Vesey, staring more.

"Why a Christian-maker!"

"A Christian-maker!—who's that?"

"Why one who is gone to-night to make two Christians, and when they are made, will come to see if he can make any more here."

"Who is it?"

"My son."

"O!—well, I am always glad to see him."

Mr. Cambridge then ran on with other such speeches; but Mrs. Vesey sat gravely pondering, and then called out,—

"Pray how did your son know I should be at home?"

"Why he does not know it," answered Mr. C.; "but he intends coming to try."

She said no more, but I saw she looked extremely perplexed.

Soon after Miss E—— entered. She is a sort of yea and nay young gentlewoman, to me very wearisome. Mr. Cambridge, during the reception, came up to me, and whispered with a laugh,—

"I called upon your friend, Mrs. Ord, this morning, and she told me you would be here to-night."

I laughed, too, but thanked him, and we were going on with our own chat when Mrs. Vesey, as if from a sudden thought, came up to us, and patting Mr. Cambridge on the arm, said,—

"I dare say you came to meet Miss Burney?"

"Me?—no," cried he, "I came to meet Miss E——;" and, immediately quitting me, he went to talk with her.

This was rather a home stroke to be sure, yet I really believe accidental.

Soon after came Mrs. Walsingham, and insisted upon sitting next me, to whom she is most marvellous civil.

Then came Mr. Vesey, with Sir Joshua Reynolds and Mr. Richard Burke, from dinner. I was very glad to see Sir Joshua, who came up to shake hands with me; while Mr. Richard Burke called out aloud

from the other end of the room, in his Irish facetious way,—

"Oho! I shall go round to speak with Miss Burney!"

I so hate these public addresses, that I received him with the most chilling gravity; and, after he had leant over my chair a minute or two, with inquiries about my health and my father, he quietly went away, and liked his reception too little to return.

The next were Mrs. Burke and her son. I should have liked much to have sat by the former, who spoke to me with the greatest politeness; but I was hemmed in between Mrs. Walsingham and Miss E——.

Lady Spencer brought with her a collection of silver ears, to serve instead of trumpets, to help deafness. They had belonged to the late Lord, and she presented them to Mrs. Vesey, who, with great *naïveté*, began trying them on before us all; and a more ludicrous sight you cannot imagine.

Sir William Hamilton followed; and then a coterie was formed at the other side the room, by all the men but young Burke, who would not quit my elbow.

Miss E—— then came next to me again, and worried me with most uninteresting prosing, never allowing me to listen for two minutes following to either Sir William Hamilton or my dear Mr. Cambridge, though they were both relating anecdotes the most entertaining.

During this came Mr. George Cambridge. The sight of Mrs. Vesey, rising to receive him with one of her silver ears on, and the recollection of several accounts given me of her wearing them, made me unable to keep my countenance.

Mrs. Vesey offered him a chair next to Miss E——; but, while she was moving to make way for him, down dropped her ear.

*   *   *   *   *

Mr. G. C. was going to speak, when Mrs. Vesey interrupted him, by saying, "Did you know Mr. Wallace, Mr. Cambridge?"

"No, ma'am."

"It's a very disagreeable thing, I think," said she, "when one has just made acquaintance with any body, and likes them, to have them die."

This speech set me grinning so irresistibly, that I was forced to begin filliping off the crumbs of the macaroon cake from my muff, for an excuse for looking down.

Just then my father came in: and then Mr. G. C. came, and took the chair half beside me.

I told him of some new members for Dr. Johnson's club.

"I think," said he, "it sounds more like some club that one reads of in the 'Spectator,' than like a real club in these times; for the forfeits of a whole year will not amount to those of a single night in other clubs. Does Pepys belong to it?"

"Oh, no! he is quite of another party! He is head man on the side of the defenders of Lord Lyttelton. Besides, he has had enough of Dr. Johnson; for they had a grand battle upon the Life of Lyttelton, at Streatham."

"And had they really a serious quarrel? I never imagined it had amounted to that."

"Oh, yes, serious enough, I assure you. I never saw Dr. Johnson really in a passion but then: and dreadful, indeed, it was to see. I wished myself away

a thousand times. It was a frightful scene. He so red, poor Mr. Pepys so pale!"

"But how did it begin? What did he say?"

"Oh, Dr. Johnson came to the point without much ceremony. He called out aloud, before a large company, at dinner, 'What have you to say, sir, to me or of me? Come forth, man! I hear you object to my 'Life of Lord Lyttelton.' What are your objections? If you have any thing to say, let's hear it. Come forth, man, when I call you!'"

"What a call, indeed! Why then he fairly bullied him into a quarrel!"

"Yes. And I was the more sorry, because Mr. Pepys had begged of me, before they met, not to let Lord Lyttelton be mentioned. Now I had no more power to prevent it than this macaroon cake in my hand."

"It was behaving ill to Mrs. Thrale, certainly, to quarrel in her house."

"Yes; but he never repeated it; though he wished of all things to have gone through just such another scene with Mrs. Montagu, and to refrain was an act of heroic forbearance."

"Why, I rather wonder he did not; for she was the head of the set of Lytteltonians."

"Oh, he knows that; he calls Mr. Pepys only her prime minister."

"And what does he call her?"

"'Queen,' to be sure! 'Queen of the Blues!' She came to Streatham one morning, and I saw he was dying to attack her. But he had made a promise to Mrs. Thrale to have no more quarrels in her house, and so he forced himself to forbear. Indeed he was very much concerned, when it was over, for what had

passed; and very candid and generous in acknowledging it. He is too noble to adhere to wrong."

"And how did Mrs. Montagu herself behave?"

"Very stately, indeed, at first. She turned from him very stiffly, and with a most distant air, and without even courteseying to him, and with a firm intention to keep to what she had publicly declared—that she would never speak to him more! However, he went up to her himself, longing to begin! and very roughly said,—'Well, madam, what's become of your fine new house? I hear no more of it.'"

"But how did she bear this?"

"Why she was obliged to answer him; and she soon grew so frightened—as every body does—that she was as civil as ever."

He laughed heartily at this account. But I told him Dr. Johnson was now much softened. He had acquainted me, when I saw him last, that he had written to her upon the death of Mrs. Williams, because she had allowed her something yearly, which now ceased.

"'And I had a very kind answer from her,' said he.

"'Well then, sir,' cried I, 'I hope peace now will be again proclaimed.'

"'Why, I am now,' said he, 'come to that time when I wish all bitterness and animosity to be at an end. I have never done her any serious harm—nor would I; though I could give her a bite!—but she must provoke me much first. In volatile talk, indeed, I may have spoken of her not much to her mind; for in the tumult of conversation malice is apt to grow sprightly; and there, I hope, I am not yet decrepid!'"

He quite laughed aloud at this characteristic speech.

"I most readily assured the Doctor that I had never yet seen him limp!"

Mr. G. C. told me next a characteristic stroke of Mr. Walpole's. It is the custom, you know, among the Macaronies, to wear two watches, which, it is always observed, never go together: "So I suppose," says he, in his finical way, "one is to tell us what o'clock *it is*, and the other what o'clock *it is not*."

Another Walpolian Mr. G. C. told me, upon the Duke de Bouillon, who tries to pass for an Englishman, and calls himself Mr. Godfrey. "But I think," says Mr. Walpole, "he might better take an English title, and call himself the *Duke of Mutton Broth*."

TUESDAY.—I spent the afternoon with Dr. Johnson, who indeed is very ill, and whom I could hardly tell how to leave. But he is rather better since, though still in a most alarming way. Indeed, I am very much afraid for him! He was very, very kind!—Oh, what a cruel, heavy loss will he be!

* * * * * *

You have heard the whole story of Mr. Burke, the Chelsea Hospital, and his most charming letter? To-day he called, and, as my father was out, inquired for me. He made a thousand apologies for breaking in upon me, but said the business was finally settled at the Treasury. Nothing could be more delicate, more elegant than his manner of doing this kindness. I don't know whether he was most polite or most friendly in his whole behaviour to me. I could almost have cried when he said, "This is my last act in office:"* he said it with so manly a cheerfulness, in the midst of undisguised regret. What a man he is!

FRIDAY, DEC. 19TH.—This morning, Mr. Cambridge

* This alludes to Dr. Burney's appointment to the office of organist to the chapel of Chelsea Hospital.

sen., came again, and I had a charming *tête-à-tête* with him. He most comically congratulated himself upon finding me alone: "for now," says he, "you will talk to me." He then repeatedly hoped he did not disturb me, which I assured him he could never do, and then we began our usual conversation upon every sort of thing that came uppermost.

Some time after he said,—

"Gay as you may think me, I am always upon the watch for evil: only I do not look for it, like the croakers, to be miserable, but to prevent it. And, for this purpose, I am constantly turning about in my own mind every possible evil than can happen, and then I make it my whole business to guard against it."

* * * * * *

I went afterwards, by long appointment, to Mr. Burrows's, to meet Mr. and Mrs. Barbauld. Mrs. Chapone carried me.

Mrs. Chapone herself is the most superiorly unaffected creature you can conceive, and full of *agrémens* from good sense, talents, and conversational powers, in defiance of age, infirmities, and uncommon ugliness. I really love as well as admire and esteem her.

DEC. 27TH.—We went at night, according to appointment, to the Pepys. We found only Lady Rothes, Sir Lucas Pepys, for Dr. Pepys has just been made a baronet, Lord Leslie, a youth of about eighteen, son of Lady Rothes, Mr. Montagu, Mr. Wraxal, and the master and mistress. Mrs. Walsingham and Miss Boyle went to one side of the room, and I was placed next Lady Rothes on the other.

All the Pepys were in good humour and good spirits; their new dignity has elated without making them impertinent.

TUESDAY, DEC. 30. — I went to Dr. Johnson, and spent the evening with him. He was very indifferent, indeed. There were some very disagreeable people with him; and he once affected me very much, by turning suddenly to me, and grasping my hand, and saying,—

"The blister I have tried for my breath has betrayed some very bad tokens; but I will not terrify myself by talking of them: ah, *priez Dieu pour moi!*"

You may believe I promised that I would! — Good and excellent as he is, how can he so fear death? — Alas, my Susy, how awful is that idea! — He was quite touchingly affectionate to me. How earnestly I hope for his recovery!

PART VIII.

1784.

CONTENTS.

PART VIII.

1784.

TUESDAY, JAN. 6TH.—I spent the afternoon with Dr. Johnson, and had the great satisfaction of finding him better.

THURSDAY, JAN. 8TH.—I dined with Mrs. Delany. The venerable and excellent old lady received me with open arms, and we kissed one another as if she had been my sweet grandmother, whom she always reminds me of. She looks as well as ever, only rather thinner; but she is as lively, gay, pleasant, good-humoured, and animated, as at eighteen. She sees, she says, much worse; "but I am thankful," she added, cheerfully, "I can see at all at my age. My greatest loss is the countenance of my friends; however, to see even the light is a great blessing."

She shewed me a most elegant and ingenious loom, which the Queen made her a present of last summer at Windsor, for making fringe; and a gold knitting needle given her by the King. And she told me the whole history of their manner of presenting them, with a sort of grateful simplicity that was quite affecting. Did I ever tell you of the letter the Queen wrote her, when she gave her a beautiful case of instruments for her curious works? She signed it her "affectionate Queen." I quite reverence the Queen for her sense of Mrs. Delany's merit.

We had, however, but half an hour alone, and it seemed to me much shorter. Mrs. Carter and Miss Hamilton came to dinner.

Mrs. Carter is a charming woman; I never liked her so much before; but I never before saw so much of her to like. Miss Hamilton I have nothing new to say about; I had no opportunity to ask her for the *Bas Bleu*, as I had never been near her, and was much reproached, and had peace to make for myself.

In the evening the Duchess of Portland came, and was very gracious and very agreeable. Lady Dartmouth, also, who seems a very plain, unaffected, worthy woman; Mrs. Levison, one of Mrs. Boscawen's daughters, and Miss G. a maid of honour, whom I have been invited three days following to meet at Mrs. Walsingham's. She has had, it seems, a man's education; yet she is young, pretty, and, at times, very engaging. She seems unequal, and, I am told, can be very saucy and supercilious.

The evening did very well, but the first half hour was worth the whole day.

Mrs. Thrale to Miss F. Burney.

Bath, January 15, 1784.

Well, my dearest Burney—now Mrs. Byron is ill, and all my tenderness returns. Do send her the inclosed, and let me know whether she is bad or no. Poor soul! she loves me dearly in her way, and if I do not like her method, 't is no reason for rejecting her regard.

I have got a world of franks, and shall torment you accordingly.

Sir Lucas Pepys received a letter from me the other

day, all about my health; perhaps he 'll answer it; and Seward hears all the particulars as if he were an old nurse.

As for being well in this weather, it were as rational to bid me calm the heats of Parliament as my own agitated nerves: but, as the man in "The Rambler" says, "perhaps I shall mend in the spring."

Air balloons go no faster than post-horses at last! I caught my death almost by looking at one the other day, which went to Bristol in an hour from hence. I dare say Sir John Lade's phaeton would have beaten our Icarus out of sight.

Adieu, my love, and may God bless you but as is wished and prayed for by your own

H. L. T.

Diary Resumed.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 15TH:—My Bath journey, my dear Susy, I know not what to say about; could I go for one fortnight, nothing could so much rejoice me; for I even languish, I pine to see again my beloved and very—oh, very unhappy Mrs. Thrale! I know well the meeting, as things are at present situated, would half kill her with joy, and me with a thousand feelings I keep off as well as I can; but I cannot tell how to arrange matters for this purpose. The expense of such an expedition, for so short a time, I know not how even to name to my father, who has a thousand reasons against my going, all founded on arguments unanswerable.

I had a very long conference with dear Mr. Cambridge, who returned to town with undiminished kindness for me, as he shewed in a manner that will amaze

you. Charlotte was with us at first, but soon retired; and we had then an hour or two by ourselves.

He began by talking of the preceding evening at Mrs. Ord's, and its heaviness. I was half ready to laugh,—there was something so *naïf* in the complaint.

"But I must tell you," said he, "how I made George laugh, though without intending it, after we got into Mortimer Street last night. 'Why, George,' says I, 'what an evening we have had here! Why, there's neither been mirth nor instruction!'"

"Mrs. Ord," cried I, "is a very friendly woman, and very sensible; and, indeed, I go to see her because I have a real regard for her, and she has the warmest regard for me; but I don't go expecting entertainment from her brilliancy."

"Oh, it is quite right for you, and quite another thing for you; but for me, who come seldom to town, it does not answer; for I always want either to hear something that is new, or something that is pleasant. But it is very well for you who live in town, and I would have you go."

We had then a little further talk about the evening, after which, in a very serious tone, Mr. Cambridge said,—

"And now I have something very interesting to say to you. I hardly know how to tell it you; but you must bear it as well as you can, and not suffer it to prey upon your spirits."

And then, while I listened aghast, he told me that the sweet Kitty was in so dangerous a way he could not but look forward to the most fatal conclusion of her malady.

I was truly concerned—concerned at my very heart to hear such sounds from him; but when he proceeded

to comfort me,—to beg me to bear up,—I was really obliged to go and poke at the fire with all my might to hide from him the effect of such generosity of sentiment. I cannot write you the particulars of what he said, because, things being since a little mended, I hope there is less occasion to think over such sad admonitions: but he charged me to bear up against this misfortune as *he* did.

"You," said he, "must remind me hereafter, should you see me sinking at last in sorrow when all is over, of what I say to you now, and of all her sufferings, which now I think worse than all."

Again he charged me to be cheerful myself, and said he had given the same charge to Sally Baker.

"You two," added he, "and my two girls, have, among you all four but one fault,—and that is too much feeling. You must repress that, therefore, as much as you can."

And when he had repeated these injunctions, he said,—

"And now we will talk of it no more. I have prepared you for what may happen; so now think of it as little as you can, and forgive me for giving you so much pain; and the less we say upon this subject in future the better."

* * * * *

I went alone to Mrs. Vesey's, which was very disagreeable to me. There was a very full meeting too, and most of the company were already arrived; and, to add to the pleasure of my *entrée*, Mrs. Vesey was in an inner room: so my name was spoke aloud at the door, and then nobody was ready to receive me. I stood so awkward; till at last Sir Joshua Reynolds smilingly called out,—

"Miss Burney, you had better come and sit by me, for here 's no Mrs. Vesey."

I instantly obeyed the droll summons.

"Why don't Dr. Burney come with you?" cried he, good-naturedly; "you should make him, for it is very distressing to you to come in alone."

I never will go alone again unless I can go much earlier.

I now soon saw folks enough that I knew. Mr. Jerningham first came up to me, and offered to fetch Mrs. Vesey, which, though I declined, he would do. She received me most kindly, and told me I had a little party of friends in the boudoir who desired I would join them; but I had had enough of exhibiting myself, and begged leave to sit still.

"But you can't think, my dear ma'am," cried she, "how happy you will make me, if you will be quite at your ease here, and run about just as you like."

How well she sees what would make me happy!—to run about in rooms full of company!

As soon as she was called off, Mr. Jerningham took her place, civilly declaring he would not give it up, come who might.

Soon after came Mr. Montagu with another message from the boudoir; but I was now by the Burrows and Mrs. Pepys, and did not like parading away. They sent a bad messenger, however; for he got a chair in our circle, and took back no answer.—Afterwards Miss Hamilton herself came, and, taking my hand, insisted upon carrying me back with her.

The boudoir party was Mrs. Carter, Miss Gregory, Miss Hamilton, Lady Wake, Miss Ann Clarke, and Mr. Montagu. I was introduced by Miss Hamilton to

the two ladies whose names are new to you. I stayed with this party all the evening.

Mrs. Carter talked more than any body ever heard her talk before; and Mr. Montagu declared he was sure it was for me. I should desire nothing more than such influence, were it so; for her talk was all instruction. Were I to see much of her, I really think we should be exceeding good friends. Mrs. Vesey, Dr. Warton, and Mr. Jerningham, joined us occasionally. In the other rooms were Mrs. Montagu, Mrs. Buller, Sir William Hamilton, and crowds more, with dear, amiable, unaffected Sir Joshua.

Mr. Cambridge came very late, and ventured not into our closet, which seemed a band exclusive.

There was a world of regret in the boudoir, about my not going to see the Hamilton Vase next day; for most of that set were to form the party.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 17TH.—To-day, by long invitation, I was to spend the evening at the Pepys.

We kept up, among our own group, a general conversation, but not a very lively one; for Miss G. whispered me she wished Miss O. away, she could say so little: and Mr. M. told me, in another whisper, he could not bear looking at Miss H. there was something so disagreeably languishing in her eyes! The two ladies had no opportunity, as I was seated, to whisper a return of these compliments; but I found that none of them desired the affinity of the others.

The evening rubbed on and rubbed off till it began to break up. Mrs. Montagu was the first who rose to take leave, and, in passing by to go out, suddenly perceived me, and eagerly advancing, put both her hands upon my shoulders, and good-humouredly ex-

claimed, "Oh, have I found you out at last?" And then she said many very obliging things, which she finished with an invitation for the next Wednesday evening with my father.

Mrs. Thrale to Miss F. Burney.

Bath, Wednesday, February 18, 1784.

Thanks, thanks, a thousand, my prettiest, dearest Burney! This charming letter makes amends for all. And you remember last winter, do you . and remember it with tenderness? What then must have passed in my mind, on the dreadful anniversary of a day which, instead of killing me as it ought to have done, gave to two innocent, unfortunate people, a cruel and lingering death,—like the arrows tipped with African poison, which slowly and gradually retarding the vital powers, at length (in about three years I think) wholly put a stop to their exertion!

You are vastly good-natured about the little Dobbina, who is my fond and humble adorer; though somewhat jealous of her husband's being (as he truly is) a greater favourite with me than her. The means she takes to supplant him are truly comical, and would make you laugh most heartily; but so might twenty undescribable situations if you were on the spot,—the only clean, and warm, and wholesome spot in England at this time. Oh, I would not quit dear Bath just now for any place in King George's dominions!

Pray, is Baretti sick or in distress? The Italians think him dead; but I suppose all is well with him, a'n't it?

Johnson is in a sad way, doubtless; yet he may still with care last another twelvemonth, and every week's

existence is gain to him, who, like good Hezekiah, wearies Heaven with entreaties for life. I wrote him a very serious letter the other day.

The Methodists do certainly reconcile one to death, by rendering all temporal enjoyments obtuse, or representing them as illicit. Whoever considers this world as a place of constant mortification, and incessant torment, will be well enough contented to leave it; but I can scarcely think our Saviour, who professed his yoke to be easy and his burden to be light, will have peculiar pleasure in their manner of serving Him. My principles are never convinced by their arguments, though my imagination is always fluttered by their vehemence. We must do the best we can at last, and as King David says, "Let us fall into the hands of God, and not into the hands of men; for they are severe and cruel judges of each other."

Apropos—Mr. Seward's disapprobation is merely external, and by no means like yours, the growth of his heart; but the coarseness of his expressions he has to himself, and I cannot guess how I have deserved them. Sir Lucas Pepys writes very tenderly to me. Live or die, he shall not find me ungrateful.

Why do you catch these horrible fevers, dear Burney? They will demolish you some day before you are aware.

Well, you have lost some of the old treason-plotters, to be sure, by whom you were and are dearly loved and valued; but when friends are once parted in this wide world, 't is so strange if they ever meet again, that no one ought to wonder should they see each other no more. There is a place, however, where we shall meet those we love, and enjoy their society in peace and comfort. To such as have fully experienced the agonies of absence, sure that will be heaven enough.

Adieu, my precious friend, and don't forget one on whose heart time and distance have no other effect than to engrave affection and affliction the deeper. Adieu! I am really almost drawn together from emptiness and sinking. Love me, however, while I am your

H. L. T.

Mrs. Thrale to Miss Burney.

Bath, Tuesday, 23d March, 1784.

You were a dear creature to write so soon and so sweetly; but we shall never meet. I see that clearly, and have seen it long. My going to London would be a dreadful expense, and bring on a thousand inquiries and inconveniences — visits to Johnson and from Cator: and where must I live for the time, too? Oh, I have desired nothing else since you wrote; but all is impossibility. Why would you ever flatter me that you might, maybe, come to Bath? I saw the unlikelihood even then, and my retired life will not induce your friends to permit your coming hither now. I fancy even my own young ladies will leave me, and I sincerely think they will be perfectly right so to do, as the world they wish to shine in is quite excluded by my style of living.

Bath flash they properly enough despise, and London flash I cannot attend them in. More chapters of the Bible, or more volumes of the Roman and English histories, would fatigue their ears — for their lungs have not yet suffered. I have, however, read to them the Bible from beginning to end, the Roman and English histories, Milton, Shakspere, Pope and Young's works from head to heel; Warton and Johnson's criticisms.

on the Poets; besides a complete system of dramatic writing; and classical — I mean English classics — they are most perfectly acquainted with. Such works of Voltaire, too, as were not dangerous, we have worked at; "Rollin des Belles Lettres," and a hundred more.

But my best powers are past, and I think I must look them a lady to supply my deficiency, to attend them if they should like a jaunt next summer or so; for I will not quit Bath. The waters and physicians of this place are all my comfort, and I often think I never shall again leave the spot.

Ah, Burney! you little know the suffering, and, I will add, the patient suffering of your

H. L. T.*

Journal Resumed.

SATURDAY, APRIL 17TH. — The sight of your paw any way, my dearest Susy, my heart's ever dearest friend, would be well worth all the pence I have in the world, could I see it on no other condition. Indeed I

* The above letter is indorsed as follows in the handwriting of Madame d'Arblay: —

"Many letters of a subsequent date to this letter, of 14th March, 1784, I have utterly, for cogent reasons (cogent and conscientious), destroyed. Following, with this so long dearest friend, the simple, but unrivalled, golden rule, I would only preserve such as evince her conflicts, her misery, and her sufferings, mental and corporeal, to exonerate her from the banal reproach of yielding unresisting to her passions. Her fault and grievous misfortune was, not combating them in their origin; not flying even from their menace. How have I loved her! with what affection, what gratitude, what admiration, and what affliction!

"*12th February*, 1825."

have not been really in spirits, nor had one natural laugh, since I lost you; there seems such an insipidity, such a vacuity in all that passes. I know not, in truth, whether I most miss you when happy or when sad. That I wish for you most when happy is certain; but that nothing upon earth can do me so much good, when sad, as your society, is certain too. Constantly to hear from you, and to write to you, is the next best thing; so now, with as little murmuring as I am able, I return to our paper conversations.

Your note by the postilion was truly welcome; and I thank you most warmly for writing it. I am grieved you had so bad a journey, which I fear you could never bear so well as you imposingly pretend. As to me, I have had, I confess, a slight headach ever since you went; but I believe it to be owing to stagnation of blood from stupidity, nothing of an enlivening nature having passed to give me a *fillip* for the Philip I have lost. There! could Charlotte do more? However, I solemnly assure you I am only heavyish, not ill; and I intend to shake that off by the first opportunity.

Your letter to my father, and account of the sweet little girl, delighted us all. He will very soon answer it himself. I am rejoiced on your account as much as hers that she can now walk so well. So now to my proceedings.

Monday, April 19th.—I went in the evening to see dear Dr. Johnson. He received me with open arms, scolded me with the most flattering expressions for my absence, but would not let me come away without making me promise to dine with him next day, on a salmon from Mrs. Thrale. This I did not dare refuse, as he was urgent, and I had played truant

so long; but, to be sure, I had rather have dined first, on account of poor Blacky. He is amazingly recovered, and perfectly good-humoured and comfortable, and smilingly alive to idle chat.

At Dr. Johnson's we had Mr. and Mrs. Hoole and their son, and Mrs. Hall, a very good Methodist, and sister of John Wesley. The day was tolerable; but Dr. Johnson is never his best when there is nobody to draw him out; but he was much pleased with my coming, and very kind indeed.

APRIL 22D. — Sweet and delectable to me was my dearest Susy's letter. I am so glad of seeing your sentiments, when I cannot hear them, that your letters are only less valuable to me than yourself: and, indeed, no letters were ever so very near conversation as ours; they have but this fault, — the longest never says half there is to say.

I will not answer one word to what you say of our dear, lost Chesington; if I do, I shall start no other subject. But I am truly delighted by all you say of the sweet little girl, and most thankful to Heaven for the comfort she affords you. I am well, my dear Susy, I assure you, though not "all alive and jolly;" yet by no means melancholic neither; a little still in the stagnating order; but it will wear away, I hope, and I spare not for continual employment, by way of forwarding its departure.

I did not receive your letter, my dear Susy, till Tuesday. I have lately spent a great deal of time at home, for I have now a little broke my father into permitting my sending excuses; and, indeed, I was most heartily tired of visiting, though the people visited have been among the first for talents in the kingdom. I can go nowhere with pleasure or spirit,

if I meet not somebody who interests my heart as well as my head, and I miss Mrs. Thrale most woefully in both particulars.

FRIDAY, APRIL 23D.—The sweet and most bewitching Mrs. Lock called upon me in the evening, with her son George. I let her in, and did so rejoice I had not gone to Mrs. Vesey's. But I rejoiced for only a short time; she came but to take leave, for she was going to Norbury the very next morning. I was quite heavy all the evening. She does truly interest both head and heart. I love her already. And she was so kind, so caressing, so soft; pressed me so much to fix a time for going to Norbury; said such sweet things of Mrs. Phillips; and kissed me so affectionately in quitting me, that I was quite melted by her.

What a charm has London lost for me by her departure! sweet creature that she is; born and bred to dispense pleasure and delight to all who see or know her! She, Mrs. Thrale, and Mrs. Delany, in their several ways all excellent, possess the joint powers of winning the affections, while they delight the intellects, to the highest summit I can even conceive of human attraction. The heart-fascination of Mrs. Thrale, indeed, few know; but those few must confess and must feel her sweetness, to them, is as captivating as her wit is brilliant to all.

SATURDAY, APRIL 24TH.—My father and I went very late to the Borough: early enough, however, for me, as I was not in cue for a mixed party of praters. I respect and esteem them; but they require an exertion to which I am not always inclined. The company was Mrs. Montagu, Mrs. Garrick, Miss More, Mr. and Mrs. Pepys, Mrs. Chapone, and two or three less eminent.

I had many flattering reproaches for my late truancy from these parties; but all that I received any pleasure in was about a quarter of an hour's separate talk with Mrs. Garrick, who was so unaffected, cheerful, and rational, that I was very glad of the chat.

Monday, April 26th.—I spent with my dear Mrs. Delany, and more pleasantly than I have spent any day since my Susy left town. She gave me her letters to rummage, from Swift and Young; and she told me all the anecdotes that occurred to her of her acquaintance with them. How I grieve that her sight visibly continues to decay! all her other senses and faculties are perfect, though she says not.

"My friends," said she once when we were alone, "will last, I believe, as long as I last, because they are very good; but the pleasure of our friendship is now all to be received by me, for I have lost all power of returning any."

If she often spoke such untruths, I should not revere her as I do. She has been in great affliction lately for Lady Mansfield, a very old friend, just dead.

"The Duchess of Portland and I," said she, "have shut ourselves up together, and seen nobody; and some people said we did mischief to ourselves by it, for the Duchess lamented Lady Mansfield still more than I did. However, our sympathy has only done good to both. But to-day I wanted a cordial, and that made me wish for you."

How kind and how sweet! We were quite alone till evening, except for lovely Miss P——, whom I like very much; and I entreated Mrs. Delany always to let me dine with her alone; and I believe she will comply, for we grow more and more sociable and unreserved.

"I was told," said she once, "that when I grew older, I should feel less; but I do not find it so; I am sooner, I think, hurt than ever. I suppose it is with very old age as with extreme youth, the effect of weakness; neither of those stages of life have firmness for bearing misfortunes."

In the evening we had Lady Andover and Mrs. Walsingham.

May 6th.—I breakfasted at Mrs. Ord's, to meet Mr. and Mrs. Smelt, Mrs. Garrick, and Miss More, and we had a very pleasant morning, of rational and elegant conversation. Mr. Smelt has the same taste in the fine arts and in literature that Mr. Lock has. He is a most polished and high-bred man; but I could make no acquaintance with him, though Mrs. Ord and himself were both earnest that I should; for never once did he open his mouth but to make me some compliment allusive to "Cecilia;" and though always with delicacy, even to refinement, it always was compliment, and kept me in that sort of acknowledging restraint, that put it out of my power to say any thing in reply. He asked me where I should spend the summer? I told him at Chesington; and, for some part of it, at Mr. Lock's.

"Ah!" cried he, "you are acquainted, then, with that divine family?"

No wonder he, who has so much in common with Mr. Lock, should passionately admire both him and his.

May 7th.—My father and I dined at the Bishop of Winchester's; this being my first sight of Mrs. North this year. She reproached me, however, very gently, pressing me to come to Chelsea, and assuring me she would never forgive it if I did not visit her at Farn-

ham in the summer. The Bishop is charming, and the children are very interesting.

In the evening we went to Sir Joshua Reynolds'. Here we met Mr. Burke; not well, however, nor in high spirits, but very good-humoured and pleasant; and so kind as to seat himself next me all the evening. His son was there too, and, as he came a full half-hour before his father, had kept that seat himself, as usual, till his arrival. I am quite amazed at him and young Montagu, for their noble perseverance in working so resolutely at so much dryness and coldness as I treat them with. They are both very pleasing and well-bred young men; and I can hardly tell myself why I am not more sociable with them; but it is so that I am not; and I feel obliged to them in vain.

Young B.'s uncle, Mr. R. Burke, was there also, and, as he ever does, instantly distinguished me in a public manner; but though I am much entertained sometimes with his strong humour, there is a boldness in his manners that always excites in mine a chilliness that distances him. How unlike his brother!

Mrs. Thrale to Miss F. Burney.

Mortimer Street, Cavendish Square,
Tuesday Night, May 1784.

I am come, dearest Burney. It is neither dream nor fiction; though I love you dearly, or I would not have come. Absence and distance do nothing towards wearing out real affection; so you shall always find it in your true and tender

H. L. T.

I am somewhat shaken bodily, but 'tis the mental shocks that have made me unable to bear the corpo-

real ones. 'Tis past ten o'clock, however, and I must lay myself down with the sweet expectation of seeing my charming friend in the morning to breakfast. I love Dr. Burney too well to fear him, and he loves me too well to say a word which should make me love him less.

Journal Resumed.

May 17.—Let me now, my Susy, acquaint you a little more connectedly than I have done of late how I have gone on. The rest of that week I devoted almost wholly to sweet Mrs. Thrale, whose society was truly the most delightful of cordials to me, however, at times, mixed with bitters the least palatable.

One day I dined with Mrs. Garrick to meet Dr. Johnson, Mrs. Carter, Miss Hamilton, and Dr. and Miss Cadogan; and one evening I went to Mrs. Vesey, to meet almost every body,—the Bishop of St. Asaph, and all the Shipleys, Bishop Chester and Mrs. Portens, Mrs. and Miss Ord, Sir Joshua Reynolds and Miss Palmer, Mrs. Buller, all the Burrows, Mr. Walpole, Mrs. Boscawen, Mrs. Garrick, and Miss More, and some others. But all the rest of my time I gave wholly to dear Mrs. Thrale, who lodged in Mortimer Street, and who saw nobody else. Were I not sensible of her goodness, and full of incurable affection for her, should I not be a monster?

* * * * *

I parted most reluctantly with my dear Mrs. Thrale, whom, when or how, I shall see again, Heaven only knows! but in sorrow we parted—on *my* side in real affiction.

The next morning, while ruminating in much sad-

ness upon my late interviews with Mrs. Thrale, how great was the relief of my mind,—the delight, indeed, to be summoned to my dear Mr. Cambridge. I flew to him — I gave him my hand, for I could not help it, from the great satisfaction I felt in again seeing him. "But why, sir," I cried, "have you been such a stranger? — I hope nothing is worse at Twickenham?"

The grave and fixed countenance that now met my eyes, though the first look had been kindly smiling, told me instantly how all our fair, lately raised hopes were blasted. He was silent a moment, and then slowly answered,—"Yes; we must not talk of that."

Shocked and disappointed at this relapse, I could not forbear expressing my concern. He then more explicitly told me how ill every thing went; and that now all hope was finally over. Sir John Elliot had been with them the morning before, and told them to expect the worst! "You must now, therefore," said he, "only pray to have her released."

Something then, but in a hurrying manner, as if willing to get rid of the subject, he said of disappointment about my going to Twickenham, or seeing his beloved Kitty any more; and concluded it with,—"I can now only hope to see you a consolation to Charlotte."

O that I might be so! but who on earth can console that noble-minded creature? He told me how greatly she behaved, and said that but the day before she had declared she could not, for the sake of one quarter of an hour's smiles from her darling sister, any longer wish her to endure twenty-four hours' misery!

The old complaints still continue, and new ones appear: he had stayed with them only to watch by

the poor sufferer, who bore her accumulated torments like an angel. He came up now in order to dine with Dr. Heberden and Sir John Elliot; but gave me to understand this was the last visit he purposed making to town till all suspense was over.

* * * * *

[At this period the health of Mrs. Phillips failed so much that, after some deliberation, she and Captain Phillips decided on removing to Boulogne for change of air. The following letter was written by Miss Burney to her sister, when this plan was first in agitation.]

JUNE 13.—My dearest, dearest Susy, I have read your final letter with much more composure than I did your leading one. I saw what was coming, and was therefore prepared for it; but do not grieve, so my darling Susy,—my own ever, ever most dear of friends and sisters! Grieve not for me, in taking measures to preserve the life and health most valuable to my own. Such being the motive of your removal, I can bear it without a murmur, and I will do all in my power to assist it, by taking upon me the whole management of it with my father whenever you please.

But must it be to the Continent?—the division by sea—how could I cross it were you ill? Who would take me? and could I bear that Phillips should leave you to fetch me in such a case? The remotest part of England were better to me. But if he or you think your abode there will be pleasanter, oh, dearest Susy! that, indeed, will be a pull upon my heart-strings!—but of this when we meet. You certainly have been well in various parts of England: Ipswich, Twickenham, Norbury,—all shew the nation is not against you, only the clay soil. However, when we meet is

time enough; I will do nothing to plague you out of a scheme, if it is formed.

You will, probably, have heard how they are relieved at Twickenham, and how angelically the whole family bear what has befallen them. O my Susy!—let me but preserve you, and all other evils now seem trifling. I would not oppose Capt. P. in his plan for the world. I adore him for it—if it be for your health.

[Towards the end of July in this year, Mrs. Thrale's second marriage took place with Mr. Piozzi, and Miss Burney went about the same time to Norbury Park, where she passed some weeks with Mr. and Mrs. Lock. The following "Sketch" of a letter, and memorandum of what had recently passed between Mrs. Piozzi and herself, is taken from the journal of that period.]

Miss F. Burney to Mrs. Piozzi.

Norbury Park, Aug. 10, 1784.

When my wondering eyes first looked over the letter I received last night, my mind instantly dictated a high-spirited vindication of the consistency, integrity, and faithfulness of the friendship thus abruptly reproached and cast away. But a sleepless night gave me leisure to recollect that you were ever as generous as precipitate, and that your own heart would do justice to mine, in the cooler judgment of future reflection. Committing myself, therefore, to that period, I determined simply to assure you, that if my last letter hurt either you or Mr. Piozzi, I am no less sorry than surprised; and that if it offended you, I sincerely beg your pardon.

Not to that time, however, can I wait to acknowledge the pain an accusation so unexpected has caused me, nor the heartfelt satisfaction with which I shall receive, when you are able to write it, a softer renewal of regard.

May Heaven direct and bless you!

F. B.

N.B. This is the sketch of the answer which F. B. most painfully wrote to the unmerited reproach of not sending *cordial congratulations* upon a marriage which she had uniformly, openly, and with deep and avowed affliction, thought wrong.

Mrs. Piozzi to Miss Burney.

Wellbeck Street, No. 33 Cavendish Square.
Friday, Aug. 13, 1784.

Give yourself no serious concern, sweetest Burney. All is well, and I am too happy myself to make a friend otherwise; quiet your kind heart immediately, and love my husband if you love his and your

H. L. Piozzi.

N.B. To this kind note, F. B. wrote the warmest and most affectionate and heartfelt reply; but never received another word! And here and thus stopped a correspondence of six years of almost unequalled partiality, and fondness on her side; and affection, gratitude, admiration, and sincerity on that of F. B., who could only conjecture the cessation to be caused by the resentment of Piozzi, when informed of her constant opposition to the union.

Diary resumed.

Addressed to Mrs. Phillips.

Friday, Oct. 8th.—I set off with my dear father for Chesington, where we passed five days very comfortably; my father was all good humour, all himself,—such as you and I mean by that word. The next day we had the blessing of your Dover letter, and on Thursday, Oct. 14, I arrived at dear Norbury Park, at about seven o'clock, after a pleasant ride in the dark. Mr. Lock most kindly and cordially welcomed me; he came out upon the steps to receive me, and his beloved Fredy waited for me in the vestibule. Oh, with what tenderness did she take me to her bosom! I felt melted with her kindness, but I could not express a joy like hers, for my heart was very full—full of my dearest Susan, whose image seemed before me upon the spot where we had so lately been together. They told me that Madame de la Fite, her daughter, and Mr. Hinde, were in the house; but as I am now, I hope, come for a long time, I did not vex at hearing this. Their first inquiries were if I had not heard from Boulogne.

Saturday.—I fully expected a letter, but none came; but Sunday I depended upon one. The post, however, did not arrive before we went to church. Madame de la Fite, seeing my sorrowful looks, good naturedly asked Mrs. Lock what could be set about to divert a little '*la pauvre Mademoiselle Beurney*?' and proposed reading a drama of Madame de Genlis. I approved it much, preferring it greatly to conversation; and, accordingly, she and her daughter, each taking characters to themselves, read "*La Rosière de Salency.*" It is a very interesting and touchingly simple little drama.

I was so much pleased that they afterwards regularly read one every evening while they stayed.

Next morning I went up stairs as usual, to treat myself with a solo of impatience for the post, and at about twelve o'clock I heard Mrs. Locke stepping along the passage. I was sure of good news, for I knew, if there was bad, poor Mr. Locke would have brought it. She came in, with three letters in her hand, and three thousand dimples in her cheeks and chin! Oh, my dear Susy, what a sight to me was your hand! I hardly cared for the letter; I hardly desired to open it; the direction alone almost satisfied me sufficiently. How did Mrs. Locke embrace me! I half kissed her to death. Then came dear Mr. Locke, his eyes brighter than ever—"Well, how does she do?"

This question forced me to open my letter; all was just as I could wish, except that I regretted the having written the day before such a lamentation. I was so congratulated! I shook hands with Mr. Locke; the two dear little girls came jumping to wish me joy; and Mrs. Locke ordered a fiddler, that they might have a dance in the evening, which had been promised them from the time of Mademoiselle de la Fite's arrival, but postponed from day to day, by general desire, on account of my uneasiness.

* * * * * *

MONDAY, OCT. 25TH.—Mr. Hinde and Madame and Mademoiselle de la Fite all left us. They were all so good humoured and so happy, there was no being glad; though how to be sorry at remaining alone with this family, I really know not. Both the de la Fites went away in tears. I love them for it.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 3RD.—This day has brought me

another sweet letter from my Susy. What a set of broken-fortuned, broken-charactered people of fashion are about you at Boulogne!* The accounts are at once curious and melancholy to me.

Nothing can be more truly pleasant than our present lives. I bury all disquietudes in immediate enjoyment; an enjoyment more fitted to my secret mind than any I had ever hoped to attain. We are so perfectly tranquil, that not a particle of our whole frames seems ruffled or discomposed. Mr. Locke is gayer and more sportive than I ever have seen him; his Fredy seems made up of happiness; and the two dear little girls are in spirits almost ecstatic; and all from that internal contentment which Norbury Park seems to have gathered from all corners of the world into its own sphere.

Our mornings, if fine, are to ourselves, as Mr. Locke rides out; if bad, we assemble in the picture room. We have two books in public reading, Madame de Sévigné's Letters, and Cook's last Voyage. Mrs. Locke reads the French, myself the English.

Our conversations, too, are such as I could almost wish to last for ever. Mr. Locke has been all himself,—all instruction, information, and intelligence,—since we have been left alone; and the invariable sweetness, as well as judgment, of all he says, leaves, indeed, nothing to wish.

They will not let me go while I can stay, and I am now most willing to stay till I *must* go. The serenity of a life like this, smoothes the whole internal surface of the mind. My own, I assure you, begins to feel quite glossy.

* [Mrs. Phillips returned in less than a twelvemonth from Boulogne, much recovered in health, and settled with her husband and family in a house at Mickleham, at the foot of Norbury Park.]

To see Mrs. Locke so entirely restored to total health, and to see her adoring husband lose all his torturing solicitude, while he retains his unparalleled tenderness—these are sights to anticipate a taste of paradise, if paradise has any felicity consonant to our *now* ideas.

I am most amazingly well and hearty. Since your letter arrived, I have not had an unpleasant thought that I have not driven away pellmell, as if it was a wasp near an open window.

* * * * * *

Tuesday, Nov. 9th.—This is Mr. William Locke's birth-day; he is now seventeen: he came home, with his brothers, to keep it, three days ago. May they all be as long-lived and as happy as they are now sweet and amiable! This sweet place is beautiful even yet, though no longer of a beauty young and blooming, such as you left it; but the character of the prospect is so grand, that winter cannot annihilate its charms, though it greatly diminishes them. The variety of the grounds, and the striking form of the hills, always afford something new to observe, and retain something lasting to admire. Were I, however, in a desert, people such as these would make it gay and cheery.

I am quite enchanted with Madame de Sévigné; I think her almost all that can be wished to form female perfection. Her softness, her fond affection, her wit, spirit, and drollery, the right turn of her understanding, the gay entertainment of her abilities, but, more than all, the exquisite refinement of her quick sensibility, attach me to her as if she were alive, and even now in my room, and permitting me to run into her arms.

We go on but slowly with Captain Cook, for this syren seduces me from all other reading; but nothing

can be so delightful as any reading in such society, and such reading as Madame de Sévigné has written would be delightful in any.

From Miss F. Burney to Mrs. Locke.

St. Martin's Street, Nov. 14th.

"On gracious errand bent," indeed! Dear Mr. Locke! what a day for his benevolent excursion! But he never thinks of himself, where others may be benefited by self-forgetfulness. May his success but make him recall those melancholy words I had once the pain to hear him utter — 'That, though he had tried to do good, — from twenty shillings to some thousands,—he had never answered his own expectations.'"

I was happy at the time, to hear you recollect for him some instances in which he had prospered,—and another instance, I hope, will pay his exertion of to-day.

And now let me give my beloved Mrs. Locke a little history of my (no) adventures.

I found at home my dear father, my mother, Charlotte, and Sarah, with two Mr. la Trobes, sons of a Moravian bishop, two tall, thin, black, very good sort of young men, whom I had never seen before, but who stayed all the afternoon and evening, — probably to take off the strangeness of a new acquaintance.

On Sunday Mr. Seward called; and he stayed till dinner—not for the same reason that kept the Moravians, but because he was dying with impatience to talk over a transaction which I grieve even to think of; and I had the satisfaction of hearing all the merits and demerits of the cause fully discussed. I sate very uneasily, and spoke as little as I could: but how did I congratulate myself

in being spared this cruel subject at the time I should have felt it the most, by my fortunate residence in the sweetly forbearing family at Norbury! Had I then been in town, while my whole heart was filled with sorrow and disturbance, I hardly know how I could have endured the perpetual canvassing in which I must have been made a party. To hear just blame cast upon those who are dear to us,—and to be checked both by truth and opinion from defending them,—is, at least, one of the most irksome situations in the world; especially where, as here, the person censured possessed a thousand good qualities which her censurers never could boast. Those, however, were known to few; her defects were seen by all. Could I tell how to direct, I think I should write to her again; for her heart must be strangely changed if this breach of all intercourse gives her no concern. I begin to fancy my last letter to her miscarried.

I had a very unpleasant morning after I left you. When the coach and I had waited upon my father, I made the visit I mentioned to you. O what a visit!—all that I presupposed of attack, inquiry, and acrimony, was nothing to what passed. Rage more intemperate I have not often seen; and the shrill voice of feeble old age, screaming with unavailing passion, is horrible. She had long looked upon Mrs. T. as a kind of protégée, whom she had fondled when a child, and whose fame, as she grew into notice, she was always proud to hear of, and help to exalt. She is a woman (I can well attest!) of most furious passions herself, however at liberty she thinks she may be to shew no sort of mercy to those of another.

Once, had I been less disturbed, I could have laughed; for she declared with great vehemence, that if she had suspected "the wretch of any intention to marry the man,

she would have ordered her own postchaise, and followed her to prevent it!"

Alás, poor Lady F.!

She then called upon me, to hear my story; which, most painfully to myself, I related. She expressed herself very sorry for me, till I came to an avowal of my letter after the marriage; she then flew out into new choler. "I am amazed you would write to her, Miss Burney! I wonder you could think of it any more!"

I told her, I had thought myself so much indebted to her patience with my opposition to all her views and wishes, for the whole time of her long conflict, that, although I was the first to acknowledge her last action indefensible, I should be the last to forget all that had made me love her before it was committed.

This by no means satisfied her, and she poured forth again a torrent of unrelenting abuse. Some company, at last, came in, and I hastily took my leave. She called after me to fix some day for a longer visit; but I pretended not to hear, and ran down stairs, heartily resolving that necessity alone should ever force me into her presence again.

One lady had come in before; but as it was in the height of our conference, her stately violence gave her courage to beg she would walk into another room with Miss B—e, as she was particularly engaged; and the poor lady looked as little gratified at being sent away as I did at being detained.

When I came home—before I could get up stairs,—I was summoned to Miss Streatfield, whom I met with as little pleasure as Lady F., since I had never seen her, nor indeed anybody, from the time this cruel transaction has been published. Not that I dreaded *her*

violence, for she is gentle as a lamb; but, there were causes enough for dread of another nature. However, fortunately and unexpectedly, she never named the subject, but prattled away upon nothing but her own affairs; and so, methinks, have I done too, and just as if I knew you wished to hear them. Do you?—I ask only for decency's sake.

Diary Resumed.

NORBURY PARK, SUNDAY, NOV. 28TH.—How will my Susan smile at sight of this date! Let me tell her how it has all happened. Last Thursday, Nov. 25th, my father set me down at Bolt-court, while he went on upon business. I was anxious to again see poor Dr. Johnson, who has had terrible health since his return from Lichfield. He let me in, though very ill. He was alone, which I much rejoiced at; for I had a longer and more satisfactory conversation with him than I have had for many months. He was in rather better spirits, too, than I have lately seen him; but he told me he was going to try what sleeping out of town might do for him.

"I remember," said he, "that my wife, when she was near her end, poor woman, was also advised to sleep out of town; and when she was carried to the lodgings that had been prepared for her, she complained that the staircase was in very bad condition—for the plaster was beaten off the walls in many places. 'Oh,' said the man of the house, 'that's nothing but by the knocks against it of the coffins of the poor souls that have died in the lodgings!'"

He laughed, though not without apparent secret anguish, in telling me this. I felt extremely shocked, but,

willing to confine my words at least to the literal story, I only exclaimed against the unfeeling absurdity of such a confession.

"Such a confession," cried he, "to a person then coming to try his lodging for her health, contains, indeed, more absurdity than we can well lay our account for."

I had seen Miss T. the day before.

"So," said he, "did I."

I then said, — "Do you ever, sir, hear from her mother?"

"No," cried he, "nor write to her. I drive her quite from my mind. If I meet with one of her letters, I burn it instantly. I have burnt all I can find. I never speak of her, and I desire never to hear of her more. I drive her, as I said, wholly from my mind."

Yet, wholly to change this discourse, I gave him a history of the Bristol milk-woman, and told him the tales I had heard of her writing so wonderfully, though she had read nothing but Young and Milton; "though those," I continued, "could never possibly, I should think, be the first authors with anybody. Would children understand them? and grown people who have not read are children in literature."

"Doubtless," said he; "but there is nothing so little comprehended among mankind as what is genius. They give to it all, when it can be but a part. Genius is nothing more than knowing the use of tools; but there must be tools for it to use: a man who has spent all his life in this room will give a very poor account of what is contained in the next."

"Certainly, sir; yet there is such a thing as invention? Shakspeare could never have seen a Caliban."

"No; but he had seen a man, and knew, therefore, how to vary him to a monster. A man who would draw

a monstrous cow, must first know what a cow commonly is; or how can he tell that to give her an ass's head or an elephant's tusk will make her monstrous? Suppose you shew me a man who is a very expert carpenter; another will say he was born to be a carpenter—but what if he had never seen any wood? Let two men, one with genius, the other with none, look at an overturned waggon:—he who has no genius, will think of the waggon only as he sees it, overturned, and walk on; he who has genius, will paint it to himself before it was overturned, —standing still, and moving on, and heavy loaded, and empty; but both must see the waggon, to think of it at all."

How just and true all this, my dear Susy! He then animated, and talked on, upon this milk-woman, upon a once as famous shoemaker, and upon our immortal Shakspeare, with as much fire, spirit, wit, and truth of criticism and judgment, as ever yet I have heard him. How delightfully bright are his faculties, though the poor and infirm machine that contains them seems alarmingly giving way.

Yet, all brilliant as he was, I saw him growing worse, and offered to go, which, for the first time I ever remember, he did not oppose; but, most kindly pressing both my hands,—

"Be not," he said, in a voice of even tenderness, "be not longer in coming again for my letting you go now."

I assured him I would be the sooner, and was running off, but he called me back, in a solemn voice, and, in a manner the most energetic, said,—

"Remember me in your prayers!"

I longed to ask him to remember me, but did not dare. I gave him my promise, and, very heavily indeed, I left him. Great, good, and excellent that he is, how short a

time will he be our boast! Ah, my dear Susy, I see he is going! This winter will never conduct him to a more genial season here! Elsewhere, who shall hope a fairer? I wish I had bid him pray for me; but it seemed to me presumptuous, though this repetition of so kind a condescension might, I think, have encouraged me. Mrs. Lock, however, I know does it daily; my Susan's best prayers I know are always mine; and where can I find two more innocent pleaders? So God bless you both!

Miss Burney to Dr. Burney.

Norbury Park, Nov. 29th, 1784.

My dearest Sir,

I don't write because I have got anything to say, nor, indeed, because I have got nothing to say; for that were a most woful reason for you, who are to read that nothing; but I write because—because—because—because—because—because—and if that should not be reason adequate, I confess I have none more forcible!

Oh, yes, I have! Mrs. Locke is your most devoted. She will adhere, she says, most religiously to her proposed conditions; you shall have the best-selected, the sweetest-smelling, the most picturesque-formed nosegays she can procure you, made up by her own fair hand, and elected by her own discriminating nose: you shall have as long, and as broad, and as short, and as narrow a ribbon to tie them up as you shall decide yourself, and she will love you not only dearly by promise, but *tout de bon*, and without chicanery.

The housewife has not been mentioned again; but I know you may command the whole fair. This sweet place is just as I best like it, occupied only by its proper inhabitants. Winter here does not sweep away all

beauty, though it deducts much from its character of smiling gaiety; but the bold and majestic form of the surrounding hills, and the thick mass of the noble, though leafless wood, still, and throughout the whole varying year, afford objects sufficiently diversified to engage, though not fully delight attention. A flat country is utterly desolate when all its trees are stripped, and its uninteresting extent is laid open to the disappointed eye, which wants some occasional check to stimulate curiosity, and give some play to fancy; and this, in summer, is done by every luxuriant branch. Here the irregularity of the ground supplies a constant variety, however variety may elsewhere regard change as its very essence; but every new gleam of light from every fresh breaking or passing cloud, so changes the point of view, and so metamorphoses the principal object, from the hill to the vale, and the wood to the plain, that much as summer is everywhere to be regretted, winter, here, has a thousand claims to being admired.

I shall come home faithfully to my time, Saturday. Mrs. Locke says she is ambitious you should know she may be trusted.

Mr. Locke has been himself to Mickleham, to give orders for the planting some trees before our captain's cottage, to shelter it from the dust, and from the staring of the road.

I wish Charlotte would have the kindness to give me a letter. I always want intolerably to hear something from home, by the time I have left it two days. I am preparing a noble folio sheet for our Susan. The weather is, I suppose, too bad for any intercourse with dear Etty.

Adieu, dearest sir. Mr. Locke desires me to give his compliments to you; for Mrs. Locke I think I have said

enough. I beg my duty to my mother, and love to Charlotte, Dick, and Sarah, and am, dearest sir, yours most dutifully and affectionately.

F. B.

I suppose to-night is the first muster of the Blue forces. I want to know how they perform their exercises, who are their new recruits, and if there is ever a deserter to keep me in countenance.

Miss F. Burney to Mrs. Locke.

St. Martin's Street, Dec. 7, 1784.

Why, poor Norbury and I are now in greater disgrace than ever. To have known nothing of the Emperor and the Dutch, was indeed rather rustic; to have heard nothing of Lord George Gordon and his cockades, was, I acknowledge, somewhat defective:—but a new ignorance was discovered just now, more ignominious than all that preceded it; I was informed that the Duchess of Devonshire had cut the string of Mr. Blanchard's balloon! I had vegetated upon a spot, unconscious that Mrs. Crewe had sent up a glove in it! Oh, unaspiring Norbury! ignorant of wars, bloodshed, and rumours of war! Oh, clownish Norbury! stranger to the vagaries of the *ton!*

THURSDAY MORNING.—I was called away in the midst of my rhodomontade, and have lost all zest for pursuing it. I have been a second time to see poor Dr. Johnson, and both times he was too ill to admit me. I know how very much worse he must be, for when I saw him last, which was the morning before I went to Norbury, he repeatedly and even earnestly begged me to come to him again, and to see him both as soon and as often as I could. I am told by Mr. Hoole, that he in-

quired of Dr. Brocklesby if he thought it likely he might live six weeks? and the Doctor's hesitation saying—No—he has been more deeply depressed than ever. Fearing death as he does, no one can wonder. Why he should fear it, all may wonder.

He sent me down yesterday, by a clergyman who was with him, the kindest of messages, and I hardly know whether I ought to go to him again or not; though I know still less why I say so, for go again I both must and shall. One thing, his extreme dejection of mind considered, has both surprised and pleased me; he has now constantly an amanuensis with him, and dictates to him such compositions, particularly Latin and Greek, as he has formerly made, but repeated to his friends without ever committing to paper. This, I hope, will not only gratify his survivors, but serve to divert him.

The good Mr. Hoole and equally good Mr. Sastres attend him, rather as nurses than friends, for they sit whole hours by him, without even speaking to him. He will not, it seems, be talked to—at least very rarely. At times, indeed, he re-animates; but it is soon over, and he says of himself, "I am now like Macbeth,—question enrages me."

My father saw him once while I was away, and carried Mr. Burke with him, who was desirous of paying his respects to him once more in person. He rallied a little while they were there; and Mr. Burke, when they left him, said to my father—"His work is almost done; and well has he done it!"

How cheering, in the midst of these sad scenes and accounts of poor Dr. Johnson, are your words about your dear self and many selves!

One of the Moravians was here again the other evening, and was really entertaining enough, by the singular

simplicity of his conversation. He was brought up in Germany, and spent the greater part of his early youth in roving about from place to place, and country to country; for though he had his education in Germany, he is a native of Ireland, and his father and mother reside chiefly in England.

"Not being used," said he, "to a family when I was a boy, I always hated it; they seemed to me only so many wasps; for one told me I was too silent, and another wished I would not speak so much, and all of them found some fault or other. But now that I am come home to live, and am constrained to be with them, I enjoy it very much."

What must be the sect, and where the travelling, that shall un-Irish an Irishman?

Another of his confessions was this:—

"Luckily for me," said he, "I have no occasion to speak till about two o'clock, when we dine, for that keeps me fresh. If I were to begin earlier, I should only be like skimmed milk the rest of the day."

As he came in between five and six o'clock, we were still at dinner. My father asked him if he would join, and do what we were doing? "No, sir," answered he, very composedly, "I have done my tea this hour."

* * * * * *

F. B.

Diary Resumed.

ST. MARTIN'S-STREET, WEDNESDAY, DEC. 10TH.— I went in the evening to poor Dr. Johnson. Frank told me he was very ill, but let me in. He would have taken me up stairs, but I would not see him without his direct

permission. I desired Frank to tell him I called to pay my respects to him, but not to disturb him if he was not well enough to see me. Mr. Strahan, a clergyman, he said, was with him alone.

In a few minutes, this Mr. Strahan came to me himself. He told me Dr. Johnson was very ill, very much obliged to me for coming, but so weak and bad he hoped I would excuse his not seeing me.

I had promised to call for Charlotte at Mr. Hoole's; and there I went in to tea, sure of a good reception, though too much out of spirits to be worth one. They were all at home, and their good humour and happiness were pleasant to behold, after such an unexpected blow.

Dear, dear, and much-reverenced Dr. Johnson! how ill or how low must he be, to decline seeing a creature he has so constantly, so fondly, called about him! If I do not see him again I shall be truly afflicted. And I fear, I almost know, I cannot!

* * * * * *

At night my father brought us the most dismal tidings of dear Dr. Johnson. Dr. Warren had seen him, and told him to take what opium he pleased! He had thanked and taken leave of all his physicians. Alas!—I shall lose him, and he will take no leave of me! My father was deeply depressed; he has himself tried in vain for admission this week. Yet some people see him—the Hooles, Mr. Sastres, Mr. Langton;—but then they must be in the house, watching for one moment, whole hours. I hear from every one he is now perfectly resigned to his approaching fate, and no longer in terror of death. I am thankfully happy in hearing that he speaks himself now of the change his mind has undergone, from its dark horror, and says—"He feels the irradiation of

hope?" Good, and pious, and excellent Christian—who shall feel it if not he?

DEC. 11TH.—We had a party to dinner, by long appointment, for which, indeed, none of us were well disposed, the apprehension of hearing news only of death being hard upon us all. The party was, Dr. Rose, Dr. Gillies, Dr. Garthshore, and Charles.

The day could not be well—but mark the night.

My father, in the morning, saw this first of men! I had not his account till bed-time; he feared over-exciting me. He would not, he said, but have seen him for worlds! He happened to be better, and admitted him. He was up, and very composed. He took his hand very kindly, asked after all his family, and then, in particular, how Fanny did?

"I hope," he said, "Fanny did not take it amiss that I did not see her? I was very bad!"

Amiss!—what a word! Oh that I had been present to have answered it! My father stayed, I suppose, half an hour, and then was coming away. He again took his hand, and encouraged him to come again to him; and when he was taking leave, said—"Tell Fanny to pray for me!"

Ah! dear Dr. Johnson! might I but have *your* prayers! After which, still grasping his hand, he made a prayer for himself,—the most fervent, pious, humble, eloquent, and touching, my father says, that ever was composed. Oh, would I had heard it! He ended it with Amen! in which my father joined, and was echoed by all present. And again, when my father was leaving him, he brightened up, something of his arch look returned, and he said—"I think I shall throw the ball at Fanny yet!"

Little more passed ere my father came away, decided,

most tenderly, not to tell me this till our party was gone.

This most earnestly increased my desire to see him; this kind and frequent mention of me melted me into double sorrow and regret. I would give the world I had but gone to him that day! It was, however impossible, and the day was over before I knew he had said what I look upon as a call to me. This morning, after church time, I went. Frank said he was very ill, and saw nobody; I told him I had understood by my father the day before that he meant to see me. He then let me in. I went into his room up stairs; he was in his bedroom. I saw it crowded, and ran hastily down. Frank told me his master had refused seeing even Mr. Langton. I told him merely to say I had called, but by no means to press my admission. His own feelings were all that should be consulted; his tenderness, I knew, would be equal, whether he was able to see me or not.

I went into the parlour, preferring being alone in the cold, to any company with a fire. Here I waited long, here and upon the stairs, which I ascended and descended to meet again with Frank, and make inquiries; but I met him not. At last, upon Dr. Johnson's ringing his bell, I saw Frank enter his room, and Mr. Langton follow. "Who's that?" I heard him say; they answered, "Mr. Langton," and I found he did not return.

Soon after, all the rest went away but a Mrs. Davis, a good sort of woman, whom this truly charitable soul had sent for to take a dinner at his house. I then went and waited with her by the fire: it was, however, between three and four o'clock before I got any answer. Mr. Langton then came himself. He could not look at me, and I turned away from him. Mrs. Davis asked

how the Doctor was? "Going on to death very fast!" was his mournful answer. "Has he taken," said she, "anything?" "Nothing at all! We carried him some bread and milk—he refused it, and said—'*The less the better.*'" She asked more questions, by which I found his faculties were perfect, his mind composed, and his dissolution was quick drawing on.

* * * * * *

I could not immediately go on, and it is now long since I have written at all; but I will go back to this afflicting theme, which I can now better bear.

Mr. Langton was, I believe, a quarter of an hour in the room before I suspected he meant to speak to me, never looking near me. At last he said—

"This poor man, I understand, ma'am, desired yesterday to see you."

"My understanding that, sir, brought me to-day."

"Poor man! it is pity he did not know himself better, and that you should have had this trouble."

"Trouble!" cried I; "I would come a hundred times to see him the hundredth and first!"

"He hopes, now, you will excuse him; he is very sorry not to see you; but he desired me to come and speak to you myself, and tell you he hopes you will excuse him, for he feels himself too weak for such an interview."

I hastily got up, left him my most affectionate respects, and every good wish I could half utter, and ran back to the coach. Ah, my Susy! I have never been to Bolt-court since! I then drove to poor Miss Strange, to make inquiries of the maid; but Andrew ran out to the coach door, and told me all hope was at an end. In short, the next day was fatal to both!—the same day!

* * * * * *

Dec. 20th.—This day was the ever-honoured, ever-lamented Dr. Johnson committed to the earth. Oh, how sad a day to me! My father attended, and so did Charles. I could not keep my eyes dry all day; nor can I now, in the recollecting it; but let me pass over what to mourn is now so vain!

I had the good fortune at night of a sweet letter from my dearest Susy; that, and another from my Fredy, were alone able to draw me from this mournful day's business.

* * * * * *

Thursday, Dec. 30th.—As I was engaged for this evening at Mrs. Chapone's, I found it necessary to call upon two or three people in the morning, lest my going thither, after so long a secession, should give offence. I went first to Lady Mary Duncan, who is but lately come from Bath. She was very gracious, and, as usual, very diverting. I then went to Lady F. B., and had another painful conference. Then I went to Mrs. Vesey, with whom I spent an hour very sociably, and she gave me great pleasure by shewing me a letter from Mrs. Allison, late Miss Gregory, who is married very happily, though not richly, and with the world's approbation, though against Mrs. Montagu's. She would have kept me to dinner, very kindly; but I could not stay. I then left a card for Sophy Streatfield, and came home.

In the evening, I went to Mrs. Chapone. I was late, on account of the coach, and all her party was assembled. Mrs. Boscawen, Mrs. Levison, her daughter, Mrs. Burrows, Mrs. Amy Burrows, Mr. and Mrs. Pepys, Lady Rothes, Sir Lucas Pepys, young Burrows, Mr. Sandford, a young sea-officer, Mrs. Ord, and Miss Ord, her cousin.

This was the first time I had seen any of them, except

Mrs. Ord, since last spring. I was received with the utmost kindness by them all, but chiefly by Mrs. Chapone herself, who has really, I believe, a sincere regard for me. I had talk with all of them, except Mrs. Levison, with whom I have merely a courtesying acquaintance. But I was very sad within; the loss of dear Dr. Johnson—the flight of Mrs. Thrale—the death of poor Miss Kitty Cambridge, and of poor, good Miss Strange,—all these home and bosom strokes, which had all struck me since my last meeting this society, were revolving in my mind the whole time I stayed.

Sir Lucas Pepys talked to me a great deal of Mrs. Thrale, and read me a letter from her, which seems to shew her gay and happy. I hope it shews not false colours. No one else named her; but poor Dr. Johnson was discussed repeatedly. How melancholy will all these circumstances render these once so pleasant meetings.

DEC. 31ST.—I called early upon my dear Mrs. Delany, who was just come to town, as Mrs. Boscawen told me the night before; but she was not up, and I could not see her. And where did I spend the rest of the day? With the sweet Locks, in Upper Brook-street. I went to wait their arrival, with their dear little girls, and I stayed with them till bed-time. Dear, charming people! how did they soothe my troubled mind. I had felt nothing so like peace since I left them; and this real pleasure, with an exerted suppression of sadness, gave us all, I believe, an equally pleasant day. You may think how I must be guarded there—there, where I can shew no sorrow that will not instantly spread to themselves.

PART IX.

1785.

CONTENTS.

Correspondence—Mrs. Delany—Dr. Johnson—Acquaintance of Miss Burney with Madame de Genlis—Letter from Madame de Genlis to Miss Burney—Mrs. Delany—Noble Conduct of George the Third and Queen Charlotte towards her—Miss Burney to Mrs. Phillips—Mrs. Delany—Miss Burney to Mrs. Lock—Anecdotes of Mrs. Delany and the Duchess of Portland—Anecdote of the King and Queen—Horace Walpole—Miss Burney to Dr. Burney—Warren Hastings—Mr. W. Locke's Paintings—Miss Burney to Mrs. Gast—Character of Mr. Crisp—Diary Resumed—Windsor—The Queen—The Princesses—Lady Louisa Clayton and Lady Charlotte Finch—A Conjuring Doctor—Visit of the King to Mrs. Delany—Anecdote of the Queen—Visit of the King and Queen to Mrs. Delany—Royal Chit-chat—Writing for the Stage—Princess Elizabeth—The Cave of Elephanta—Virtuosi—Visit to Thames Ditton—Return to Windsor—The Comedy of Errors—Visit of the King to Mrs. Delany—His Conversation with Miss Burney—Hunting in a Hoop—Arrival of the Queen—The Duke of Marlborough—Conversation between Queen Charlotte and Miss Burney—The Queen's Description of the Drawing-room—Anecdote of the Duke of Dorset—Webb, the Musician—Anecdote of the Princess Sophia—Anecdote of Webb—Etiquette at Leave-taking of Royalty—Personal Character of Queen Charlotte and George III.—Their Behaviour to each other—St. George's Chapel—A Court Preacher—Collection of Chinese Curiosities—Another Visit from the King—His Fondness for his Children—Attendance on Royalty—Bon Mot of the King about Richard Cumberland—Lord Sackville—Madame de Genlis—The King's Opinion of Voltaire and Rousseau—Anecdotes of Rousseau—The King and the Players—Mrs. Clive, Henderson, and Mrs. Siddons—The King's Opinion of Shakspeare—His Vindication of the English Stage—Tête-à-tête with the Queen—Her Opinion of Boswell and Madame de Genlis—The Sorrows of Werter—The Queen at a Bookstall—Her Opinion of Klopstock—Her Anecdote of Catholic Superstition—Her Account of Protestant Nunneries in Germany—Letter from Mrs. Montagu—Letter from Miss Burney—How to Behave in the presence of Royalty.

PART IX.

1785.

Miss Burney to Miss * * * * *

St. Martin's Street, Jan. 3rd, 1785.

* * * * * *

Your and my beloved Mrs. Delany I have not yet been able to see, though we are now both inhabitants of this "dark and busy city." I heard on Thursday of her arrival, from Mr. Sandford, the seaman, whom I met at Mrs. Chapone's, and the next morning early I hastened to St. James's Place. I was anxious to catch her alone, that I might enjoy what is so precious to me—her own conversation, unmixed, uninterruped, I had almost said unadulterated, by casual visitors and miscellaneous talk; but I fancy, by my ill success, my plan was too selfish. She had been tired the day before, and was not stirring. Mrs. Astley, however, assured me she was pretty well, and I have heard, from Mrs. Boscawen, that she is in excellent spirits; and her spirits, we know, enliven all around her, though their vivacity is so gentle that they could not oppress even a mourner in the deepest affliction—if, indeed, such a one could be present and her spirits not sink into similar sadness.

I am sure my dear M * * * * will give me a little share of concern for the loss of my great, good, and highly reverenced friend, Dr. Johnson. My loss, indeed,

where a whole nation has cause to mourn, it seems almost impertinent to mention; yet, immaterial as it is in so wide and general a regret, I do not feel it the less for knowing it to be universal. You can now only know him in his works; and, perhaps, from his character of harshness and severity, you may think you could there alone know him to any advantage. But had you been presented to him, you would not have found that the case. He was always indulgent to the young, he never attacked the unassuming, nor meant to terrify the diffident. I pretend not, however, to vindicate his temper, nor to justify his manners; but his many and essential virtues and excellences made all who were much connected with him rather grieve at his defects than resent them,—grieve, indeed, to see how much remains to be pardoned, even where there is most to be applauded and admired!

Considerations such as these, though they sadly lessen our expectations of human perfection, may yet be extremely useful in increasing our lenity for its frailty in others, and our vigilance for guarding against it in ourselves.

Our all-amiable Mrs. Delany seems to me to have these two reflections ever uppermost, and to owe to them chiefly the benevolence that makes her so pleasing to others, and the purity that makes her so valuable in herself. Need I say to my dear M * * * * * how edifying an example? Oh, no! no one is more watchfully awake to all her virtues. You have constantly before you whatever is most worthy to be imitated. Sweet and happy plant! long may you thrive, and long may those who rear rejoice in your fragrance!

To one of your cultivators, I beg to present my best respects; to the other, I hope personally to pay them

very speedily. A very happy new year to you and your fireside. I am, my dear M * * * * *'s sincerely affectionate friend, F. B.

[Few journals or letters written in the beginning of this year have been preserved. During the spring of 1785, Dr. Burney and his daughter became acquainted with the celebrated Madame de Genlis, who was then, for the first time, in England, and who "warmly, and with predetermined partiality, sought the friendship of Miss Burney." The following brief mention of her is in a letter to Mrs. Phillips, dated July 11th, 1785.]

St. Martin's Street.

"I have been this whole morning with Madame de Genlis, the sweetest as well as most accomplished Frenchwoman I ever met with. Were my time and mind more disengaged, I would send you an account of her, highly interesting both for you and Mr. and Mrs. Locke; but I have neither leisure nor spirits for journalizing."

[A note from Madame de Genlis was long preserved as a memorial of so attractive a person.]

Madame de Genlis to Miss Burney.

Ce Vendredi, 15 Juillet, 1785.

Combien j'ai été fachée, ma chère amie, de n'avoir pû jouir du plaisir de vous recevoir; mais je dinois avec des personnes qu'il m'etoit impossible de quitter. Recevez tous mes remercimens du précieux présent que vous m'avez fait, et chargez vous d'exprimer à monsieur votre père toute la reconnoissance que je lui dois. Je sais combien son ouvrage est estimable; il sera pour moi doublement intéressant, et je me flatte que vous en

devinerez facilement la raison. Je pars dans l'instant pour Oxford; adieu ma chère amie; n'oubliez pas que vous avez pris l'engagement de m'aimer. Pour moi, je vous aime depuis l'instant où j'ai lu *Evelina* et *Cecilia*, et le bonheur de vous entendre et de vous connôitre personnellement, a rendu ce sentiment aussi tendre qu'il est bien fondé.

[The acquaintance, however, was not kept up. They were not at this time thrown in each other's way, and afterwards, such tales, whether true or false, were forced into the unwilling ears of Miss Burney, that, to use her own words, "notwithstanding the most ardent admiration of Madame de Genlis' talents, and a zest yet greater for her engaging society and elegantly lively and winning manners, she yet dared no longer come within the precincts of her fascinating allurements."—"In France, equally, she felt compelled to keep aloof, though most reluctantly."]

Miss F. Burney to Dr. Burney.

St. James's Place, August 24th, 1785.

I have been very much alarmed, dearest Sir, these last four days, by a feverish attack which dear Mrs. Delany has suffered. Unfortunately none of her physical assistants were in town; however, she is now, thank Heaven! recovering, and if there is no relapse, will soon, I hope, be well.

I must tell you, dearest Sir, a tale concerning her, which I am sure you will hear with true pleasure. Among the many inferior losses which have been included

in her great and irreparable calamity,* has been that of a country house for the summer, which she had in Bulstrode, and which for the half of every year was her constant home. The Duke of Portland behaved with the utmost propriety and feeling upon this occasion, and was most earnest to accommodate her to the best of his power, with every comfort to which she had been accustomed; but this noblest of women declared she loved the memory of her friend beyond all other things, and would not suffer it to be tainted in the misjudging world by an action that would be construed into a reflection upon her will, as if deficient in consideration to her. "And I will not," said she to me, "suffer the children of my dearest friend to suppose that their mother left undone anything she ought to have done. She did not; I knew her best, and I know she did what she was sure I should most approve." She steadily, therefore, refused all offers, though made to her with even painful earnestness, and though solicited till her refusal became a distress to herself.

This transaction was related, I believe, to their Majesties; and Lady Weymouth, the Duchess's eldest daughter, was commissioned to wait upon Mrs. Delany with this message:—That the Queen was extremely anxious about her health, and very apprehensive lest continuing in London during the summer should be prejudicial to it: she entreated her, therefore, to accept a house belonging to the King at Windsor, which she should order to be fitted up for her immediately; and she desired Lady Weymouth to give her time to consider this proposal, and by no means to hurry her; as well as to assure her, that happy as it would make her to have

* The death of the Duchess Dowager of Portland.

one she so sincerely esteemed for a neighbour, she should remember her situation, and promise not to be troublesome to her. The King, at the same time, desired to be allowed to stand to the additional expenses incurred by the maintenance of two houses, and that Mrs. Delany would accept from him £300 a year.

It would be needless to tell you how Mrs. Delany was touched by this benevolence; for no creature has heard it without emotion, and I am sure my dear father will not be the first. Yet she dreaded accepting what she feared would involve her in a new course of life, and force her into notice and connexions she wished to drop or avoid. She took the time the Queen so considerately gave her for deliberation, and she consulted with some of her old friends. They all agreed there must be no refusal, and, after many circumstances too long for writing, though otherwise well worth knowing, Lady Weymouth was made the messenger of her Majesty's offer being accepted.

The house, therefore, is now fitting up, and the King sees after the workmen himself.

A few days ago, Miss Planta was sent from the Queen, with very kind inquiries after Mrs. Delany's health, and information that she would receive a summons very soon. She told her, also, that as the house might still require a longer time in preparation than would suit Mrs. Delany to wait in London, the Queen had ordered some apartments in the Castle, which lately belonged to Prince Edward, to be got ready with all speed, that she might reside in them till her own house was finished.

This is the state of her affairs. I am now with her entirely. At first I slept at home; but going after

supper, and coming before breakfast, was inconvenient, and she has therefore contrived me a bed-room.

When she sets off for Windsor, Mr. Locke will be so kind as to send his carriage for me to return to Norbury. But now, if the coach should continue at that time in town, and unemployed, would there be any harm in my using it to make a visit to Twickenham? Charlotte will much oblige me by a yes or no to this question.

I hope everybody is quite well at Chesington, and I beg my duty, love, and compliments, with proper propriety, may he delivered. "To be sure," you will say, "I have nothing else to do."

The milk-woman's ungrateful tale I have heard confirmed, and that is all (and a very bad all) the news I have heard since I came. Adieu, dearest Sir; I have good accounts from Norbury, and Mrs. Delany charges me with her kind compliments to you. I hope James brought back Baron Tott.

Most affectionately and dutifully yours,

F. B.

Miss F. Burney to Mrs. Phillips.

St. James's Place, August 25th, 1785.

My most dear Susan's letter is this moment arrived, just as I was preparing to write to her without so kind an inducement. You are right in concluding me entirely under this roof. My plans are lying in wait for Mrs. Delany's, which depend upon her summons from the Queen, and her ability to obey it. She is far from well, and unfit at present to remove. But Miss Cambridge earnestly claims my long-given promise, and I have sent her the situation of things. She is very good,

and very affectionate, and very sincere, and I will certainly go to her for one night and day.

I am by no means at ease about my revered Mrs. Delany. Dr. Turton has been with her. He says she has a thrush, and says, too, by the state he finds her in, that what she must have suffered is very great indeed. Sweet soul! I have all along dreaded some such effect, from the constraint she has imposed upon all her feelings. I would not but be here for the world. I draw her from so hard and dangerous a self-set task, with all the vigilance in my power; and to me, whenever we are quite alone, she now unburthens her loaded heart, and allows her tears some vent. And to see them upon her venerable cheeks calls forth mine, as if the friend she laments had been equally dear to myself. It is, indeed, the most touching spectacle that can be beheld.

As I told my dear Susan some melancholy circumstances relative to the examination we are making of her papers, let me not forget to mention that she is taken by surprise with respect to those, but employs me by design to search for all she thinks I can receive entertainment from; and I have met with a thousand both amusing and instructive things in the course of the general survey.

The Queen sent a message the other day to tell Mrs. Delany, that as her own house would still require a week or two, she had ordered apartments to be prepared for her in the Castle.

If she does but recover her strength, honours and favours such as these, to her grateful and most loyal heart, will prove, I am sure, very pleasant.

She preserves, indeed, in the midst of affliction, a disposition to happiness, that makes her thankfully accept whatever is put in her way, to lead her back to it.

She repulses no attempt even at gaiety, and delights in nothing so much as in seeing her sweet niece in high spirits. I talk to her often of Norbury, and she always hears me with pleasure.

Miss F. Burney to Mrs. Locke.

St. James's Place, August 29, 1785.

How is my beloved Fredy? and can she forgive her most defective, most deficient, but most grateful correspondent?—for grateful, indeed, more than ever, I have felt, when your dear letters have come to hand;—and, to confess the truth, most blank and disappointed looked the breakfast-table this morning, when not a word from sweet Norbury gave a zest to its fare. Don't think me too confident, my Fredy; 'tis your indulgence has spoiled me, if spoiled I am; and certain it is I build, whether I will or not, upon hearing from you very often, however little I call for your letters by my own. And yet, when they come, a strong sense how ill I have earned them, makes me fancy I scarcely expected them. But the moment they cease their kind frequency, I find, by my chagrin, that my wishes had in fact been my law.

My dear Mrs. Delany has gone on mending gradually ever since I wrote last. She is employing me, when able, to look over her papers: 'tis to me a sacred task, for she cannot read what she is trusting me with. Sometimes, with a magnifying glass, she examines, first, if what she is giving me is some manuscript of secrecy, with respect to the affairs or character of her friends; and as a word suffices to inform her, she destroys, unread, whatever is of that sort. But this, though a busi-

ness she wishes to have done, produces letters and memorandums too affecting for her spirits. Yet she never, but by persuasion, leaves off; she seems bent upon subduing all emotions but those that might give pain to others by their suppression. I frequently court her to sadness, for her exertions make me tremble more than her tears; yet those, when they do fall, I can hardly, indeed, with all her example before my eyes, bear to look at.

Just now we have both of us been quite overset. In examining some papers in a pocket-book, she opened one with two leaves dried in it; she held them a little while in silence, but very calmly, in her hand, yet as something I saw she highly prized: she then bade me read what was written on the envelope;—it was, I think, these words—"Two leaves picked at Balsover, by the Duchess of Portland and myself, in September, 1756, the 20th year of our most intimate and dear friendship." I could hardly read to her the last words, and, upon hearing them, for a little while she sunk. But I hastened, the moment I could, to other less interesting papers, and she forced her attention to them with a strength of resolution that makes me honour as much as I love her.

To me alone, she kindly says, she gives way to any indulgence of sorrow; she fears being misunderstood and thought repining by most others; and, indeed, the rest of her friends spending with her but a short time, she thinks it her duty to study their comfort, by appearing composed to them. Mine, she justly and sweetly sees, can only be studied by what is most relief to herself. The nobleness of her mind can never have had such opportunity of displaying itself as during this last month; and in the numberless instances in which it now ap-

pears, she seems already raised to that height I am still selfishly trying to keep her from yet reaching.

All our movements are at present uncertain; her Windsor house is still unfinished, but I suppose it will be fit for her reception by the beginning of next week, and I have the happiest reasons for hoping she will then be fit for it herself. Her maid has been to see what forwardness it is in, and this was her report:—She was ordered to wait upon Miss Goldsworthy, by the King's direction, who heard of her being sent to inspect the house; and there she received commands, in the name of both King and Queen, to see that Mrs. Delany brought with her nothing but *herself and clothes*, as they insisted upon fitting up her habitation with everything themselves, including not only plate, china, glass, and linen, but even all sort of stores—wine, sweetmeats, pickles, &c., &c. Their earnestness to save her every care, and give her every gratification in their power, is truly benevolent and amiable. They seem to know and feel her worth as if they had never worn crowns, or, wearing, annexed no value to them.

I have just written to Mrs. Walsingham, to apologize for my long forbearance of that satisfaction, and to talk of Thames Ditton. I was informed, the other day, by Mr. Walpole, that she is going, or gone, to see the lakes in the North, with Mrs. Garrick and Miss More.—Mrs. Delany had sent for Mr. Walpole, to return him a picture of her uncle Lansdowne, which he had lent her to get copied; and I never knew him so entertaining, for he exerted himself to the utmost to amuse my dear friend, who accepted his attempts with a grace and sweetness that encouraged them, and gave double poignancy to all his anecdotes.

I will not say, forgive me that I talk of her so much:

who can I talk of so fitted to my dear Freddy's ear? I only wish I had time to acquaint you with everything that belongs to her, and everything that passes.

F. B.

Miss F. Burney to Dr. Burney.

Norbury Park, Sept. 24th, 1785.

I HOPE, dearest sir, you are quite well, but I long a little to know how you all go on.

Mr. Locke fetched me himself from Twickenham on Wednesday. I had the pleasure of passing one day while there with Mr. Hastings, who came to dine with Mr. Cambridge. I was extremely pleased, indeed, with the extraordinary plainness and simplicity of his manners, and the obliging openness and intelligence of his communication. He talked of India, when the subject was led to, with the most unreserved readiness, yet was never the hero of his own tale, but simply the narrator of such anecdotes or descriptions as were called for, or as fell in naturally with other topics.

Mr. Wm. Locke goes on with painting, in a manner equally rapid in success with his drawing. He has just finished a female head, from an idea rather than a representation of his sister Amelia, which is, I think, nearly the most beautiful portrait I ever saw. He is now about a drawing, from a Venetian story, of a son, who has been unjustly condemned to banishment and imprisonment by the senate, in the action of taking his last leave of his unhappy father and mother. I have not yet seen what he has done in it, but am told his first sketch is wonderfully striking.

I long to know what you think of our dear Dr. Johnson's meditations, and if you do not, in the midst of

what you will wish unpublished, see stronger than ever the purity of his principles and character, and only lament that effusions should be given to the world that are too artless to be suited to it.

Miss F. Burney to Mrs. Gast.

Norbury Park, Nov. 14th, 1785.

Can you, dear madam, after a silence so long, bear to receive a letter from me, that has no other motive for being written than a wish to inquire after your health, and an anxiety to solicit your pardon for not sooner thanking you for the kind letter with which you last favoured me?

I am happy to find we thought so exactly alike with respect to my most beloved friend, your honoured and truly incomparable brother. As to his "Virginia,"* I believe, indeed, it was his wish and intention that everything belonging to it should rest in silence and quiet, till they finally sunk into oblivion. With me nothing can, that ever belonged to him; but I shall keep all the papers with which you have so kindly entrusted me, wholly to myself.

I have great pleasure in telling you, dear madam, that our good Kitty Cooke is evidently restored to some share of her natural, though long lost cheerfulness. Her spirits, however, have received a shock which they can never wholly recover; nor can I wonder, when I consider how every way irreparable is the loss she has sustained, and when I feel that, with the innumerable blessings with

* A tragedy, by Mr. Crisp, which had been produced at Drury-lane theatre by Garrick, with moderate success. It was printed in 1754.

which I am myself encompassed, scarce a day passes in which I do not lament him, and not an incident happens to me that I do not long to communicate to him. My confidence in him was one of the greatest sources of my happiness; his wisdom and his kindness made my unbounded trust at once my pleasure and my profit. He thought no occasion too trifling to be consulted upon; and I thought none too important to be governed in wholly by his advice. I hardly ever could tell whether I most loved or admired him, for my reverence for his abilities always kept pace with my affection for his virtues. Unconscious of his own superiority, he used frequently to apprehend that when I went more into the world, my regard for him would weaken. But, even if my nature had been of so ungrateful a texture, (which I must hope is not the case) he would still have had nothing to fear; for where could I go to meet friendship more sincere? and whom could I see to inspire a more deserved return?

You will forgive me, I hope—I know, indeed, you will forgive me—for entering so largely upon this subject; for though you have looked too far and too clearly to suffer your affliction to overpower you, I am sure your best beloved on earth will ever be uppermost in your thoughts, and the grateful justice done his honoured memory by her whom you so truly call his favourite adopted child, cannot be offensive to you.

Captain Frodsham and his amiable lady and their family are, I hope, better than when you were so good as to write last. I beg my best compliments when you see them.

I am now at the house of a friend, Mr. Locke, who lives only six miles from Chesington, and whose many similar excellences, both of head and heart, make me frequently

regret that he knew not what a treasure was in his neighbourhood. Mr. Crisp could not, with all his persevering love of retirement, have rejected the acquaintance of a man so nobly worthy his attention and regard, and whose own good and great qualities would have taught him the value of our beloved hermit's. His lady, too, the fair partner of his worth as well as affection, being no fine lady, but, on the contrary, the pattern of all that is amiable and lovely in woman, would have conquered unavoidably my dear daddy's secluding spirit. But it would have made me, perhaps, too happy here, to have been allowed the friendship I now experience from this admirable family, while my first and best friend, out of my own house, was still spared me.

I remain, dear madam, your obliged and
affectionately obedient servant,
F. BURNEY.

Journal resumed.

Addressed to her Father and Sister.

WINDSOR, NOVEMBER, 1785.—As you don't quite hate one another, you will not, I hope, hate me, for coupling you in my journal. It will be impossible for me to write separate accounts of any length or satisfaction, so I crave your joint permissions to address you together. And now, this settled, I have only to beg of Fortune some events worth recording, and only to remind my dear father it is my misfortune, not fault, if they will not happen; his misfortune, too, I grant, should he have but common nothings to read. As to Susanna, I heed her not, for she has been in that practice all her life, when we have been separated. Well, then,—

SATURDAY, NOV. 25TH.—I got to Hounslow almost at the same moment with Mrs. Astley, my dear Mrs. Delany's maid, who was sent to meet me. As soon as she had satisfied my inquiries concerning her lady, she was eager to inform me that the Queen had drunk tea with Mrs. D. the day before, and had asked when I should come, and heard the time; and that Mrs. Delany believed she would be with her again that evening, and desire to see me.

This was rather fidgetting intelligence. I rather, in my own mind, thought the Queen would prefer giving me the first evening alone with my dear old friend.

I found that sweet lady not so well as I had hoped, and strongly affected by afflicting recollections at sight of me. With all her gentleness and resignation, bursts of sorrow break from her still, whenever we are alone together; and with all her gratitude and all her real fondness for the Queen, her suffering heart moans internally its irreparable loss; for the Duchess of Portland was a bosom friend—a very Susan to her.

The Queen herself is most sensible of this, and while she tries, by all the means in her power, to supply the place of the lamented Duchess of Portland, she is the first to observe and to forgive the impossibility of a full success; indeed, the circumstances I am continually hearing of her sweetness and benevolence make me more than ever rejoice she has taken my dear Mrs. Delany under her immediate protection.

Miss P——, who is a truly lovely girl, received me with her usual warmth of joy, and was most impatient to whisper me that "all the Princesses intended to come and see me." She is just at the age to doat upon an *ado*, and nothing so much delights her as the thought of my presentations.

My dear Mrs. Delany, meanwhile, fearful of occasioning the smallest embarrassment, gave me no hint of any design to notice me, but only told me things of the Queen, that could not but make it my own wish to see her in her private conduct, life, and demeanour.

I did well, it seems, to be the champion of Madame de Genlis; for Miss P—— tells me Madame de G. spoke of me to the Queen in terms the most extraordinary, and which the Queen has repeated to Mrs. Delany, and which, when we meet, perhaps I may tell,—but on *paper*, this hint, methinks, is pretty well.

Mrs. Delany acquainted me that the Queen, in their first interview, upon her coming to this house, said to her, "Why did not you bring your friend Miss Burney with you?"

My dear Mrs. Delany was very much gratified by such an attention to whatever could be thought interesting to her, but, with her usual propriety, answered that, in coming to a house of her Majesty's, she could not presume to ask anybody without immediate and express permission. "The King, however," she added, "made the very same inquiry when I saw him next."

SUNDAY, NOV. 26TH.—So now the royal encounters, for a while at least, are out of all question. Nobody came last night, though Mrs. Delany I saw, and Miss P—— I heard, in continual expectation; but this morning, Mr. Battiscombe, apothecary to the household, called, and said that an express arrived from Germany yesterday afternoon, with an account of the death of the Queen's youngest brother.

The Queen, whose domestic virtues rise upon me every hour, is strongly attached to all her family, and in much affliction at this news; for though this brother was quite a boy when she left Germany, he has twice been to visit

her in England. None of the Royal Family will appear till the mourning takes place; the Queen, perhaps, may shut herself up still longer.

Afterwards came Lady Louisa Clayton, who had dined at the Queen's Lodge, where she often attends in the place of her sister, Lady Charlotte Finch, whose ill health makes her frequently require assistance in her office of governess. The Queen, she said, had been expecting this ill news some time, though she heard it with great grief.

Lady Louisa is very earnest to oblige Mrs. Delany, and most civilly offered her an apartment for me in her house, if the single spare bed in this should be at all wanted by any of her nephews; desiring that no circumstance of that sort might hasten my leaving Windsor a moment sooner than I was obliged to go.

Some time after, while I was writing to my dear father about my mourning, Miss P—— jumped into my room.

"Oh, Miss Burney! you must come this moment! Here's a gentleman here wants to see you, and he says he has danced with you."

I could not conceive who this might be, but she would not let me rest till I went into the dining-room, and there who should I find but Dr. Lind, who might, perhaps, have been my partner at Mr. Bremner's Twelfth Night ball. He asked very much after my father, and invited me to see his curiosities; which invitation I shall be glad to accept, as will Miss P——. He is married and settled here, and follows, as much as he can get practice, his profession; but his taste for tricks, conundrums, and queer things, makes people fearful of his trying experiments upon their constitutions, and think him a better conjurer than physician; though I don't know why the same man should not be both.

At night, quite *incog.*, quite alone, and quite privately, the King came, and was shut up with Mrs. Delany for an hour. It is out of rule for any of the family to be seen till in mourning, but he knew she was anxious for an account of the Queen. I had a very narrow escape of being surprised by him, which would have vexed me, as he only meant to see Mrs. Delany by herself, though she says he told her he was very glad to hear I was come.

TUESDAY, NOV. 29TH.—My dear Mrs. Delany was ill yesterday, and to-day she has been much worse. The Queen sent to ask her to the Lodge, but she was obliged to be blooded, and seemed so full of inflammation, that I was extremely alarmed for her. The Queen sent Miss Planta to see her at night; she says the Queen is in much grief for her brother.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 30TH.—This morning I had the happiness of seeing my dear Mrs. Delany much cooler and more easy, but a little incident happened that a good deal affected her. It shews the tenderness of the Queen for her in so strong and amiable a manner, that I must tell it my dear father and Susan, who, I am sure, like me, will grow more and more loyal in hearing it.

When the Duchess of Portland died, the Duke, before Mrs. Delany took her last leave of Bulstrode, begged her to choose and to take whatever she pleased that had belonged to his mother. Mrs. Delany refused everything that was proposed to her of any value, but said she would name one thing herself, which was all she could accept: this was a favourite bird of her friend's,—a weaver, an African bird,—which the Duchess had been very fond of, and always kept in her room. She brought it to town with her, and thence to Windsor, and it has grown so dear to her, that she could scarce ever look at it with

dry eyes. Imagine, then, if I was concerned, when this morning, upon coming into the room where we breakfast, not seeing the bird perching, I took down the cage, and perceived it at the bottom, lying dead.

Mrs. Delany was still in her own room, weak and unwell, though better. It was a particularly unlucky time to tell her of this loss, which we knew she would regard as the conclusion of all that had remained to her of Bulstrode. While Miss P—— and I were considering what we could do, Miss Planta came in, to inquire, from the Queen, how Mrs. Delany had passed the night. The bird was in my hand, and I told her the circumstances belonging to it. She was sorry, went to speak with Mrs. Delany in her bed-room, and returned to the Queen. In less than a quarter of an hour she came back again, bringing with her a bird in a very fine cage. It was the weaver bird, she said, and sent by the Queen, to know if we thought it could not be put in the same cage that had belonged to the Duchess, and prevent Mrs. Delany from hearing that hers was dead.

This tender desire to spare her any pain, though without the reward of having such kindness known to its object, touched me extremely, and the more, for being told the Queen herself had never possessed but two of those birds. I saw, however, the kind deception could not succeed, for the resemblance was very imperfect, and much as my dear old friend has lost of the acuteness of her eye-sight, enough, thank Heaven! yet remains to have discerned the change. I told Miss Planta this, but at the same time added, that, if she could leave the bird, an attention so sweet and so delicate in the Queen would soften the tale we had to tell, and be her best solace for the loss. Miss Planta answered, she would certainly leave it; for the Queen had desired that if we

thought it could not pass for the same bird, it might be left in its own cage, and given immediately from herself. This, accordingly, we did; she heard it more quietly than we expected, yet not without emotion; but when we brought her the Queen's bird, the tears came into her eyes, and she looked at it with great tenderness, and exclaimed, "Don't you, too, die in my hands!"

I have been making a very melancholy visit to Madame de la Fîte. She sent her little son to invite me. She cried the whole time I was with her, and told me she was quite overcome by my visiting Windsor, now she had lost her poor Eliza, who had always looked forward to shewing it me herself. I felt the strongest compassion for her, and could not come away till she grew somewhat more composed, for she seemed relieved by indulging her grief. She said she would talk of Norbury Park and of Madame de Genlis when we met next; but now she could only talk of her dear Elise. She compared herself with poor *Mrs. Hill*, who had lost her *Billy*, and could speak of nothing without recurring to him. She had just been reading "Cecilia," she told me, to the Princess Elizabeth; but when she came to that part, she could not go on for her tears. Dreadful, indeed, and most irreparable is her loss!

I afterwards made a short call upon my old friend, Madame de Luc. You may remember Miss Cooper, my dear father, at Streatham. I had the pleasure to see her very comfortably settled in a pretty and neat house, with a view of the Castle. She carried me up stairs into Mr. de Luc's study, which is full of instruments, tools, and learned litter. His daughter lives with them, and is a good-humoured, sensible, prating girl; she talked excessively, and seemed mighty happy to be so employed.

I then went and aired in the Old Park with dear Mrs. Delany, up and down the fine old avenue, which, with the Castle in view, has so grand a formality, that to alter, and even improve it, would make me think of Mason's expression in the English Garden, " that taste here were sacrilege."

Dr. Lind has called regularly every day, to invite us to see his Indian curiosities, and to offer being my esquire in going about Windsor; but Mrs. Delany is so far from well, that I could have no pleasure in leaving her. He is excessively curious about my seeing the King and Queen, and earnest to know what will pass: he is one of their most loyal admirers, and very eager that I should be another; and he said to Mrs. Delany, when I was out of the room, " I hope, ma'am, you will apprise Miss Burney of the King's quick manner of speaking, for fear it should disconcert her?" Mrs. Delany is much diverted with his solicitude and good humour.

Thursday, Dec. 1st.—To-day the Queen sent Miss Planta to tell Mrs. Delany that if she would not yet venture to the Lodge, she would come to her in the evening. Mrs. Delany accepted the gracious offer, and, at tea-time, she came, as well as the King, and spent two hours here.

Mrs. Delany told me afterwards, that the Queen was very low-spirited, and seemed to wish for nothing but the solace of sitting perfectly quiet. She is a sweet woman, and has all the domestic affections warm and strong in her heart.

Nevertheless they talked of me, she says, a good deal; and the king asked many questions about me. There is a new play, he told Mrs. Delany, coming out; "and it is said to be Miss Burney's!" Mrs. Delany immediately answered that she knew the report must be

untrue. "But I hope she is not idle?" cried the king. "I hope she is writing something?"

What an opportunity, my dear father, for the speech Mr. Cambridge told you he longed to make—that "*Miss B. had no time to write, for she was always working at her clothes!*"

What Mrs. Delany said, I know not; but he afterwards inquired what she thought of my writing a play?

"What," said he, "do you wish about it, Mrs. Delany?"

Mrs. Delany hesitated, and the Queen then said,

"I wish what I know Mrs. Delany does—that she may not; for though her reputation is so high, her character, by all I hear, is too delicate to suit with writing for the stage."

Sweet Queen! I could have kissed the hem of her garment for that speech, and I could not resist writing it.

Mrs. Delany then said,

"Why my opinion is what I believe to be Miss Burney's own; that it is too public and hazardous a style of writing for her quiet and fearful turn of mind."

I have really the grace to be a little ashamed of scribbling this, but I know I can scribble nothing my dear father will be more curious to hear.

Upon Mrs. Delany's coming to Windsor, the Queen had Cecilia read to her again; and by M. de Luc, who can hardly speak four words of English! but she told Mrs. Delany she had no good English reader.

SATURDAY, DEC. 3RD.—To-night, the King and Queen again spent two hours with Mrs. Delany. They were both of them in the greatest alarm for the Princess Elizabeth, who has a complaint on the chest, and whose sufferings afflict them very deeply. They go to her two or three times a day, but are forbid speaking to her. How

happy for sweet Mrs. Delany that, after the obligations innumerable showered down upon her by the King and Queen, she now sees herself the resource to which they fly for comfort and relief in their own distresses! The Queen sees nobody else.

In the midst of all, the Queen took the good-humoured pleasure of telling Mrs. Delany the kind things said of her guest, by Madame de la Fîte:—"You two," she said, "speak of her just alike."

Madame de la Fîte sent me a note, to say she heard the Queen was to pass the evening with Mrs. Delany, and to ask me to pass it with her. I was very busy, however, at work, and excused myself till to-morrow, when Mrs. Delany, if well enough, will go to the Lodge; and she is very much better.

Miss P—— and I went to Dr. Lind's, and saw his fat, handsome wife, who is as tall as himself, and about six times as big. We had not time to stay and look at his collection, but he shewed me one very curious representation of the "Elephanta," in the East Indies, which has been admirably executed, from a drawing of his own, taken on the spot, by Paul Sandby. He told me that when he went to see it, with a large party of English, they carried masons, carpenters, and workmen with them, no less in number than sixty—in short, I suppose all who could dig, saw, or carry—from the ship he belonged to, for he was surgeon to an East Indiaman. But after all their toiling, in this wonderful excavation, they found the rock so impenetrable, and the pillars and idols so stupendous, that they could only bring away an odd head or two, and a few limbs. I assured him he now fully explained to me why, in "Gulliver's Travels," Swift has ranked in one class, assassins, murderers, robbers, and *virtuosi*.

This morning we had better news of the Princess; and Mrs. Delany went again to the Lodge in the evening, to the Queen. When Mrs. Delany returned, she confirmed the good accounts of the Princess Elizabeth's amendment. She had told the Queen I was going to-morrow to Thames Ditton, for a week; and was asked many questions about my coming back, which the Queen said she was sure I should be glad to do from Mrs. W—— to Mrs. Delany. O most penetrating Queen!

She gratified Mrs. Delany, by many kind speeches, of being sorry I was going, and glad I was returning, and so forth. Mrs. Delany then told her I had been reading "The Clandestine Marriage" to her, which the Queen had recommended, and she thanked her Majesty for the very great pleasure she had received from it.

"O then," cried the Queen, "if Miss Burney reads to you, what a pleasure you must have to make her read her own works!"

Mrs. Delany laughed, and exclaimed,

"O ma'am! read her own works!—your Majesty has no notion of Miss Burney! I believe she would as soon die!"

This, of course, led to a great deal of discussion, in the midst of which the Queen said,

"Do you know Dr. Burney, Mrs. Delany?"

"Yes, ma'am, extremely well," answered Mrs. Delany.

"I think him," said the Queen, "a very agreeable and entertaining man."

There, my dear father! said I not well just now, O most penetrating Queen?

So here ends my Windsor journal, part the first. To-morrow morning I go for my week to Thames Ditton.

WINDSOR, WEDNESDAY, DEC. 14TH, 1785.—Yesterday I returned to my dear Mrs. Delany, from Thames Ditton, and had the great concern of finding her very unwell. Mr. Barnard Dewes, one of her nephews, and his little girl, a sweet child of seven years old, were with her, and, of course, Miss P——. She had been hurried, though only with pleasure, and her emotion, first in receiving, and next in entertaining them, had brought on a little fever. Her health, now, is fearfully precarious, and her days, to me, are most tremblingly precious. Everything shatters her dear feeble frame; she can bear neither joy nor sorrow; and how few are those placid days that are touched by neither! Her mind, however, has still its original strength, and all her faculties are in their fullest vigour; 'tis only the "tenement of clay" that has suffered by time.

She revived in the afternoon, and I had the pleasure of reading to her a play of Shakespeare's, that she had not heard for forty years, and which I had never read since I was a child,—"The Comedy of Errors;"—and we found in it all the entertainment belonging to an excellent farce, and all the objections belonging to an indifferent play; but the spirit with which she enters into every part of everything she hears, gives a sort of theatric effect to whatever is read to her; and my spirits rise in her presence, with the joy of exciting hers.

But I am now obliged, by what follows, to confess a little discussion I have had with my dear Mrs. Delany, almost all the time I spent with her at first, and now again upon my return, relative to the royal interview, so long in expectation.

Immediately upon my arrival, she had imagined, by what had preceded it, that a visit would instantly ensue here, and I should have a summons to appear;

but the death of the Queen's brother, which was known the very night I came, confined her Majesty and all the family for some days to the Lodge; and the dangerous illness of the Princess Elizabeth next took place, in occupying all their thoughts, greatly to their credit. My dear old friend, however, earnest I should have an honour which her grateful reverence for their Majesties makes her regard very highly, had often wished me to stay in the room when they came to see her, assuring me that though they were so circumstanced as not to send for a stranger, she knew they would be much pleased to meet with me. This, however, was more than I could assent to, without infinite pain, and that she was too kind to make a point of my enduring.

Yesterday, upon my return, she began again the same reasoning; the Princess Elizabeth had relapsed, and she knew, during her being worse, there was no chance the Queen would take any active step towards a meeting. "But she inquires," continued Mrs. Delany, "so much about you, and is so earnest that you should be with me, that I am sure she wants to see and converse with you. You will see her, too, with more ease to yourself by being already in the room, than from being summoned. I would not for the world put this request to you, if I were not sure she wishes it."

There was notwithstanding the word "request" from Mrs. Delany, and little as I liked the business, I could not but comply. What next was to be done, was to beg directions for the rencounter.

Now though you, my dear father, have had an audience, and you, my dear Susan, are likely enough to avoid one, yet I think the etiquettes on these occasions will be equally new to you both; for one never inquired into them, and the other has never thought of them.

Here, at Windsor, where more than half the people we see are belonging to the Court, and where all the rest are trying to be in the same predicament, the intelligence I have obtained must be looked upon as accurate; and I shall therefore give it, in full confidence you will both regard it as a valuable addition to your present stock of Court knowledge, and read it with that decent awe the dignity of the topic requires!

Directions for a private encounter with the Royal Family.

But no, they will take me so long, that I had better put them on a separate sheet, and go on with my journal while all is fresh in my memory. I am sorry to have wasted so solemn a preamble, but hope you will have the generosity to remember it when I produce my directions, as I cannot possibly undertake writing another.

To come, then, now, to those particular instructions I received myself, and which must not be regarded as having anything to do with general rules.

"I do beg of you," said dear Mrs. Delany, "when the Queen or the King speak to you, not to answer with mere monosyllables. The Queen often complains to me of the difficulty with which she can get any conversation, as she not only always has to start the subjects, but, commonly, entirely to support them: and she says there is nothing she so much loves as conversation, and nothing she finds so hard to get. She is always best pleased to have the answers that are made her lead on to further discourse. Now, as I know she wishes to be acquainted with you, and converse with you, I do really entreat you not to draw back from her, nor to stop conversation with only answering Yes, or No."

This was a most tremendous injunction; however, I could not but promise her I would do the best I could.

To this, nevertheless, she readily agreed, that if upon entering the room, they should take no notice of me, I might quietly retire. And that, believe me, will not be very slowly! They cannot find me in this house without knowing who I am, and therefore they can be at no loss whether to speak to me or not, from incertitude.

In the midst of all this, the Queen came!

I heard the thunder at the door, and, panic struck, away flew all my resolutions and agreements, and away after them flew I!

Don't be angry, my dear father—I would have stayed if I could, and I meant to stay; but, when the moment came, neither my preparations nor intentions availed, and I arrived at my own room, ere I well knew I had left the drawing-room, and quite breathless between the race I ran with Miss Port and the joy of escaping.

Mrs. Delany, though a little vexed at the time, was not afterwards, when she found the Queen very much dispirited, by a relapse of the poor Princess Elizabeth. She inquired if I was returned, and hoped I now came to make a longer stay.

FRIDAY, DEC. 16TH.—Yesterday morning we had a much better account of the Princess Elizabeth; and Mrs. Delany said to me,

"Now you will escape no longer, for if their uneasiness ceases, I am sure they will send for you, when they come next."

To be sent for, I confessed to her, would really be more formidable than to be surprised; but to pretend to be surprised would answer no purpose in making the meeting easy to me, and therefore I preferred letting the matter take its chance.

After dinner, while Mrs. Delany was left alone, as usual, to take a little rest,—for sleep it but seldom proves,—Mr. B. Dewes, his little daughter, Miss Port, and myself, went into the drawing-room. And here, while, to pass the time, I was amusing the little girl with teaching her some Christmas games, in which her father and cousin joined, Mrs. Delany came in. We were all in the middle of the room, and in some confusion;—but she had but just come up to us to inquire what was going forwards, and I was disentangling myself from Miss Dewes, to be ready to fly off if any one knocked at the street-door, when the door of the drawing-room was again opened, and a large man, in deep mourning, appeared at it, entering and shutting it himself without speaking.

A ghost could not more have scared me, when I discovered, by its glitter on the black, a star! The general disorder had prevented his being seen, except by myself, who was always on the watch, till Miss P——, turning round, exclaimed, "The King!—Aunt, the King!"

O mercy! thought I, that I were but out of the room! which way shall I escape? and how pass him unnoticed? There is but the single door at which he entered, in the room! Every one scampered out of the way: Miss P——, to stand next the door; Mr. Bernard Dewes to a corner opposite it; his little girl clung to me; and Mrs. Delany advanced to meet his Majesty, who, after quietly looking on till she saw him, approached, and inquired how she did.

He then spoke to Mr. Bernard, whom he had already met two or three times here.

I had now retreated to the wall, and purposed gliding softly, though speedily, out of the room; but before I had taken a single step, the King, in a loud whisper to Mrs.

Delany, said, "Is that Miss Burney?"—and on her answering, "Yes, sir," he bowed, and with a countenance of the most perfect good humour, came close up to me.

A most profound reverence on my part arrested the progress of my intended retreat.

"How long have you been come back, Miss Burney?"

"Two days, sir."

Unluckily he did not hear me, and repeated his question; and whether the second time he heard me or not, I don't know, but he made a little civil inclination of his head, and went back to Mrs. Delany.

He insisted she should sit down, though he stood himself, and began to give her an account of the Princess Elizabeth, who once again was recovering, and trying, at present, James's Powders. She had been blooded, he said, twelve times in this last fortnight, and had lost seventy-five ounces of blood, besides undergoing blistering and other discipline. He spoke of her illness with the strongest emotion, and seemed quite filled with concern for her danger and sufferings.

Mrs. Delany next inquired for the younger children. They had all, he said, the whooping-cough, and were soon to be removed to Kew.

"Not," added he, "for any other reason than change of air for themselves; though I am pretty certain I have never had the distemper myself, and the Queen thinks she has not had it either:—we shall take our chance. When the two eldest had it, I sent them away, and would not see them till it was over; but now there are so many of them that there would be no end to separations, so I let it take its course."

Mrs. Delany expressed a good deal of concern at his running this risk, but he laughed at it, and said, he was

much more afraid of catching the rheumatism, which has been threatening one of his shoulders lately. However, he added, he should hunt the next morning, in defiance of it.

A good deal of talk then followed about his own health, and the extreme temperance by which he preserved it. The fault of his constitution, he said, was a tendency to excessive fat, which he kept, however, in order, by the most vigorous exercise, and the strictest attention to a simple diet.

When Mrs. Delany was beginning to praise his forbearance, he stopped her.

"No, no," he cried, "'tis no virtue; I only prefer eating plain and little, to growing diseased and infirm."

During this discourse, I stood quietly in the place where he had first spoken to me. His quitting me so soon, and conversing freely and easily with Mrs. Delany, proved so delightful a relief to me, that I no longer wished myself away; and the moment my first panic from the surprise was over, I diverted myself with a thousand ridiculous notions, of my own situation.

The Christmas games we had been shewing Miss Dewes, it seemed as if we were still performing, as none of us thought it proper to move, though our manner of standing reminded one of Puss in the corner. Close to the door was posted Miss P——; opposite her, close to the wainscot, stood Mr. Dewes; at just an equal distance from him, close to a window, stood myself; Mrs. Delany, though seated, was at the opposite side to Miss P——; and his Majesty kept pretty much in the middle of the room. The little girl, who kept close to me, did not break the order, and I could hardly help expecting to be beckoned, with a puss! puss! puss! to change places with one of my neighbours.

This idea, afterwards, gave way to another more pompous. It seemed to me we were acting a play. There is something so little like common and real life, in everybody's standing, while talking, in a room full of chairs, and standing, too, so aloof from each other, that I almost thought myself upon a stage, assisting in the representation of a tragedy, — in which the King played his own part, of the king; Mrs. Delany that of a venerable confidante; Mr. Dewes, his respectful attendant; Miss P—, a suppliant virgin, waiting encouragement to bring forward some petition; Miss Dewes, a young orphan, intended to move the royal compassion; and myself,—a very solemn, sober, and decent mute.

These fancies, however, only regaled me while I continued a quiet spectator, and without expectation of being called into play. But the King, I have reason to think, meant only to give me time to recover from my first embarrassment; and I feel myself infinitely obliged to his good breeding and consideration, which perfectly answered, for before he returned to me I was entirely recruited.

To go back to my narration.

When the discourse upon health and strength was over, the King went up to the table, and looked at a book of prints, from Claude Lorraine, which had been brought down for Miss Dewes; but Mrs. Delany, by mistake, told him they were for me. He turned over a leaf or two, and then said—

"Pray, does Miss Burney draw, too?"

The *too* was pronounced very civilly.

"I believe not, sir," answered Mrs. Delany; "at least, she does not tell?"

"Oh!" cried he, laughing, "that's nothing! she is not apt to tell; she never does tell, you know!—Her fa-

ther told me that himself. He told me the whole history of her Evelina. And I shall never forget his face when he spoke of his feelings at first taking up the book!—he looked quite frightened, just as if he was doing it that moment! I never can forget his face while I live!"

Then coming up close to me, he said—

"But what?—what?—how was it?"

"Sir"—cried I, not well understanding him.

"How came you—how happened it—what?—what?"

"I—I only wrote, sir, for my own amusement,—only in some odd, idle hours."

"But your publishing—your printing,—how was that?"

"That was only, sir,—only because—"

I hesitated most abominably, not knowing how to tell him a long story, and growing terribly confused at these questions;—besides,—to say the truth, his own "what what?" so reminded me of those vile Probationary Odes, that, in the midst of all my flutter, I was really hardly able to keep my countenance.

The *What!* was then repeated, with so earnest a look, that, forced to say something, I stammeringly answered—

"I thought—sir—it would look very well in print!"

I do really flatter myself this is the silliest speech I ever made! I am quite provoked with myself for it; but a fear of laughing made me eager to utter anything, and by no means conscious, till I had spoken, of what I was saying.

He laughed very heartily himself,—well he might—and walked away to enjoy it, crying out,

"Very fair indeed! that's being very fair and honest!"

Then, returning to me again, he said,

"But your father—how came you not to shew him what you wrote?"

"I was too much ashamed of it, sir, seriously."

Literal truth that, I am sure.

"And how did he find it out?"

"I don't know myself, sir. He never would tell me."

Literal truth again, my dear father, as you can testify.

"But how did you get it printed?"

"I sent it, sir, to a bookseller my father never employed, and that I never had seen myself, Mr. Lowndes, in full hope by that means he never would hear of it."

"But how could you manage that?"

"By means of a brother, sir."

"O!—you confided in a brother, then?"

"Yes, sir—that is, for the publication."

"What entertainment you must have had from hearing people's conjectures, before you were known! Do you remember any of them?"

"Yes, sir, many."

"And what?"

"I heard that Mr. Baretti laid a wager it was written by a man; for no woman, he said, could have kept her own counsel."

This diverted him extremely.

"But how was it," he continued, "you thought most likely for your father to discover you?"

"Sometimes, sir, I have supposed I must have dropt some of the manuscript; sometimes, that one of my sisters betrayed me."

"O! your sister?—what, not your brother?"

"No, sir; he could not, for—"

I was going on, but he laughed so much I could not be heard, exclaiming,

"Vastly well! I see you are of Mr. Baretti's mind, and think your brother could keep your secret, and not your sister?"

"Well, but," cried he presently, "how was it first known to you, you were betrayed?"

"By a letter, sir, from another sister. I was very ill, and in the country; and she wrote me word that my father had taken up a review, in which the book was mentioned, and had put his finger upon its name, and said—'Contrive to get that book for me.'"

"And when he got it," cried the King, "he told me he was afraid of looking at it! and never can I forget his face when he mentioned his first opening it. But you have not kept your pen unemployed all this time?"

"Indeed I have, sir."

"But why?"

"I—I believe I have exhausted myself, sir."

He laughed aloud at this, and went and told it to Mrs. Delany, civilly treating a plain fact as a mere *bon mot*.

Then, returning to me again, he said, more seriously, "But you have not determined against writing any more?"

"N—o, sir—"

"You have made no vow—no real resolution of that sort?"

"No, sir."

"You only wait for inclination?"

How admirably Mr. Cambridge's speech might have come in here!

"No, sir."

A very civil little bow spoke him pleased with this answer, and he went again to the middle of the room, where he chiefly stood, and, addressing us in general, talked upon the different motives of writing, concluding with,

"I believe there is no constraint to be put upon real genius; nothing but inclination can set it to work. Miss

Burney, however, knows best." And then, hastily returning to me, he cried, "What? what?"

"No, sir, I—I—believe not, certainly," quoth I, very awkwardly, for I seemed taking a violent compliment only as my due; but I knew not how to put him off as I would another person.

He then made some inquiries concerning the pictures with which the room is hung, and which are all Mrs. Delany's own painting; and a little discourse followed; upon some of the masters whose pictures she has copied.

This was all with her; for nobody ever answers him without being immediately addressed by him.

He then came to me again, and said,

"Is your father about anything at present?"

"Yes, sir, he goes on, when he has time, with his history."

"Does he write quick?"

"Yes, sir, when he writes from himself; but in his history, he has so many books to consult, that sometimes he spends three days in finding authorities for a single passage."

"Very true; that must be unavoidable."

He pursued these inquiries some time, and then went again to his general station before the fire, and Mrs. Delany inquired if he meant to hunt the next day. "Yes," he answered; and, a little pointedly, Mrs. Delany said,

"I would the hunted could but feel as much pleasure as the hunter."

The King understood her, and with some quickness, called out, "Pray what did you hunt?"

Then, looking round at us all,—

"Did you know," he said, "that Mrs. Delany once hunted herself?—and in a long gown, and a great hoop?"

It seems she had told his Majesty an adventure of that sort which had befallen her in her youth, from some accident in which her will had no share.

While this was talking over, a violent thunder was made at the door. I was almost certain it was the Queen. Once more I would have given anything to escape; but in vain. I had been informed that nobody ever quitted the royal presence, after having been conversed with, till motioned to withdraw.

Miss P——, according to established etiquette on these occasions, opened the door which she stood next, by putting her hand behind her, and slid out, backwards, into the hall, to light the Queen in. The door soon opened again, and her Majesty entered.

Immediately seeing the King, she made him a low courtsey, and cried,—

"Oh, your Majesty is here!"

"Yes," he cried, "I ran here, without speaking to anybody."

The Queen had been at the lower Lodge, to see the Princess Elizabeth, as the King had before told us.

She then hastened up to Mrs. Delany, with both her hands held out, saying,

"My dear Mrs. Delany, how are you?"

"Instantly after, I felt her eye on my face. I believe, too, she curtsied to me; but though I saw the bend, I was too near-sighted to be sure it was intended for me. I was hardly ever in a situation more embarrassing; I dared not return what I was not certain I had received, yet considered myself as appearing quite a monster, to stand stiff-necked, if really meant.

Almost at the same moment, she spoke to Mr. Bernard Dewes, and then nodded to my little clinging girl.

I was now really ready to sink, with horrid uncertainty of what I was doing, or what I should do,—when his Majesty, who I fancy saw my distress, most good-humouredly said to the Queen something, but I was too much flurried to remember what, except these words,—"I have been telling Miss Burney—"

Relieved from so painful a dilemma, I immediately dropped a curtsey. She made one to me in the same moment, and, with a very smiling countenance, came up to me; but she could not speak, for the King went on talking, eagerly, and very gaily, repeating to her every word I had said during our conversation upon Evelina, its publication, &c. &c.

Then he told her of Baretti's wager, saying,—"But she heard of a great many conjectures about the author, before it was known, and of Baretti, an admirable thing!—he laid a bet it must be a man, as no woman, he said, could have kept her own counsel!"

The Queen, laughing a little, exclaimed—

"Oh, that is quite too bad an affront to us!—Don't you think so?" addressing herself to me, with great gentleness of voice and manner.

I assented; and the King continued his relation, which she listened to with a look of some interest; but when he told her some particulars of my secrecy, she again spoke to me.

"But your sister was your confidant, was she not?"

"Yes, ma'am."

My sisters, I might have said, but I was always glad to have done.

"Oh, yes!" cried the King, laughing; "but I assure you she is of Baretti's opinion herself; for I asked her if she thought it was her sister or her brother that be-

trayed her to her father?—and she says her sister, she thinks."

Poor Esther!—but I shall make her amends by what follows; for the Queen, again addressing me, said—

"But to betray to a father is no crime—don't you think so?"

I agreed; and plainly saw she thought Esther, if Esther it was, had only done right.

The King then went on, and when he had finished his narration the Queen took her seat.

She made Mrs. Delany sit next her, and Miss P—— brought her some tea.

The King, meanwhile, came to me again, and said,—

"Are you musical?"

"Not a performer, sir."

Then, going from me to the Queen, he cried,—"She does not play."

I did not hear what the Queen answered; she spoke in a low voice, and seemed much out of spirits.

They now talked together a little while, about the Princess Elizabeth, and the King mentioned having had a very promising account from her physician, Sir George Baker; and the Queen soon brightened up.

The King then returned to me, and said,—

"Are you sure you never play?—never touch the keys at all?"

"Never to acknowledge it, sir."

"Oh! that's it!" cried he; and flying to the Queen, cried, "She does play—but not to acknowledge it!"

I was now in a most horrible panic once more; pushed so very home, I could answer no other than I did, for these categorical questions almost constrain categorical answers; and here, at Windsor, it seems an absolute point that whatever they ask must be told, and whatever

they desire must be done. Think but, then, of my consternation, in expecting their commands to perform! My dear father, pity me!

The eager air with which he returned to me fully explained what was to follow. I hastily, therefore, spoke first, in order to stop him, crying—"I never, sir, played to anybody but myself!—never!"

"No?" cried he, looking incredulous; "what, not to ——"

"Not even to me, sir!" cried my kind Mrs. Delany, who saw what was threatening me.

"No?—are you sure?" cried he, disappointed; "but —but you'll——"

"I have never, sir," cried I, very earnestly, "played in my life, but when I could hear nobody else—quite alone, and from a mere love of any musical sounds."

He repeated all this to the Queen, whose answers I never heard; but when he once more came back, with a face that looked unwilling to give it up, in my fright I had recourse to dumb show, and raised my hands in a supplicating fold, with a most begging countenance to be excused. This, luckily, succeeded; he understood me very readily, and laughed a little, but made a sort of desisting, or rather complying, little bow, and said no more about it.

I felt very much obliged to him, for I saw his curiosity was all alive. I wished I could have kissed his hand.

He still, however, kept me in talk, and still upon music.

"To me," said he, "it appears quite as strange to meet with people who have no ear for music, and cannot distinguish one air from another, as to meet with people who are dumb. Lady Bell Finch once told me that she had heard there was some difference between a psalm, a

minuet, and a country dance, but she declared they all sounded alike to her! There are people who have no eye for difference of colour. The Duke of Marlborough actually cannot tell scarlet from green!"

He then told me an anecdote of his mistaking one of those colours for another, which was very laughable, but I do not remember it clearly enough to write it. How unfortunate for true virtuosi that such an eye should possess objects worthy the most discerning—the treasures of Blenheim!

"I do not find, though," added his Majesty, "that this defect runs in his family, for Lady Di. Beauclerk draws very finely."

He then went to Mr. Bernard Dewes.

Almost instantly upon his leaving me, a very gentle voice called out—"Miss Burney!"

It was the Queen's. I walked a little nearer her, and a gracious inclination of her head made me go quite up to her.

"You have been," she said, "at Mrs. Walsingham's?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"She has a pretty place, I believe?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Were you ever there before?"

"Yes, ma'am."

Oh, shocking! shocking! thought I; what will Mrs. Delany say to all these monosyllables?

"Has not she lately made some improvements?"

"Yes, ma'am; she has built a conservatory."

Then followed some questions about its situation, during which the King came up to us; and she then, ceasing to address me in particular, began a general sort of conversation, with a spirit and animation that I had not at all expected, and which seemed the result of the

great and benevolent pleasure she took in giving entertainment to Mrs. Delany.

The subject was the last drawing-room, which she had been in town to keep on Thursday, during the dense fog.

"I assure you, ma'am," cried she to Mrs. Delany, "it was so dark, there was no seeing anything, and no knowing anybody. And Lady Harcourt could be of no help to tell me who people were, for when it was light, she can't see; and now it was dark, I could not see myself. So it was in vain for me to go on in that manner, without knowing which I had spoken to, and which was waiting for me; so I said to Lady Harcourt, "We had better stop, and stand quite still, for I don't know anybody, no more than you do. But if we stand still, they will all come up in the end, and we must ask them who they are, and if I have spoken to them yet, or not: for it is very odd to do it, but what else can we manage?"

Her accent is a little foreign, and very prettily so; and her emphasis has that sort of changeability, which gives an interest to everything she utters. But her language is rather peculiar than foreign.

"Besides," added she, with a very significant look, "if we go on here in the dark, maybe I shall push against somebody, or somebody will push against me—which is the more likely to happen!"

She then gave an account of some circumstances which attended the darkness, in a manner not only extremely lively, but mixed, at times, with an archness and humour that made it very entertaining. She chiefly addressed herself to Mrs. Delany; and to me, certainly, she would not, separately, have been so communicative; but she contrived, with great delicacy, to include me in the little party, by frequently looking at me, and always

with an expression that invited my participation in the conversation. And, indeed, though I did not join in words, I shared very openly in the pleasure of her recital.

"Well," she continued, "so there was standing by me a man that I could not see in the face; but I saw the twisting of his bow; and I said to Lady Harcourt, 'I am sure that must be nobody but the Duke of Dorset.' —'Dear,' she says, 'how can you tell that?'—'Only ask,' said I; and so it proved he."

"Yes," cried the King, "he is pretty well again; he can smile again, now!"

It seems his features had appeared to be fixed, or stiffened. It is said, he has been obliged to hold his hand to his mouth, to hide it, ever since his stroke,—which he refuses to acknowledge was paralytic.

The Queen looked as if some comic notion had struck her, and, after smiling a little while to herself, said, with a sort of innocent archness, very pleasing,

"To be sure, it is very wrong to laugh at such things, —I know that; but yet, I could not help thinking, when his mouth was in that way, that it was very lucky people's happiness did not depend upon his smiles!"

Afterwards, she named other persons, whose behaviour and manners pointed them out to her, in defiance of obscurity.

"A lady," said she, "came up to me, that I could not see, so I was forced to ask who she was; and immediately she burst into a laugh. 'O,' says I, 'that can be only Mrs. De Rolles!'—and so it proved."

Methinks, by this trait, she should be a near relation to my Miss Larolles!

When these, and some more anecdotes which I do not so clearly remember, were told, the King left us, and went to Mr. Bernard Dewes. A pause ensuing, I, too,

drew back, meaning to return to my original station, which, being opposite the fire, was never a bad one. But the moment I began retreating, the Queen, bending forward, and speaking in a very low voice, said, "Miss Burney!"—and, upon my coming up to her, almost in a whisper, cried, "But shall we have no more—nothing more?"

I could not but understand her, and only shook my head.

The Queen then, as if she thought she had said too much, with great sweetness and condescension, drew back herself, and, very delicately, said,

"To be sure it is, I own, a very home question, for one who has not the pleasure to know you."

I was quite ashamed of this apology, but did not know what to say to it. But how amiable a simplicity in her speaking of herself in such a style,—"for one who has not the pleasure to know you."

"But, indeed," continued she, presently, "I would not say it, only that I think from what has been done, there is a power to do so much good—and good to young people—which is so very good a thing—that I cannot help wishing it could be."

I felt very grateful for this speech, and for the very soft manner in which she said it; and I very much wished to thank her, and was trying to mutter something, though not very intelligibly, when the King suddenly coming up to us, inquired what was going forward.

The Queen readily repeated her kind speech.

The King eagerly undertook to make my answer for me, crying,

"O, but she will write!—she only waits for *inclination*—she told me so." Then, speaking to me, he said, "What—is it not so?"

I only laughed a little; and he again said to the Queen,

"She will write! She told me, just now, she had made no vow against it."

"No, no," cried the Queen, "I hope not, indeed!"

"A vow!" cried dear Mrs. Delany, "no, indeed, I hope she would not be so wicked—she who can so do what she does!"

"But she has not," said the King, earnestly; "she has owned that to me already."

What excessive condescension, my dear Padre!

"I only wish," cried Mrs. Delany, "it could be as easily done, as it is earnestly and universally desired."

"I doubt it not to be so desired," said the Queen.

I was quite ashamed of all this, and quite sorry to make no acknowledgment of their great condescension in pressing such a subject, and pressing it so much in earnest. But I really could get out nothing, so that's the truth; and I wish I could give a better account of my eloquence, my dear Padre and Susan.

I cannot, however, in justice any more than in inclination, go on, till I stop to admire the sweetness of the Queen, and the consideration of the King, in each making me a party in their general conversation, before they made any particular address to me.

They afterwards spoke of Mr. Webb, a Windsor musician, who is master to the young Princesses, and who has a nose, from some strange calamity, of so enormous a size that it covers all the middle of his face. I never saw so frightful a deformity. Mrs. Delany told the Queen I had met with him, accidentally, when he came to give a lesson to Miss P——, and had been quite startled by him.

"I dare say so;" said her Majesty. "I must tell Miss Burney a little trait of Sophia, about Mr. Webb."

A small table was before the Queen, who always has it brought when she is seated, to put her tea or work upon, or, when she has neither, to look comfortable, I believe; for certainly it takes off much formality in a standing circle. And close to this, by the gracious motion of her head, she kept me.

"When first," continued she, "Mr. Webb was to come to Sophia, I told her he had had some accident to disfigure his whole face, by making him an enormous nose; but I desired her to remember this was a misfortune, for which he ought to be pitied, and that she must be sure not to laugh at it, nor stare at it. And she minded this very well, and behaved always very properly. But, while Lady Cremorne was at the Lodge, she was with Sophia when Mr. Webb came to give her a lesson. As soon as he was named, she coloured very red, and ran up to Lady Cremorne, and said to her in a whisper, 'Lady Cremorne, Mr. Webb has got a very great nose, but that is only to be pitied—so mind you don't laugh!'"

This little Princess is just nine years old!

The King joined us while the Queen was telling this, and added, "Poor Mr. Webb was very much discountenanced when he first saw me, and tried to hide his nose, by a great nosegay, or I believe only a branch, which he held before it: but really that had so odd a look, that it was worse, and more ridiculous, than his nose. However, I hope he does not mind me, now, for I have seen him four or five times."

After this, Mrs. Delany mentioned Madame de la Fîte, and her son.

The Queen said "He is a pretty little boy; and when he goes to school, it will do him good."

"Where will she send him?" said the King.

The Queen, looking at me, with a smile answered,

"To the school where Mr. Lock puts his sons. I know that!"

"And where is that?"

"Indeed I don't know; where is it, Miss Burney?"

"At Cheam, ma'am."

"Oh, at young Gilpin's?" cried the King. "Is it near Mr. Locke's?"

"Yes, sir; within about six miles, I believe."

The Queen, then, with a little arch smile, that seemed to premise she should make me stare, said,

"It was there, at Mr. Locke's, your sister laid in?"

"O yes, ma'am!" cried I, out of breath with surprise.

The King repeated my O yes! and said, "I fancy—by that O—you were frightened a little for her? What?"

I could not but assent to that; and the King, who seemed a good deal diverted at the accident—for he loves little babies too well to look upon it, as most people would, to be a shocking business—questioned me about it.

"How was it?" said he,—"how happened it? Could not she get home?"

"It was so sudden, sir, and so unexpected, there was no time."

"I dare say," said the sweet Queen, "Mrs. Locke was only very happy to have it at her house."

"Indeed, ma'am," cried I, "her kindness, and Mr. Locke's would make anybody think so! but they are all kindness and goodness."

"I have heard indeed," said the Queen, "that they are all sensible, and amiable, and ingenuous, in that family."

"They are indeed," cried I, "and as exemplary as they are accomplished."

"I have never seen Mrs. Locke," said the King, "since she was that high;"—pointing to little Miss Dewes.

"And I," said the Queen—"I have never seen her in my life; but for all that, from what I hear of her, I cannot help feeling interested whenever I only hear her name."

This, with a good deal of animation, she said directly to me.

"Mr. William Locke, ma'am," said Mrs. Delany, "I understand from Miss Burney, is now making the same wonderful progress in painting that he had done before in drawing."

"I have seen some of his drawings," said the Queen, "which were charming."

"How old is he!" cried the King.

"Eighteen, sir."

"Eighteen!" repeated the King—"how time flies!"

"Oh! for me," cried the Queen, "I am always quarrelling with time! It is so short to do something, and so long to do nothing."

She has now and then something foreign to our idiom, that has a very pretty effect.

"Time," said the King, "always seems long when we are young, and short when we begin to grow old."

"But nothing makes me so angry," said the Queen, "as to hear people not know what to do! For me, I never have half time enough for things. But what makes me most angry still, is to see people go up to a window and say, 'what a bad day!—dear, what shall we do such a day as this?' 'What?' I say; 'why employ yourselves; and then what signifies the bad day?'"

Afterwards, there was some talk upon sermons, and the Queen wished the Bishop of Chester would publish another volume.

"No, no," said the King, "you must not expect a man, while he continues preaching, to go on publishing. Every sermon printed, diminishes his stock for the pulpit."

"Very true," said the Queen; "but I believe the Bishop of Chester has enough to spare."

The King then praised Carr's sermons, and said he liked none but what were plain and unadorned.

"Nor I neither," said the Queen; "but for me, it is, I suppose, because the others I don't understand."

The King then, looking at his watch, said, "It is eight o'clock, and if we don't go now, the children will be sent to the other house."

"Yes, your Majesty," cried the Queen, instantly rising.

Mrs. Delany put on her Majesty's cloak, and she took a very kind leave of her. She then curtsied separately to us all, and the King handed her to the carriage.

It is the custom for everybody they speak to to attend them out, but they would not suffer Mrs. Delany to move. Miss P——, Mr. Dewes, and his little daughter, and myself, all accompanied them, and saw them in their coach, and received their last gracious nods.

When they were gone, Mrs. Delany confessed she had heard the King's knock at the door before she came into the drawing-room, but would not avow it, that I might not run away. Well! being over was so good a thing, that I could not but be content.

The Queen, indeed, is a most charming woman. She appears to me full of sense and graciousness, mingled with delicacy of mind and liveliness of temper. She speaks English almost perfectly well, with great choice and copiousness of language, though now and then with foreign idiom, and frequently with a foreign accent. Her

manners have an easy dignity, with a most engaging simplicity, and she has all that fine high breeding which the mind, not the station, gives, of carefully avoiding to distress those who converse with her, or studiously removing the embarrassment she cannot prevent.

The King, however he may have power, in the cabinet, to command himself, has, in private, the appearance of a character the most open and sincere. He speaks his opinions without reserve, and seems to trust them intuitively to his hearers, from a belief they will make no ill use of them. His countenance is full of inquiry, to gain information without asking it, probably from believing that to be the nearest road to truth. All I saw of both was the most perfect good humour, good spirits, ease, and pleasantness.

Their behaviour to each other speaks the most cordial confidence and happiness. The King seems to admire as much as he enjoys her conversation, and to covet her participation in every thing he either sees or hears. The Queen appears to feel the most grateful regard for him, and to make it her chief study to raise his consequence with others, by always marking that she considers herself, though Queen to the nation, only, to him, the first and most obedient of subjects. Indeed, in their different ways, and allowing for the difference of their characters, they left me equally charmed both with their behaviour to each other and to myself.

FRIDAY.—Mrs. Delany went to the Lodge to-night, and, when she came home, brought very kind words of the Queen's with respect to our meeting, which she now acknowledged she had much been wishing for.

SUNDAY, DEC. 18.—This morning I went with Miss P—— to hear the cathedral service at St. George's Chapel. That antique and venerable structure gave me

much pleasure, and the particular prayer offered up for the Knights of the Garter brought me back to the days of its founder, as I imagine it must have been used in this chapel from the time of Edward the Third.

One of the gates of the old Castle I have a view of from a window in my bed-chamber, and I have a sufficient smattering of antiquarian affection to look at it with great satisfaction.

Our preacher was Dr. L——, and though he told us nothing either new or striking, he at least took care to give no disappointment after his first opening—by preaching in a manner that never drew our attention.

MONDAY, DEC. 19TH.—Miss P——, Mr. Bernard Dewes, his daughter, and myself, have been to Dr. Lind's, by repeated invitation, to see his Eastern curiosities. I was extremely well entertained there. His collection is chiefly Chinese. He has a book of the whole process of preparing silk, described in prints. It is not, however, so done as to give a very clear idea of the operation. He has also a curious book representing every part of a Chinese monastery,—building, utensils, gods, priests, and idols; it is very neatly and most elaborately executed, and the colours are uncommonly vivid. A dictionary of the Chinese language, in which many folio pages contain but the various uses of a single word, filled me with wonder at the preposterous pedantry that could contrive to make the whole life of man too short for learning to read and write. There is a class even for every letter, and more ways of varying it, by different accents, than there are in French or English of varying every word that begins with the same letter. A book, too, of Chinese plants, very finely executed and brightly coloured, shewed how little their

artists want patience, though everything shews how little is the pleasure to be given by any pains without taste.

* * * * * *

Upon the whole, and for me, don't you think, my dear father and Susan, I comported myself mighty well in my grand interview? Indeed, except quite at the first, I was infinitely more easy than I usually am with strangers; and the great reason of that was, that I had no fear of being frightened, nor shame of being ashamed; for they, I was sure, were more accustomed to see people frightened and confused, than to find them composed and undisturbed. But that is not the case with others, who cannot, therefore, make the same allowance.

In the evening, while Mrs. Delany, Miss P——, and I were sitting and working together in the drawing-room, the door was opened, and the King entered.

We all started up; Miss P—— flew to her modest post by the door, and I to my more comfortable one opposite the fire, which caused me but a slight and gentle retreat, and Mrs. Delany he immediately commanded to take her own place again.

He was full of joy for the Princess Elizabeth. He had been to the lower Lodge, and found her in a sweet sleep, and she was now, he said, in a course of James's powders, from which he hoped her perfect restoration. I fear, however, it is still but precarious.

Mrs. Delany congratulated him, and then inquired after the whooping-cough. The children, he said, were better, and were going to Kew for some days, to change the air. He and the Queen had been themselves, in the morning, to Kew, to see that their rooms were fit for their reception. He could not, he said, be easy to take any

account but from his own eyes, when they were sick. He seems, indeed, one of the most tender fathers in the world.

I cannot pretend to write this meeting with the method and minuteness of the first; for that took me so long, that I have not time to spare for such another detail. Besides, the novelty is now over, and I have not the same inducement to be so very circumstantial. But the principal parts of the conversation I will write, as I recollect.

Our party being so small, he made all that passed general; for though he principally addressed himself to Mrs. Delany, he always looked round to see that we heard him, and frequently referred to us.

I should mention, though, the etiquette always observed upon his entrance, which, first of all, is to fly off to distant quarters; and next, Miss P—— goes out, walking backwards, for more candles, which she brings in, two at a time, and places upon the tables and piano-forte. Next she goes out for tea, which she then carries to his Majesty, upon a large salver, containing sugar, cream, and bread and butter, and cake, while she hangs a napkin over her arm for his fingers.

When he has taken his tea, she returns to her station, where she waits till he has done, and then takes away his cup, and fetches more.

This, it seems, is a ceremony performed, in other places, always by the mistress of the house; but here, neither of their Majesties will permit Mrs. Delany to attempt it.

Well; but to return. The King said he had just been looking over a new pamphlet, of Mr. Cumberland's, upon the character of Lord Sackville.

"I have been asking Sir George Baker," said he, "if he had read it, and he told me yes; but that he could not

find out why Cumberland had written it. However, that, I think, I found out in the second page. For there he takes an opportunity to give a high character of himself."

He then enlarged more upon the subject, very frankly declaring in what points he differed from Mr. Cumberland about Lord Sackville; but as I neither knew him, nor had read the pamphlet, I could not at all enter into the subject.

Mrs. Delany then mentioned something of Madame de Genlis, upon which the King eagerly said to me,

"Oh, you saw her while she was here?"

"Yes, sir."

"And—did she speak English?"

"Yes, sir."

"And how?"

"Extremely well, sir; with very great facility."

"Indeed? That always surprises me in a foreigner that has not lived here."

Her accent is foreign, however; but her language is remarkably ready.

He then spoke of Voltaire, and talked a little of his works, concluding with this strong condemnation of their tendency:—

"I," cried he, "think him a monster, I own it fairly."

Nobody answered. Mrs. Delany did not quite hear him, and I knew too little of his works to have courage to say anything about them.

He next named Rousseau, whom he seemed to think of with more favour, though by no means with approbation. Here, too, I had read too little to talk at all, though his Majesty frequently applied to me. Mrs. Delany told several anecdotes which had come to her

immediate knowledge of him while he was in England, at which time he had spent some days with her brother, Mr. Granville, at Calwich. The King, too, told others, which had come to his own ears, all charging him with savage pride and insolent ingratitude.

Here, however, I ventured to interfere; for, as I knew he had had a pension from the King, I could not but wish his Majesty should be informed he was grateful to him. And as you, my dear father, were my authority, I thought it but common justice to the memory of poor Rousseau to acquaint the King of his personal respect for him.

"Some gratitude, sir," said I, "he was not without. When my father was in Paris, which was after Rousseau had been in England, he visited him, in his garret, and the first thing he shewed him was your Majesty's portrait over his chimney."

The King paused a little while upon this; but nothing more was said of Rousseau.

The sermon of the day before was then talked over. Mrs. Delany had not heard it, and the King said it was no great loss. He asked me what I had thought of it, and we agreed perfectly, to the no great exaltation of poor Dr. L——."

Some time afterwards, the King said he found by the newspapers, that Mrs. Clive was dead.

Do you read the newspapers? thought I. O, King! you must then have the most unvexing temper in the world, not to run wild.

This led on to more players. He was sorry, he said, for Henderson, and the more as Mrs. Siddons had wished to have him play at the same house with herself. Then Mrs. Siddons took her turn, and with the warmest praise.

"I am an enthusiast for her," cried the King, "quite

an enthusiast. I think there was never any player in my time so excellent—not Garrick himself; I own it!"

Then, coming close to me, who was silent, he said,—

"What? what?"—meaning, what say you? But I still said nothing; I could not concur where I thought so differently, and to enter into an argument was quite impossible; for every little thing I said, the King listened to with an eagerness that made me always ashamed of its insignificancy. And, indeed, but for that I should have talked to him with much greater fluency, as well as ease.

From players he went to plays, and complained of the great want of good modern comedies, and of the extreme immorality of most of the old ones.

"And they pretend," cried he, "to mend them; but it is not possible. Do you think it is?—what?"

"No, sir, not often, I believe;—the fault, commonly, lies in the very foundation."

"Yes, or they might mend the mere speeches;—but the characters are all bad from the beginning to the end."

Then he specified several; but I had read none of them, and consequently could say nothing about the matter;—till, at last, he came to Shakespeare.

"Was there ever," cried he, "such stuff as great part of Shakespeare? only one must not say so! But what think you?—What?—Is there not sad stuff? What?—what?"

"Yes, indeed, I think so, sir, though mixed with such excellences, that—"

"O!" cried he, laughing good-humouredly, "I know it is not to be said! but it's true. Only it's Shakespeare, and nobody dare abuse him."

Then he enumerated many of the characters and parts of plays that he objected to; and when he had run

them over, finished with again laughing, and exclaiming, "But one should be stoned for saying so!"

"Madame de Genlis, sir," said I, "had taken such an impression of the English theatre, that she told me she thought no woman ought to go to any of our comedies."

This, which, indeed, is a very overstrained censure of our dramas, made him draw back, and vindicate the stage from a sentence so severe; which, however, she had pronounced to me, as if she looked upon it to be an opinion in which I should join as a thing past dispute.

The King approved such a denunciation no more than his little subject; and he vindicated the stage from so hard an aspersion, with a warmth not wholly free from indignation.

This led on to a good deal more dramatic criticism; but what was said was too little followed up to be remembered for writing. His Majesty stayed near two hours, and then wished Mrs. Delany good night, and having given me a bow, shut the door himself, to prevent Mrs. Delany, or even me, from attending him out, and, with only Miss P—— to wait upon him, put on his own great coat in the passage, and walked away to the lower lodge, to see the Princess Elizabeth, without carriage or attendant. He is a pattern of modest, but manly superiority to rank.

I should say more of this evening, and of the King, with whose unaffected conversation and unassuming port and manner I was charmed, but that I have another meeting to write,—a long, and, to me, very delightful private conference with the Queen. It happened the very next morning.

TUESDAY, DEC. 20TH.—1st, summons; 2ndly, entrée.

"Miss Burney, have you heard that Boswell is going to publish a life of your friend Dr. Johnson?"

"No, ma'am."

"I tell you as I heard. I don't know for the truth of it, and I can't tell what he will do. He is so extraordinary a man, that perhaps he will devise something extraordinary. What do you think of Madame de Genlis' last work?"

"I have not read it, ma'am."

"Not read it?"

(I believe she knew my copy, which lay on the table.)

I said I had taken it to Norbury, and meant to read it with Mrs. Locke, but things then prevented.

"Oh! (looking pleased) have you read the last edition of her 'Adéle?"'

"No, ma'am."

"Well, it is much improved; for the passage, you know, Mrs. Delany, of the untruth, is all altered; fifteen pages are quite new; and she has altered it very prettily. She has sent it to me. She always sends me her works; she did it a long while ago, when I did not know there was such a lady as Madame de Genlis. You have not seen 'Adéle,' then?"

"No, ma'am."

"You would like to see it. But I have it not here. Indeed, I think sometimes I have no books at all, for they are at Kew, or they are in town, and they are here; and I don't know which is which. Is Madame de Genlis about any new work?"

"Yes, ma'am; one which she intends '*pour le peuple.*'"

"Ah, that will be a good work. Have you heard of—" (mentioning some German book, of which I forget the name.)

"No, ma'am."

"O, it will be soon translated; very fine language,—very bad book. They translate all our worst! And they are so improved in language; they write so finely now, even for the most silly books, that it makes one read on, and one cannot help it. O, I am very angry sometimes at that! Do you like the 'Sorrows of Werter?'"

"I—I have not read it, ma'am, only in part."

"No? Well, I don't know how it is translated, but it is very finely writ in German, and I can't bear it."

"I am very happy to hear that, for what I did look over made me determine never to read it. It seemed only writ as a deliberate defence of suicide."

"Yes; and what is worse, it is done by a bad man for revenge."

She then mentioned, with praise, another book, saying, "I wish I knew the translator."

"I wish the translator knew that!"

"O—it is not—I should not like to give my name, for fear I have judged ill: I picked it up on a stall. O, it is amazing what good books there are on stalls."

"It is amazing to me," said Mrs. Delany, "to hear that."

"Why, I don't pick them up myself; but I have a servant very clever; and if they are not to be had at the booksellers', they are not for me any more than for another."

She then spoke of Klopstock's "Messiah," saying it contained four lines most perfect on religion.

"How I should like to see it. Is it translated?" asked Mrs. Delany, turning to me.

"Ill:" said her Majesty: "there is a story of Lazarus and the Centurion's daughter; and another young

lady, Asyddel, he calls her; and Lazarus is in love;—a very pretty scene—no stopping;—but it is out of place;—I was quite angry to read it. And a long conversation between Christ and Lazarus—very strange!"

"Yet Milton does that."

"Yes."

And then she went on discussing Milton: this led to Wickliffe, and Cranmer; and she spoke of the Roman-catholic superstitions.

"O, so odd! Can it signify to God Almighty if I eat a piece of fish or a piece of meat? And, one of the Queen of France's sisters wears the heel of her shoe before, for a penance; as if God Almighty could care for that!"

"It is supposing in Him the caprice of a fine lady."

"Yes, just so. Yet it is amusing, and pretty too, how sincere the lower people are, of the Catholics. I was with my mother at ——, a Catholic town, and there was a lady we knew, had a very bad tooth-ache; she suffered night and day, and we were very sorry. But, over the river there was a Virgin Mary of great fame for miracles, and, one morning, when I wanted to get up, our maid did not come, and nobody knew where she was, and she could not be found. At last she came back with a large bouquet, which she had carried over the river in the night and got it blessed, and gave it to the lady to cure her tooth-ache. But we have Protestant nunneries in Germany. I belonged to one which was under the Imperial protection; there is one for royal families—one for noblesse; the candidates' coats of arms are put up several weeks to be examined, and if any flaw is found, they are not elected. These nunneries are intended for young ladies of little fortunes and high birth. There is great licence in them. They have balls, not at

home, but next door; and there is no restriction but to go to prayers at eight, at nine, and at night,—that is very little, you know,—and wear black or white. The dress consists of three caps, one over the forehead, one for the back, one up high, and one lower, for the veil; very pretty; and the gown is a vest, and the skirt has I don't know how many hundred plaits. I had the Cross and Order, but I believe I gave it away when I came to England; for you may transfer; so I gave it to the Countess of ——, a friend of mine."

I could not help saying, how glad we all were that she was no nun!

"Once," she continued, "I wanted to go to a chapel in that Catholic town, and my mother said I should go if I would be sure not to laugh at anything; and I promised I would not; so, I took care to keep my eyes half shut, half open, thus, for fear I should see something to make me laugh, for my mother told me I should not come out all day if I laughed. But there was nothing ridiculous."

[The memorandum of the above conversation breaks off abruptly.]

*Mrs. Montagu to Miss Burney.**

Portman Square, Dec. 16th, 1785.

Dear Madam,

It is dangerous to indulge an opinion that any temptation could be absolutely irresistible, and it would be absurd to urge it to Miss Burney, whose sentiments would contradict it, and whose writings teach better doc-

* This letter is preserved merely as a specimen of the epistolary style of so celebrated a person as the writer.

trines; so I cannot assert it was impossible not to seize the pretence I had to write to you, but I thought you would pardon my availing myself of it; for indeed, my dear madam, if all people could, few would be able to withstand the temptation of corresponding with you.

This morning I took the liberty to send by the Windsor coach, directed to Mrs. Delany, a basket of game, containing a brace of partridges, a moorgame, and a pheasant, and beg, if they are not delivered, that you would order one of her servants to call at the inn where the stage sets up, and make inquiry after it. I could not address myself to Mrs. Delany on this occasion, for it would be impossible for me to write to her without touching on a subject too affecting to us both. I have known by sad experience the agonies excited, the wounds of the breast torn open afresh, by letters of condolence. However, there is some degree of comfort in affliction, derived from the assurance of another's sympathy; but in this case, where my own misfortune and loss was so great, it was quite unnecessary to express the share I took in the sad event; nor was there any argument of consolation which was not to be found in the characters of the deceased and surviving friend; so that Mrs. Delany would best read them in her own, and the excellent virtues of the friend she had lost. Nor indeed can anything administer comfort, but the well-grounded confidence, that after a short separation, there will be a re-union in an eternal state. Most truly and emphatically is it said, "the sting of death is sin," whether the dart assail us in our own person, or that of the friend one loves.

Their Majesties' goodness must have been to Mrs. Delany the best support in affliction which this world could give; their acts were princely, but the sentiments

they have shewn in their manner are angelical. May the hearts where such virtues dwell never feel affliction more! This will ever be my earnest wish, and was my earnest prayer while Princess Elizabeth was ill. I hope her Royal Highness is now out of all danger.

I had the pleasure of meeting Dr. Burney at dinner at Mrs. Vesey's last week. The society was very agreeable, which may easily be imagined, as the doctor made a part of it; but my poor friend is so deaf, she lost much of the pleasant table-talk. She is still much afflicted; the *agrémens* which she found in the society of Mr. Vesey she regrets the loss of, and he had not those virtues from whence consolation can be drawn. A frippery character, like a gaudy flower, may please while it is in bloom; but it is the virtuous only that, like the aromatics, preserve their sweet and reviving odour when withered.

I beg you would take some opportunity to present my most affectionate and sincere respects to Mrs. Delany.

I have solicited Dr. Burney to meet some of his friends at dinner here on Wednesday: I need not say how happy I should have been to have had a hope of your being of the party; but I am afraid we shall not get you to London till the Christmas holidays are over.

I ask pardon for having intruded this long letter on your time and patience. With great esteem, I am,

Dear madam, yours, &c.

E. Montagu.

Miss F. Burney to Mrs. Burney.

Windsor, Dec. 17th, 1785.

My dearest Hetty,

I am sorry I could not more immediately write; but I really have not had a moment since your last.

Now I know what you next want is, to hear accounts of kings, queens, and such royal personages. O ho! do you so? Well.

Shall I tell you a few matters of fact?—or, had you rather a few matters of etiquette? Oh, matters of etiquette, you cry! for matters of fact are short and stupid, and anybody can tell, and everybody is tired with them.

Very well, take your own choice.

To begin, then, with the beginning.

You know I told you, in my last, my various difficulties, what sort of preferment to turn my thoughts to, and concluded with just starting a young budding notion of decision, by suggesting that a handsome pension for nothing at all would be as well as working night and day for a salary.

This blossom of an idea, the more I dwelt upon, the more I liked. Thinking served it for a hot-house, and it came out into full blow as I ruminated upon my pillow. Delighted that thus all my contradictory and wayward fancies were overcome, and my mind was peaceably settled what to wish and to demand, I gave over all further meditation upon choice of elevation, and had nothing more to do but to make my election known.

My next business, therefore, was to be presented. This could be no difficulty; my coming hither had been their own desire, and they had earnestly pressed its execution. I had only to prepare myself for the rencounter.

You would never believe—you, who, distant from courts and courtiers, know nothing of their ways,—the many things to be studied, for appearing with a proper propriety before crowned heads. Heads without crowns are quite other sort of rotundas.

Now, then, to the etiquette. I inquired into every particular, that no error might be committed. And as there is no saying what may happen in this mortal life, I shall give you those instructions I have received myself, that, should you find yourself in the royal presence, you may know how to comport yourself.

Directions for coughing, sneezing, or moving, before the King and Queen.

In the first place, you must not cough. If you find a cough tickling in your throat, you must arrest it from making any sound; if you find yourself choking with the forbearance, you must choke—but not cough.

In the second place, you must not sneeze. If you have a vehement cold, you must take no notice of it; if your nose-membranes feel a great irritation, you must hold your breath; if a sneeze still insists upon making its way, you must oppose it, by keeping your teeth grinding together; if the violence of the repulse breaks some blood-vessel, you must break the blood-vessel—but not sneeze.

In the third place, you must not, upon any account, stir either hand or foot. If, by chance, a black pin runs into your head, you must not take it out. If the pain is very great, you must be sure to bear it without wincing; if it brings the tears into your eyes, you must not wipe them off; if they give you a tingling by running down your cheeks, you must look as if nothing was the matter. If the blood should gush from your head by means of the black pin, you must let it gush; if you are uneasy to think of making such a blurred appearance, you must be uneasy, but you must say nothing about it. If, however, the agony is very great, you may, privately, bite the inside of your cheek, or of your lips, for a little relief;

taking care, meanwhile, to do it so cautiously as to make no apparent dent outwardly. And, with that precaution, if you even gnaw a piece out, it will not be minded, only be sure either to swallow it, or commit it to a corner of the inside of your mouth till they are gone—for you must not spit.

I have many other directions, but no more paper; I will endeavour, however, to have them ready for you in time. Perhaps, meanwhile, you will be glad to know if I have myself had opportunity to put in practice these receipts?

How can I answer in this little space? My love to Mr. B. and the little ones, and remember me kindly to cousin Edward, and believe me, my dearest Esther,

Most affectionately yours,

F. B.

PART X.

1786.

CONTENTS.

Expectation—An Invitation to Windsor—Journey thither—Message from the Queen—The Terrace at Windsor Castle—Interview with the King and Queen—Disappointment—Warren Hastings—His Amiable Manner and Private Character — Mrs. Hastings — A Dilemma—Proposal of the Queen for Miss Burney to accept a Situation about her Person—Her Doubts and Fears on the Occasion—Consultation—Extreme Delicacy of the Queen's Conduct to Miss Burney—Nature and Duties of the Office—Mrs. Schwellenberg—Mrs. Haggerdorn—A Message from the Queen—Letter from Miss Burney to Dr. Burney—Anecdote of the Queen's Conduct to her—Her reasons for choosing Miss Burney for the Office—the Appointment takes place—Preparations and Preliminaries—Astonishment of the Court—Letter from Miss Burney to her Sister Charlotte—Change in her Condition and Prospects—Fitting Out—Conjectures and Mistakes—Letter from Miss Burney to Dr. Burney—Duties and Difficulties of her New Office—Congratulations from the Ladies of the Court—The Embarrassments of Etiquette.

PART X.

1786.

Diary resumed.

[The records of the early part of this year are few, and the topics of them are chiefly of a private nature, until the correspondence reaches a subject which formed an era in Miss Burney's life—her connexion with the court and household of Queen Charlotte.]

SUNDAY, MAY 21.—I have now quite a new business to write upon. Late on Saturday night, news reached my father of the death of the worthy Mr. Stanley, who has been long in a declining state of health. His place of Master of the King's band my dear father had been promised formerly. Now he was once more to apply for it; and early on Sunday morning he went to Mr. Smelt, to beg his advice what way to proceed.

Just as I was at the door, and going to church, my father returned, and desired me to come back, as he had something to communicate to me. Mr. Smelt, he then told me, had counselled him to go instantly to Windsor, not to address the King, but to be seen by him. "Take your daughter," he said, "in your hand, and walk upon the terrace. The King's seeing you at this time he will understand, and he is more likely to be touched by a hint of that delicate sort than by any direct application."

My father determined implicitly to follow this advice. But let me not omit a singular little circumstance, which much enlivened and encouraged our expedition. While I was changing my dress for the journey, I received a letter from Miss P——, which was sent by a private hand, and ought to have arrived sooner, and which pressed my visit to my dear Mrs. Delany very warmly, and told me it was by the Queen's express wish. This gave me great spirits for my dear father's enterprise, and I was able to help his on the road, from so favourable a symptom.

When we got to Windsor, my father saw me safe to Mrs. Delany's, and then went himself to Dr. Lind's. With what joy did I fly into the dear, open arms of this most venerable of women! Her reception had all the warm liveliness of pleasant surprise, added to its unfailing kindness. I spent about two hours with her, most sweetly indeed; she unbosomed all her cares and sorrows, with that trusting openness that twines her round my heart, and makes it take a part, such as it feels for its own, in all her sadnesses and solicitudes. Grievous it is indeed, grievous and most melancholy, that, at her very great age, good, pure, and excellent as she is, sadness and solicitude should fall to her lot. But all her primitive sensibility remains unimpaired, and some there are who put it to most cruel proof.

Miss P——, with her usual partiality, was in high glee from the surprise. I dined and drank tea with them. Mrs. Delany wished me to continue with her, and make my visit, so long delayed, from that time; but I had two positive engagements for Monday and Tuesday, that could not well be broken. But I promised to go after that day whenever she pleased. She related to me the most flattering speech made to her by the Queen,

about my coming to her as "the friend best suited to solace her in her disturbances," and assured me she had quite interested herself in pressing Mrs. Delany to hasten me.

'Tis very extraordinary what a gracious disposition towards me this sweet Queen always manifests, and what peculiar elegance there is in the expressions she makes use of in my favour. They were now particularly well-timed, and gave me most pleasant hopes for my dear father. He came to tea at Mrs. Delany's, and, at the proper hour, went to the terrace, with the good-natured Dr. Lind, who is always ready to oblige. I waited to go with a female party, which was arranged for me by Mrs. Delany, and soon followed:—it was Lady Louisa Clayton, Miss Clayton, her daughter-in-law, and Miss Emily, her own daughter, with Miss P——.

All the royal family were already on the terrace before we arrived. The King and Queen, and the Prince of Mechlenberg, and her Majesty's mother, walked together. Next them the Princesses and their ladies, and the young Princes, making a very gay and pleasing procession, of one of the finest families in the world. Every way they moved, the crowd retired to stand up against the wall as they passed, and then closed in to follow. When they approached towards us, and we were retreating, Lady Louisa Clayton placed me next herself, making her daughters stand below—a politeness and attention without which I had certainly not been seen; for the moment their Majesties advanced, I involuntarily looked down, and drew my hat over my face. I could not endure to stare at them, and, full of our real errand, I felt ashamed even of being seen by them. The very idea of a design, however far from illaudable, is always distressing and

uncomfortable. Consequently, I should have stood in the herd, and unregarded; but Lady Louisa's kindness and good breeding put me in a place too conspicuous to pass unnoticed. The moment the Queen had spoken to her, which she stopped to do as soon as she came up to her, she inquired, in a whisper, who was with her; as I know, by hearing my own name given for the answer. The Queen then instantly stepped nearer me, and asked me how I did; and then the King came forward, and, as soon as he had repeated the same question, said, "Are you come to stay?"

"No, sir, not now."

"No; but how long shall you stay?"

"I go to-night, sir."

"I was sure," cried the Queen, "she was not come to stay, by seeing her father."

I was glad by this to know my father had been observed.

"And when did you come?" cried the King.

"About two hours ago, sir."

"And when do you return again to Windsor?"

"Very soon, I hope, sir."

"And—and—and—" cried he, half laughing, and hesitating significantly, "pray, how goes on the Muse?"

At first I only laughed, too; but he repeated the inquiry, and then I answered, "Not at all, sir."

"No? But why?—why not?"

"I—I—I am afraid, sir," stammered I, and true enough, I am sure.

"And why?" repeated he—"of what?"

I spoke something,—I hardly know what myself,—so indistinctly, that he could not hear me, though he had put his head quite under my hat, from the beginning of

the little conference; and, after another such question or two, and no greater satisfaction in the answer, he smiled very good-humouredly, and walked on, his charming Queen by his side. His condescension confuses, though it delights me.

We stayed some time longer on the terrace, and my poor father occasionally joined me; but he looked so conscious and depressed, that it pained me to see him. There is nothing that I know so very dejecting as solicitation. I am sure I could never, I believe, go through a task of that sort. My dear father was not spoken to, though he had a bow every time the King passed him, and a curtsey from the Queen. But it hurt him, and he thought it a very bad prognostic; and all there was at all to build upon was the graciousness shewn to me, which, indeed, in the manner I was accosted, was very flattering, and, except to high rank, I am told, very rare.

We stayed but a very short time with my sweet Mrs. Delany, whose best wishes you are sure were ours. I told her our plan, and our full conviction that she could not assist in it, as the obligations she herself owes are so great and so weighty, that any request from her would be encroaching and improper.

We did not get home till past eleven o'clock. We were then informed that Lord Brudenel had called to say Mr. Parsons had a promise of the place from the Lord Chamberlain. This was not very exhilarating.

I had been invited by Mr. Cambridge to pass a day at Twickenham with Mr. and Mrs. Hastings, who had proposed to carry me thither with them: accordingly,

WEDNESDAY, MAY 24TH.—Mrs. Hastings sent her carriage here before ten o'clock. I made her and Mr. Hastings a visit of about half an hour previously to our journey. I am quite charmed with Mr. Hastings; and,

indeed, from all I can gather, and all I can observe,—both which are but little,—he appears to me to be one of the greatest men now living, as a public character; while, as a private one, his gentleness, candour, soft manners, and openness of disposition, make him one of the most pleasing.

The little journey was extremely agreeable. He spoke with the utmost frankness of his situation and affairs, and with a noble confidence in his certainty of victory over his enemies, from his consciousness of integrity and honour, that filled me with admiration and esteem for him.

Mrs. Hastings is lively, obliging, and entertaining, and so adored by her husband, that, in her sight and conversation he seems to find a recompense, adequate to all his wishes, for the whole of his toils, and long disturbances and labours. How rare, but how sweet and pleasant, the sight of such unions!

[A vacancy at this time occurred in the royal household, from the resignation of Madame Haggerdorn, one of the Queen's German attendants who, together with Madame Schwellenberg, held the office of Keeper of the Robes. The place was much sought after, but her Majesty had been so well pleased with what she saw of Miss Burney, that she graciously empowered Mr. Smelt to offer her this situation, allowing her time to consider and weigh its advantages.

Miss Burney, though deeply grateful for such a distinction, foresaw with alarm the separation from her family and the total confinement it would occasion; and, in her per-

plexity how to decide, she wrote the following letter to her judicious and faithful friend, the late Miss Cambridge.]

To Miss Cambridge.

Monday, June, —86.

"I will share," says my dearest Miss Cambridge, in a letter, not long ago, "in all your cares—all your joys." Is it fair in me, beginning, per force, by the worst, to take you at your generous word? Yes, I hope it is—for would you have invited such a participation, and not have wished it? No, I know your noble sincerity too well, and I call upon you to speak to me in those words you would speak to yourself, when I have told you the subject of my present difficulty.

It is only by minds such as yours—as my Susan's, Mrs. Delany's, and Mrs. Locke's—my four invaluable friends, that I can hope to be even understood, when I speak of difficulty and distress from a proposal apparently only advantageous. But Susan's wishes are so certainly and invariably my own, that I wish to spare her from hearing of this matter till the decision is made; Mrs. Delany, with all her indulgent partiality, is here too deeply interested on the other side to be consulted without paining her; and Mrs. Locke has an enthusiasm in her kindness that makes every plan seem cruel to her that puts or keeps us asunder. In this particular case, therefore, I shall apply for no opinion but yours,—yours, which I may here peculiarly trust, from knowing that it unites the two precise qualities that suit it for judging my situation,—a strong sense of duty, with a disinterested love of independence. And you are liberal enough, too, I am sure, to permit me openly to tell you that I do not beg your

advice with a premeditated resolution to follow it; but simply with a view to weigh and compare your ideas with my own, in the same manner I should do could I talk the matter over with you instead of writing it.

I now come straight to the point.

Yesterday evening, while I was with Mrs. Delany, Mr. Smelt arrived from Windsor, and desired a private conference with her; and, when it was over, a separate one with me: surprising me not a little, by entreating me to suffer some very home questions from him, relative to my situation, my views, and even my wishes, with respect to my future life. At first, I only laughed: but my merriment a little failed me, when he gave me to understand he was commissioned to make these inquiries by a great personage, who had conceived so favourable an opinion of me as to be desirous of undoubted information, whether or not there was a probability she might permanently attach me to herself and her family.

You cannot easily, my dear Miss Cambridge, picture to yourself the consternation with which I received this intimation. It was such that the good and kind Mr. Smelt, perceiving it, had the indulgence instantly to offer me his services, first, in forbearing to mention even to my father his commission, and next in fabricating and carrying back for me a respectful excuse. And I must always consider myself the more obliged to him, as I saw in his own face the utmost astonishment and disappointment at this reception of his embassy.

I could not, however, reconcile to myself concealing from my dear father a matter that ought to be settled by himself; yet I frankly owned to Mr. Smelt that no situation of that sort was suited to my own taste, or promising to my own happiness.

He seemed equally sorry and surprised; he expatiated

warmly upon the sweetness of character of all the royal family, and then begged me to consider the very peculiar distinction shewn me, that, unsolicited, unsought, I had been marked out with such personal favour by the Queen herself, as a person with whom she had been so singularly pleased, as to wish to settle me with one of the princesses, in preference to the thousands of offered candidates, of high birth and rank, but small fortunes, who were waiting and supplicating for places in the new-forming establishment. Her Majesty proposed giving me apartments in the palace; making me belong to the table of Mrs. Schwellenberg, with whom all her own visitors—bishops, lords, or commons—always dine; keeping me a footman, and settling on me £200 a year. "And in such a situation," he added, "so respectably offered, not solicited, you may have opportunities of serving your particular friends,—especially your father,—such as scarce any other could afford you."

My dear Miss Cambridge will easily feel that this was a plea not to be answered. Yet the attendance upon this Princess was to be incessant,—the confinement to the court continual;—I was scarce ever to be spared for a single visit from the palaces, nor to receive anybody but with permission,—and, my dear Miss Cambridge, what a life for me, who have friends so dear to me, and to whom friendship is the balm, the comfort, the very support of existence!

Don't think me ungrateful, meanwhile, to the sweet Queen, for thus singling out and distinguishing an obscure and most unambitious individual. No indeed, I am quite penetrated with her partial and most unexpected condescension: but yet, let me go through, for her sake, my tasks with what cheerfulness I may, the deprivations I

must suffer would inevitably keep me from all possibility

Though I said but little, my dear Mrs. Delany was disturbed and good Mr. Smelt much mortified, that a proposition which had appeared to them the most flattering and honourable, should be heard only with dejection. I cast, however, the whole into my father's disposal and pleasure.

But I have time for no more detail, than merely to say, that till the offer comes in form, no positive answer need be given, and therefore that I am yet at liberty. Write to me, then, my dearest Miss Cambridge, with all your fullest honesty, and let me know which you wish to strengthen—my courage in making my real sentiments openly known, or my fortitude in concealing what it may be right I should endure.

The moment this affair is decided, as I shall then strive to make the best of it, whatever be my decision, I shall entreat you to return me this letter, or commit it to the flames. The measles will keep off any meetings at Windsor for some time. I hope, therefore, to receive your answer before I am obliged to speak finally.

Can you forgive me this trouble? If matters take the turn I so much dread, I shall not give you much more!

If it should be in my power, I still intend to defer my going to Windsor till all this is arranged.

Adieu! my dearest Miss Cambridge; I am sorry to send you a letter written in such confusion of mind.

Monday Night.—I have now to add, that the zealous Mr. Smelt is just returned from Windsor, whither he went again this morning, purposely to talk the matter over with her Majesty. What passed I know not,—but the result is, that she has desired an interview with me herself; it is to take place next Monday, at Windsor. I now see the

end—I see it next to inevitable. I can suggest nothing upon earth that I dare say for myself, in an audience so generously meant. I cannot even to my father utter my reluctance,—I see him so much delighted at the prospect of an establishment he looks upon as so honourable. But for the Queen's own word *permanent*,—but for her declared desire to to attach me entirely to herself and family,—I should share in his pleasure; but what can make *me* amends for all I shall forfeit? But I must do the best I can. Write me a comforting and strengthening letter, my dearest Miss Cambridge. I have no heart to write to Mickleham, or Norbury. I know how they will grieve:—they have expected me to spend the whole summer with them. My greatest terror is, lest the Queen, from what Mr. Smelt hinted, should make me promise myself to her for a length of years. What can I do to avoid that? Anything that has a period is endurable; but what can I object that will not sound ungrateful, to the honour she is doing me and meaning me? She has given the most highly flattering reasons for making this application, in preference to listening to that of others; she has put it upon terms of commendation the most soothing; she is, indeed, one of the sweetest characters in the world. Will you, too, condemn me, then, that I feel thus oppressed by her proposal? I hope not,—I think not;—but be very honest if you really do. I wish I could see you! It is not from nervousness;—I have always and uniformly had a horror of a life of attendance and dependence.

Don't be uneasy about me, however; for, this one week of conflict over, I shall set all my faculties at work to do the best, and think the least I can. And till that time comes, I must not venture to write to my poor Susan. She and Mrs. Locke have long feared this. I thought

their fears so vain, so partial, so almost absurd, that I never heeded them. Yet I now hear the Queen has been forming this plan ever since I had first the honour of knowing her; and she has been making the minutest inquiries from that time into my conduct and disposition, and all that belongs to me. How little did I suspect it!

Could I but save myself from a lasting bond;—from a promised devotion! That is the great point of all, my dearest Miss Cambridge, in which, if you can help me to suggest something that will not sound disrespectful or improper, you will serve me indeed.

[The answer to this letter does not appear; but Miss Burney's grateful sense of her Majesty's goodness, and the desire avowed by Dr. Burney and Mrs. Delany that so honourable and advantageous an offer should not be declined, all concurred to make her accept it; and the following letter to her father shews the final result of her deliberations, and her affectionate care to prevent him from perceiving her uneasiness.]

F. B.

Miss F. Burney to Dr. Burney.

Monday, June 19th, 1786.

How great must have been your impatience, dearest sir! but my interview has only this morning taken place. Every thing is settled, and to-morrow morning I go to the Queen's Lodge, to see the apartments, and to receive my instructions.

I must confess myself extremely frightened and full of alarms, at a change of situation so great, so unexpected, so unthought of. Whether I shall suit it or not, Heaven only knows, but I have a thousand doubts. Yet nothing could be sweeter than the Queen,—more en-

couraging, more gentle, or more delicate. She did not ask me one question concerning my qualifications for the charge; she only said, with the most condescending softness, "I am sure, Miss Burney, we shall suit one another very well." And, another time, "I am sure we shall do very well together."

And what is it, dear Sir, you suppose to be my business? Not to attend any of the Princesses—but the Queen herself! This, indeed, was a delightful hearing, reverencing and admiring her as I have so sincerely done ever since I first saw her. And in this, my amazemen is proportioned to my satisfaction; for the place designed me is that of Mrs. Haggerdorn, who came with her from Germany, and it will put me more immediately and more constantly in her presence than any other place, but that of Mrs. Schwellenberg, in the Court.

The prepossession the Queen has taken in my favour is truly extraordinary, for it seems as if her real view was, as Mr. Smelt hinted, to attach me to her person. She has been long, she told Mrs. Delany, looking out for one to supply the place of Mrs. H., whose ill health forces her back to Germany: "and I was led to think of Miss Burney, first by her books; then by seeing her; then by always hearing how she was loved by her friends; but chiefly by your friendship for her."

I fancy my appointment will take place very soon.

* * * * *

F. B.

Miss F. Burney to Dr. Burney.

Windsor, June 20th, 1786.

Most dear Sir,

I am sure you will be glad to hear I have got one formality over, that was very disagreeable to my expecta-

tions. I have been introduced to Mrs. Haggerdorn whom I am to succeed, and to Mrs. Schwellenberg, whom I am to accompany. This passed at the Queen's Lodge, in their own apartments, this morning. I cannot easily describe the sensation with which I entered that dwelling,—the thoughts of its so soon becoming my habitation,—and the great hazard of how all will go on in it —and the sudden change!

Everything was perfectly civil and easy; the Queen had herself prepared them to receive me, and requested me to go.

They made no use of the meeting in the way of business; it was merely a visit of previous ceremony.

I hope to get to town on Thursday; I shall have very little time, indeed, for a multiplicity of things to do, and to order, and to settle.

Nobody has been told of this affair here as yet, but Mrs. S. and Mrs. H., and Lady Weymouth, who is now in waiting, to attend the Queen to the Races.

I am to go again to the Queen's Lodge, in order to receive some instructions from Mrs. Haggerdorn, in presence of her Majesty: and I hope that will take place to-morrow, as I cannot leave Windsor till it is done.

The utmost astonishment will take place throughout the Court when they hear of my appointment. Everybody has settled some successor to Mrs. Haggerdorn; and I have never, I am very sure, been suggested by a single person. I saw, this morning, by all that passed with Mrs. S., how unexpected a step her Majesty has taken. The place, she told me, had been solicited, distantly, by thousands and thousands of women of fashion and rank.

As my coming away cannot be fixed, on account of my going again to the Lodge, and as I shall want to decamp the very instant I have it in my power, we think it will

be best for you, dearest sir, to bring me back, instead of fetching me. Indeed I shall want all the encouragement and all the support you can give me, flattering as the whole of this business is, to enter upon such a new scene, and prepare for such painful separations, with any spirit or cheerfulness.

Adieu again, dearest, dearest sir,

Most dutifully and affectionately, yours,

F. B.

Miss Burney to Mrs. Francis, Aylesham, Norfolk.

St. Martin's Street, June 27th, 1786.

My sweet Charlotte's kind indulgence to my long silence has been very, very dearly accepted. It is like your ever affectionate mind to believe and feel for my hurries. New ones that you dream not of have occupied, and now occupy me. I must tell you them briefly, for I have scarce a moment; but it would be very vexatious to me that any pen but my own should communicate any event material to me, to my dear Charlotte.

Her Majesty has sent me a message, express, near a fortnight ago, with an offer of a place at Court, to succeed Mrs. Haggerdorn, one of the Germans who accompanied her to England, and who is now retiring into her own country. 'Tis a place of being constantly about her own person, and assisting in her toilette,—a place of much confidence, and many comforts; apartments in the palace; a footman kept for me; a coach in common with Mrs. Schwellenberg; 200*l.* a-year, &c. &c.

I have been in a state of extreme disturbance ever since, from the reluctance I feel to the separation it will cause me from all my friends. Those, indeed, whom I

most love, I shall be able to invite to me in the palace; but I see little or no possibility of being able to make, what I most value, excursions into the country.

When you come, however, my dearest Charlotte, I shall certainly take measures for seeing you, either in Town, or at Windsor, or both.

So new a scene, so great a change, so uncertain a success, frightens and depresses me; though the extreme sweetness of the Queen, in so unsolicited an honour, so unthought of a distinction, binds me to her with a devotion that will make an attendance upon her light and pleasant. I repine only at losing my loved visits to the country, Mickleham, Norbury, Chesington. Twickenham, and Aylesham, as I had hoped; all these I must now forego.

Every body so violently congratulates me, that it seems as if *all* was gain. However, I am glad they are all so pleased. My dear father is in raptures; that is my first comfort. Write to wish him joy, my Charlotte, without a hint to him, or any one but Susan, of my confessions ofm y internal reluctance and fears.

You may believe how much I am busied. I have been presented at the Queen's Lodge in Windsor, and seen Mrs. Haggerdorn in office, and find I have a place of really nothing to do, but to *attend;* and on Thursday I am appointed by her Majesty to go to St. James's, to see all that belongs to me there. And I am now *fitting out* just as you were, and all the maids and workers suppose I am going to be married, and snigger every time they bring in any of my new attire. I do not care to publish the affair, till it is made known by authority; so I leave them to their conjectures, and I fancy their greatest wonder is, *who* and *where* is the *sposo;* for they must think it odd he should never appear!

F. B.

Miss Burney to Doctor Burney.

Queen's Lodge, Windsor, July 20th, 1786.

Never were tears so sweet as those I have this moment been shedding over my beloved father's most kind letter. Praise such as this, coming from the very hand in the whole world that can make it most valuable to me, quite melts me. The confidence you feel in my well-doing is most grateful to my heart, and most encouraging to my spirits.

What my difficulties *are* to be, I know not, nor what my dangers; but everybody speaks of this as a situation abounding in both, and requiring the most indefatigable prudence and foresight. At present, however, I see *none:* I am happy, indeed, to tell my dearest father that my road has grown smoother and smoother, and that whatever precipices and brambles I may have to encounter, they have not appeared to terrify, me on the onset, and that I therefore hope they will not occur till I am so well prepared to see them, that I shall know how to slip aside, without tumbling from one, or being torn by the other.

What a delightful writing-box! with what pleasure shall I always think of who sent it, and the sweet, sweet letter that accompanied it, whenever I use it; and that will be continually, for I have none other. I am now making my first experiment of all its contents. May I but send you letters as pleasant from it as the first letter I have found in it!

Sweet Mrs. Delany comes to me this afternoon; she has already made me two visits. I shall read her what you say of her, if we are alone, for I know it will much gratify her.

Tuesday, after I lost you, and yesterday, I was re

ceiving congratulatory visits from the ladies of the Household, during all my leisure time. Lady Charlotte Finch came in the morning, and was extremely civil indeed. I returned her visit, and that of her sister, Lady Louisa Clayton, this morning, for I was desred to walk out, for health and exercise, in the most gracious manner. Mrs. Fielding has been with me also, renewing our town acquaintance. Madame La Fite calls every day. Miss Goldsworthy has made an opening; Lady Elizabeth Waldegrave brought her sister, Lady Caroline, to sit with me for half an hour before they went upon the Terrace; and Miss Planta came the first morning.

To-day, Lady Effingham, Lady Frances Howard, and Sir George, who came to wait upon the Queen, all entered my room, and introduced themselves to me, with a very flattering speech, of desiring to cultivate, &c.; but most unluckily, I was just going to dress, and was obliged to tell them so, though I could hardly get such words out; and to make them leave me at once. The shock, however, was all mine; for they are too much used to a court to receive any from submitting to its train of subordinate etiquettes.

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F. B.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

TO THE

SECOND VOLUME.

Barclay, David, was one of seven sons of the celebrated Apologist of the Quakers,—all of whom were living fifty years after the death of their father. David was the last of them. He was a wealthy mercer in Cheapside, and entertained successively the three kings (George I., II., and III.) on their respective visits to the city on Lord Mayor's day. He was subsequently the purchaser of Mr. Thrale's brewery, and founder of the most famous brewing firm of the present day, Barclay, Perkins, and Co.

Berquin, Arnauld de, was born at Bourdeaux in 1749, and died at Paris in 1791.

Bewley, William. He was for some time the writer of the articles on science and natural philosophy in the Monthly Review. He died at the house of Dr. Burney in 1783.

Boscawen, the Hon. Frances, daughter of W. E. Glanville, Esq., and wife to Admiral Boscawen. This lady was also mother to the Duchess of Beaufort and Mrs. Leveson Gower. All these three ladies are celebrated in Miss Hannah More's poem entitled "Sensibility."

Browne, Hawkins, son of Isaac Hawkins Browne, author of an elegant Latin poem entitled "De Animi Immortalitate," which was translated by Soame Jenyns.

Bunbury, Harry, was one of the most celebrated caricaturists of his day in England. He was especially celebrated on subjects connected with horsemanship. His best and best known work is a series of caricatures, with humorous descriptive letter-press, on "The Art of Horsemanship."

Cambridge, Richard Owen. This gentleman, of an opulent and ancient Gloucestershire family, was distinguished for his wit in conversation, no less than for his taste and talents in literature. He wrote a burlesque poem called "The Scribleriad," and was a principal contributor to the periodical paper called "The World." He died, aged 85, at his seat near Twickenham, on the banks of the Thames, in the year 1802, leaving a widow, two sons, and one daughter. His works were collected and re-published by his younger son, who prefixed to them a memoir of Mr. Cambridge, which has been justly admired for its elegance and perspicuity.

Cambridge, the Rev. George Owen—second son of R. O. Cambridge, Esq., Prebendary of Ely and Archdeacon of Middlesex. This gentleman is chiefly known in the literary world by the valuable and interesting memoir of his father, for which it is indebted to him; but the sphere in which he eminently shone, was that of public and private benevolence. He was ever foremost in assisting and promoting the best charitable institutions, and employed his long and exemplary life in doing good to all that came within the reach of his unwearied benevolence. He died at Twickenham Meadows, early in the year 1841.

CATOR, MR., was chosen member of parliament for Ipswich in 1784. This gentleman was joint executor and trustee, with Dr. Johnson, Mr. H. Smith, and Mr. Crutchley, to Mr. Thrale's will. He is described by Dr. Johnson as having "much good in his character, and much usefulness in his knowledge." Johnson used to visit Mr. Cator, at his splendid seat at Beckenham, in Kent.

COSWAY, RICHARD. The most celebrated miniature painter of his day. He also displayed great and varied talent in other departments of the art. He was of extremely eccentric character and habits, and professed certain religious and other opinions which subjected him to the charge of extravagance; but he was a man of sound sense and strong judgment, in matters appertaining to the business of life.

COWLEY, HANNAH, authoress of "The Belle's Stratagem," and other less successful dramatic works; and also of some long poetical pieces, "The Maid of Anjou," &c. She was the daughter of Mr. Parkhouse, of Tiverton, Devonshire, where she was born in 1743. She died at the same place in 1809.

COXE, THE REV. WILLIAM. This gentleman, though at present better known by his travels in various parts of Europe than by his other works, contributed very largely and usefully to the general literature of his day, chiefly in its biographical and historical departments. He was born in 1747, and was the eldest son of Dr. William Coxe, physician to the king's household. He was brought up to the church, and in 1771 was appointed to the curacy of Denham, near Uxbridge. He was for two years tutor to the late Duke of Marlborough. Afterwards (in 1775) he accompanied the late Earl of Pembroke (then Lord Herbert) in the grand tour. He was afterwards travelling tutor, in succession, to the late Samuel Whithread, the present Lord Portman, and the son of the Marquis of Cornwallis. He was blind during the last ten years of his life; which circumstance, however, did not prevent him from preparing for the press the "Private Correspondence of the Duke of Shrewsbury," which appeared in 1821, and "Memoirs of the Administration of the Right Hon. Henry Pelham," which were just completed at the period of his death in 1828.

CRUTCHLEY, MR., was chosen M.P. for Horsham, in 1784.

DELANY, MRS. This lady, who was born in 1700, was daughter of John Granville, Esq., and niece of Pope's Lansdowne—"of every muse the friend." She became, in 1743, the second wife of Dr. Patrick Delany, the intimate friend of Dean Swift, and of whom, after his death, he wrote a work, entitled, "Observations on Swift." Her husband was himself promoted to an Irish deanery (that of Down) the year after their marriage, in 1744. Mrs. Delany was left a widow in 1768, and was 83 years of age when she is first mentioned in the Diary. Lord Orford speaks of her skill in painting, and in imitating flowers in cut and coloured paper. For further references to this venerable and interesting lady, see Sir Walter Scott's "Life of Swift."

ELIOT, MR., of Port Eliot, afterwards the first Lord Eliot. He was father of the present Earl of St. Germains.

GARTHSHORE, DR. An eminent physician, son of the minister of

Kirkcudbright, in Scotland, where he was born. He came to London in 1763, and practised there the various branches of his profession, till his death, in 1812. He was the writer of many valuable medical and physiological papers in the Transactions of the Royal Society, &c.

GILLIES, DR. The learned author of the "History of Ancient Greece till the Division of the Macedonian Empire," and several other historical works. He was appointed by George III. Historiographer-Royal for Scotland. Dr. Gillies was born in Forfarshire (Scotland) in 1750, and died in 1824.

GREVILLE, MRS. Author of the celebrated "Ode to Indifference." She was wife of Fulk Greville, who was Minister Plenipotentiary at the court of Bavaria.

HAMILTON, SIR WILLIAM, K.B. Was Ambassador at Naples for thirty-six years. His mother was nurse to George III., who, on coming to the throne, made young Hamilton his equerry. He was a person of excellent taste, which he chiefly directed to antiquarian researches connected with the classical vicinity in which he so long resided. His collection of antique vases (which after his death was purchased by government for the British Museum) was, and still remains, unrivalled. He died in 1803.

HANWAY, JONAS. Celebrated first as a traveller, and afterwards as a philanthropist; the establishment of the Marine Society and the Magdalen Hospital was chiefly due to his exertions. He was a man of eccentric habits, and greatly injured his fortune by his active benevolence. The government of the day, (under Lord Bute,) in consequence of solicitations on his behalf from the principal merchants of London, appointed him a Commissioner of the Navy, (which post he enjoyed for twenty years, and the salary of it to the end of his life.) He was born in 1712, and died in 1786.

HATSEL, MR., was for many years Clerk of the House of Commons.

HOLROYD, MAJOR. Afterwards Lord Sheffield.

HOOLE, JOHN. The translator of Tasso, Ariosto, &c. He died in 1803.

HOOLE, THE REV. SAMUEL. Son of the above, author of a poem called "Aurelia."

JACKSON, WILLIAM. Chiefly known as a musical composer; but he possessed considerable and varied attainments, both as a writer and an artist. He was born at Exeter, in 1730, and died in 1804.

JENYNS, SOAME, was the son of Sir Roger Jenyns, of Bottisham Hall, Cambridgeshire, which county Mr. Soame Jenyns, after the death of his father, represented in parliament. He was a successful writer in various departments of literature, but is chiefly known by his work on the "Evidences of the Christian Religion." He died in 1787.

KEMBLE, MISS. The lady so named in the Diary, and described as the sister of Mrs. Siddons, afterwards became Mrs. Twiss, and was the mother of the present Horace Twiss, Esq.

LEVER, SIR ASHTON. Known as the collector of what was long exhibited to the public as the Leverian Museum, consisting of natural and artificial curiosities. He was the son of a Lancashire baronet, and so impaired his fortune by his passion for "collecting," that he was induced to dispose of his museum by lottery, in 1785. He died in 1788.

LEVESON, MRS., alluded to in the Poem. She was daughter of Mrs. Boscawen, and wife of the Hon. Leveson Gower. This lady is celebrated in Miss Hannah More's poem, entitled "Sensibility."

LIGHTFOOT, THE REV. JOHN. A distinguished botanist of his day. He published a botanical work called "Flora Scotica," and left at his death (in 1788) an excellent *Herbarium*, which was purchased of his executors by George III., for one hundred guineas.

LUCAN, LADY. She was wife of the first Lord Lucan.

MERLIN, MONSIEUR. A celebrated French mechanician. He invented many ingenious objects, some of which were of real utility, but most were mere playthings or objects of curiosity. He was at one period of his career quite "the rage" in London, where everything was à la Merlin—Merlin chairs—Merlin pianos—Merlin swings, &c. He opened a very curious exhibition of automata, and used to ride about in a strange fantastical carriage, of his own invention and construction.

METCALF, MR., was chosen M.P. for Horsham in 1784.

MILLICO. An Italian soprano singer, one of the most celebrated of his time.

MONCKTON, THE HON. MISS, daughter of Viscount Galway, and afterwards, (in 1786,) married to the Earl of Cork and Orrery. The literary parties of this lady, who died only a few months ago, continued to be as singular and as celebrated during the present day, as they are described as having been at the date when she is first referred to in the Diary—sixty years ago.

MONTAGU, MR. Afterwards Lord Rokeby.

PAOLI, GENERAL. A Corsican officer, who greatly distinguished himself by his exertions to preserve the independence of his native country. He organized a force which successfully opposed all the efforts of the Genoese oppressors of Corsica, for nearly ten years, and led at length to the cession of the island to the French by the Genoese. Paoli refused to concur in this arrangement, and fled to England, where he enjoyed a pension of £1200 a-year from the English government. Twenty years afterwards, (at the Revolution of 1789,) he agreed to Corsica being declared a province of France; but subsequently, by his influence, the island became a dependence of England. He afterwards returned to London, where he died in 1807.

PERKINS, MR. At the period first referred to in the Diary, Mr. Perkins was superintendendent of Mr. Thrale's brewery; he afterwards became partner with Mr. Barclay, the wealthy Quaker.

RAUZZINI. An Italian singer and composer of some eminence, who conducted the concerts at Bath for many years.

SACCHINI, ANTONIO MARIO GASPARO. A distinguished Italian composer. He was born at Naples, in 1735. He was for some time at the head of the Conservatorio of L'Ospedaletto, at Venice. He afterwards (in 1772) came to England, and remained here several years, but was driven away by one of those petty cabals to which the musical world has ever shewn itself to be disgracefully liable. A report was universally circulated, and extensively believed; that many of his best things were composed by Rauzzini—a man infinitely inferior to Sacchini in everything but the mere mechanism of

music. Sacchini finally established himself at Paris, where his great talents were duly appreciated, and rewarded by a pension from the Queen, Marie Antoinette. He died at Paris in 1786. One of his best dramatic pieces (of which he composed more than eighty,) is on the subject of "Evelina."

SASTRES, MR. This gentleman is spoken of by Boswell as "Mr. Sastres, the Italian Master." He was on terms of great intimacy with Dr. Johnson, some of whose most pleasant letters were addressed to him, (see the General Appendix to "Murray's Boswell," vol. 10.)

STRANGE, MR. Afterwards Sir Robert Strange, the most celebrated English engraver of his day. He was born in 1725, in one of the Orkney Islands. In early life he entered the army of the Pretender. Subsequently he pursued his professional studies at Paris and in Italy. He died at London in 1795.

TURNER. Sir Gregory Page, Bart., father of the present Baronet.

TWINING, THE REV. THOMAS. An accomplished Greek scholar, and translator of Aristotle's "Poetics."

VANCOUVER, GEORGE. A Captain in the Royal Navy. He served as midshipman under Captain Cook, and was afterwards (in 1790) appointed to the command of an expedition of discovery to the North Pacific Ocean. He died in 1798.

WALKER, ADAM. Long known throughout England as a lecturer on astronomy, and as the inventor of the Eidouranion. In early life he shewed an extraordinary capacity for mechanics, but was of very eccentric habits, having when quite a youth built himself a hut in a thicket near his father's house, that he might pursue his studies uninterruptedly. He first commenced lecturing on astronomy in London, in 1778, and continued to do so every year, and also at most of the foundation schools, up to the period of his death, in 1821.

WILLIAMS, SIR CHARLES HANBURY. Was M.P, for Monmouth in several parliaments. He was afterwards Minister at the Courts of Berlin and St. Petersburg. He died in 1759. He is alluded to in the Diary only as father of the witty and accomplished Mrs. Walsingham.

WRAXALL, NATHANIEL WILLIAM. This gentleman (who was created a Baronet in 1813) was a voluminous writer of travels, historical works, memoirs, &c. He was the son of a Bristol merchant, and passed the early part of his life in India, in the civil service of the company. He was afterwards appointed Judge Advocate and Paymaster of the Forces of the Presidency of Bombay. His latest work, and that which excited most attention, was entitled "Historical Memoirs of my own Times," &c. It was published in 1815. Sir Nathaniel Wraxall died at Dover, in 1831, on his way to Naples.

END OF VOL. II.

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